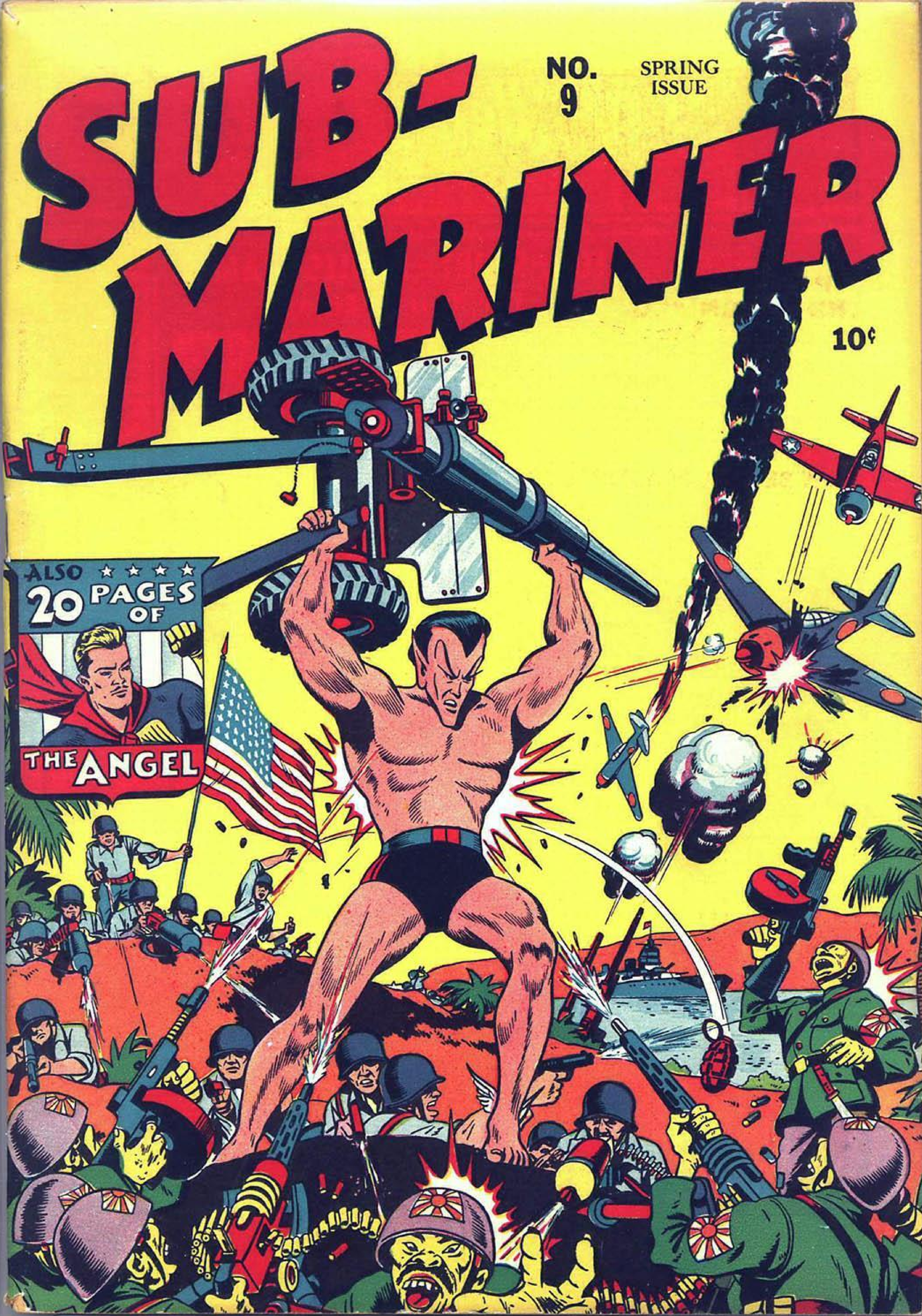
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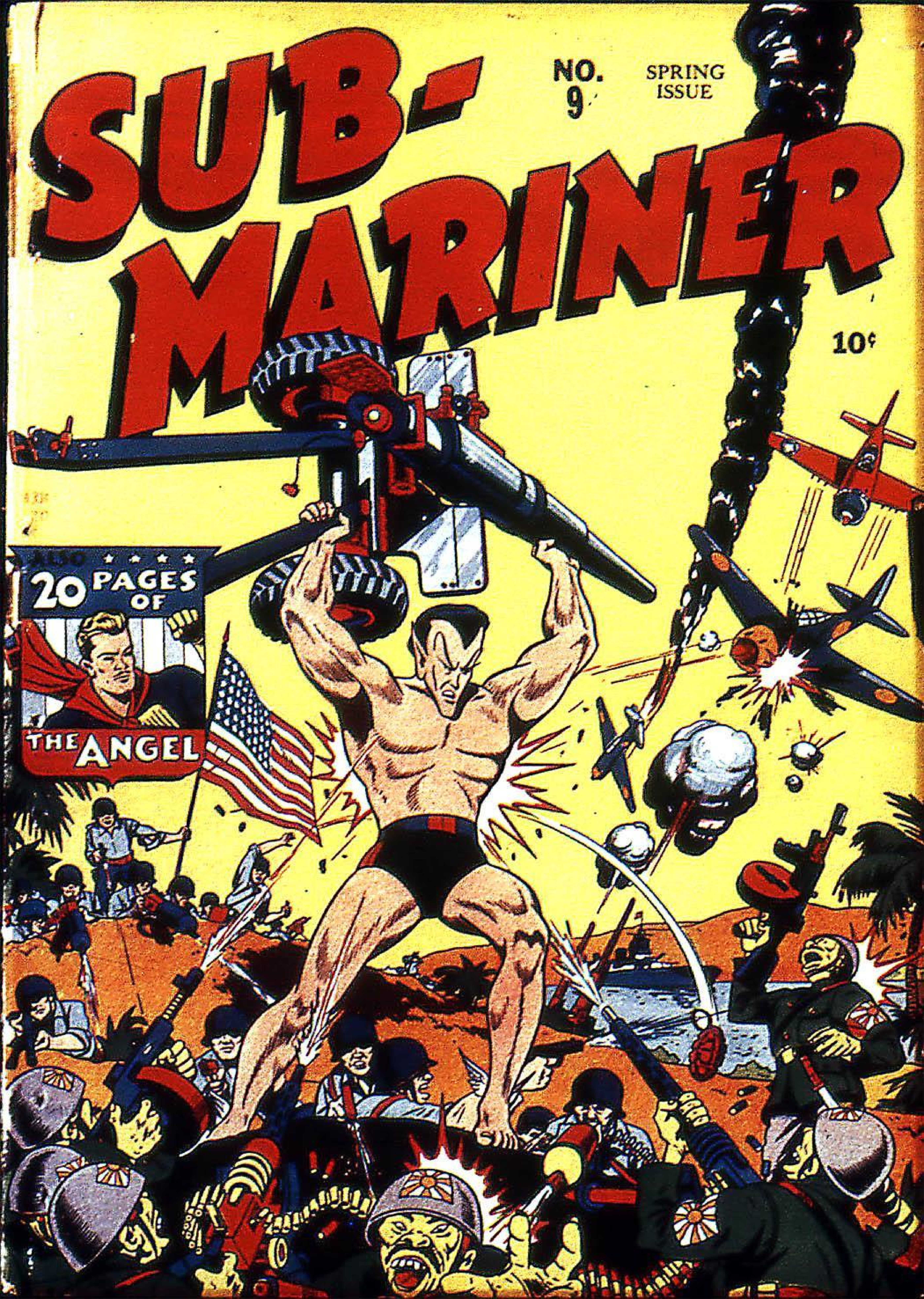
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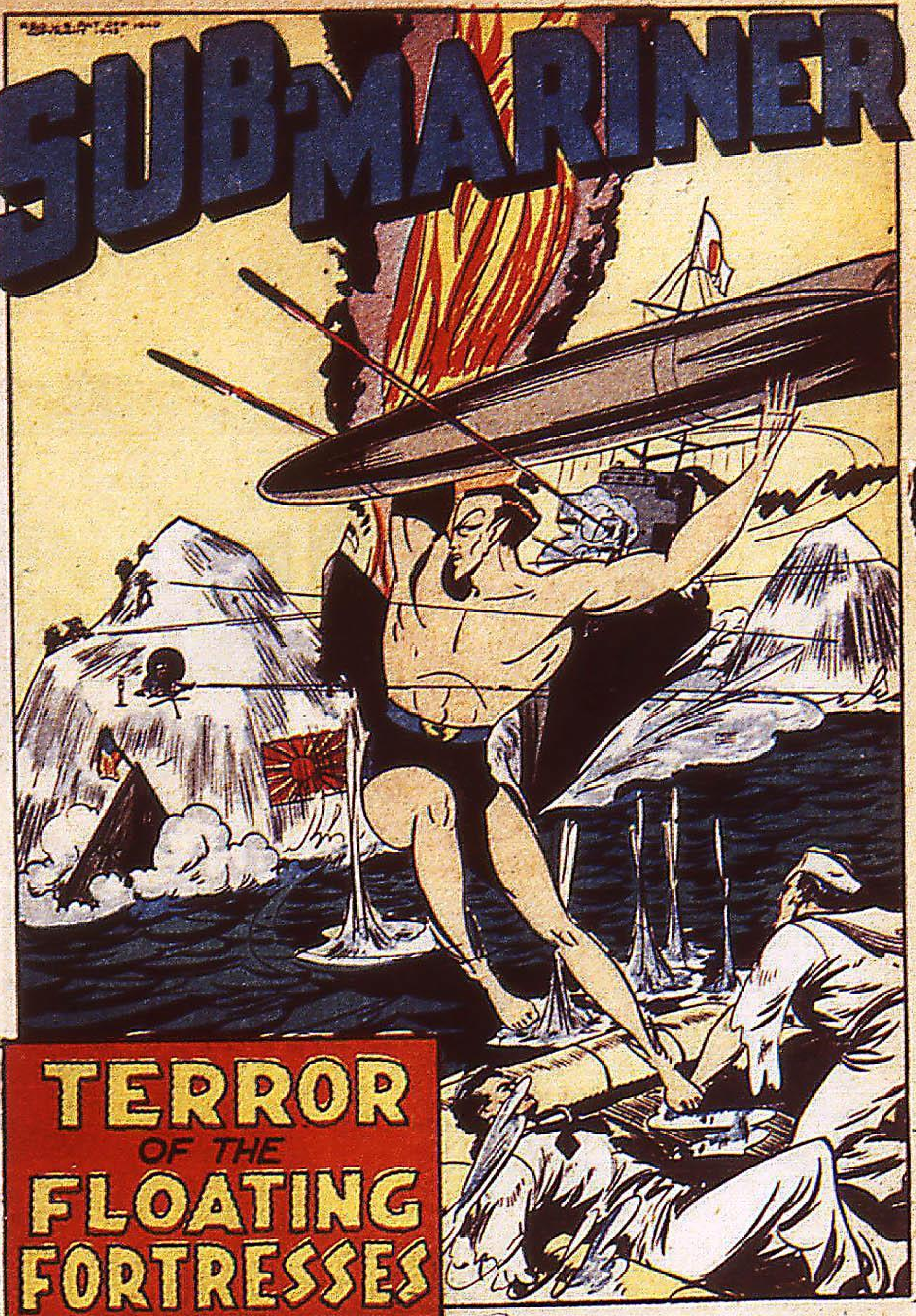
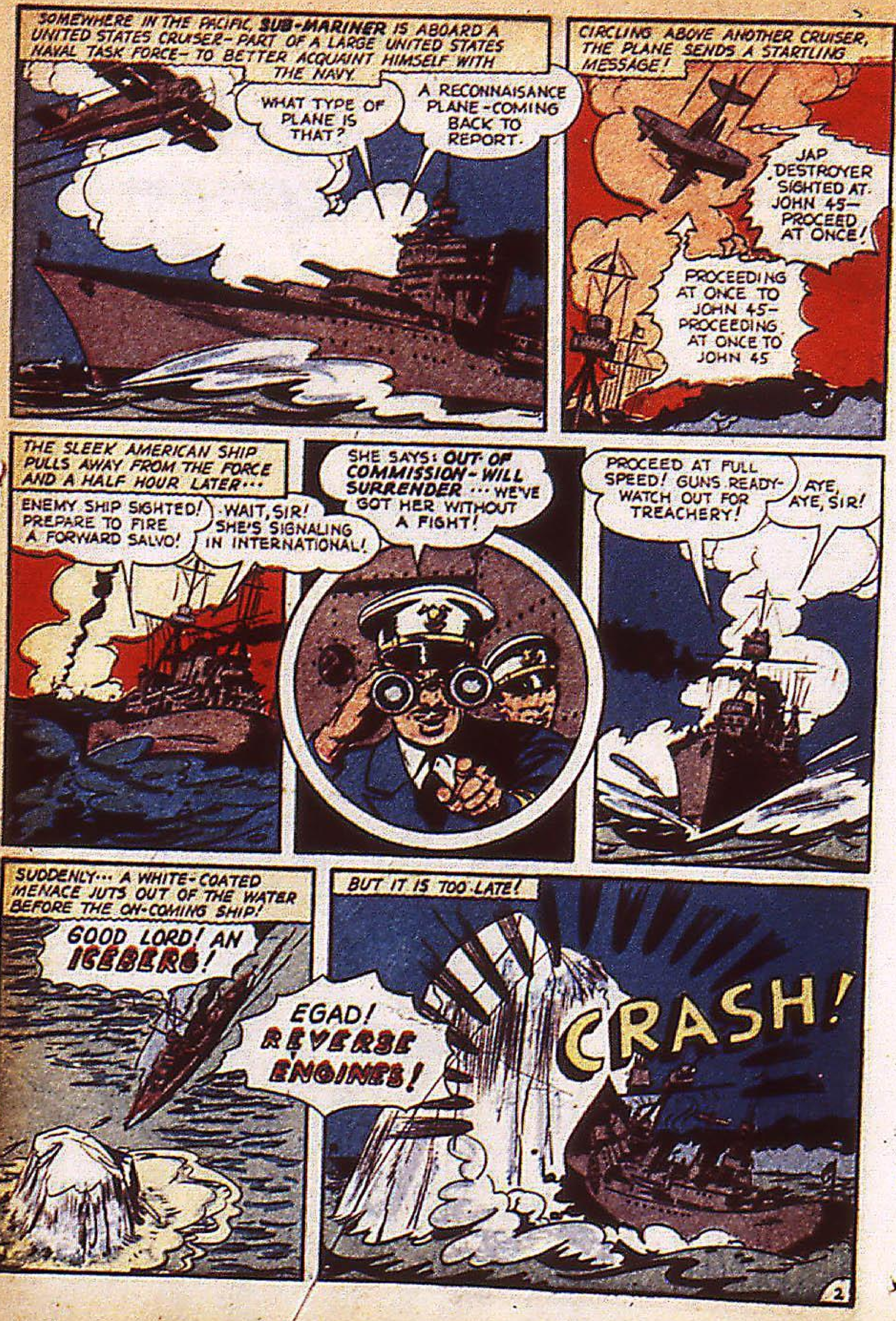
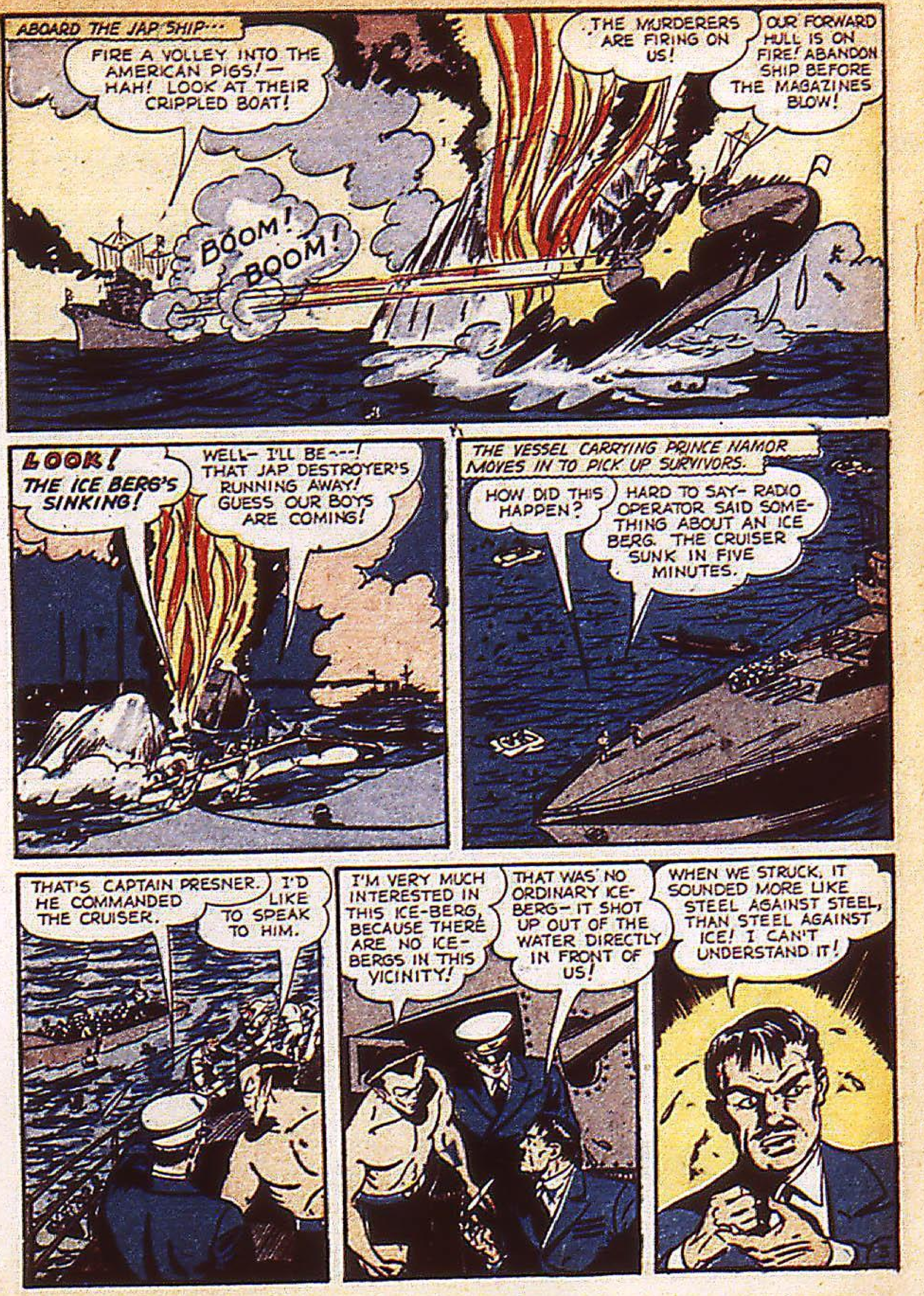
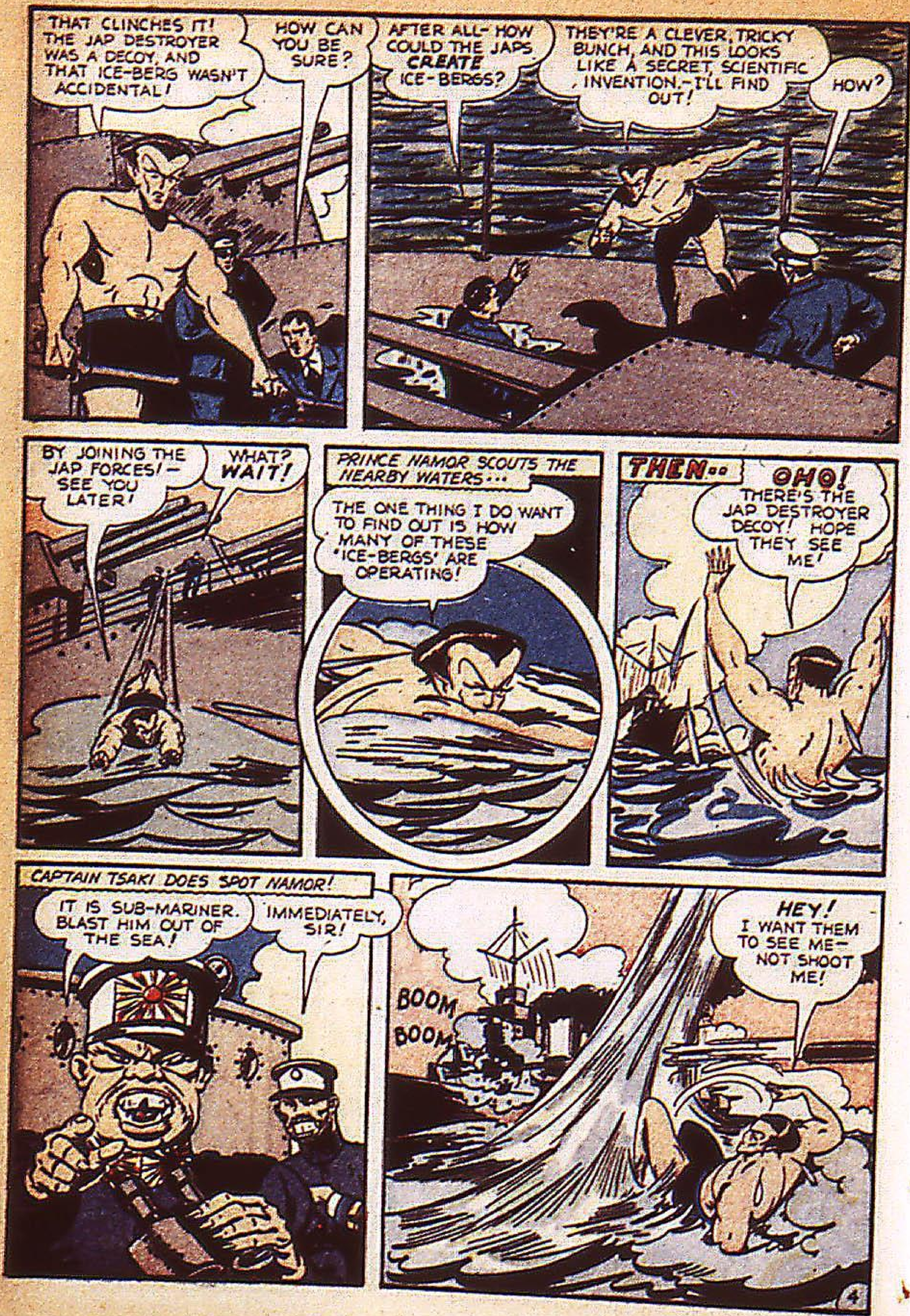
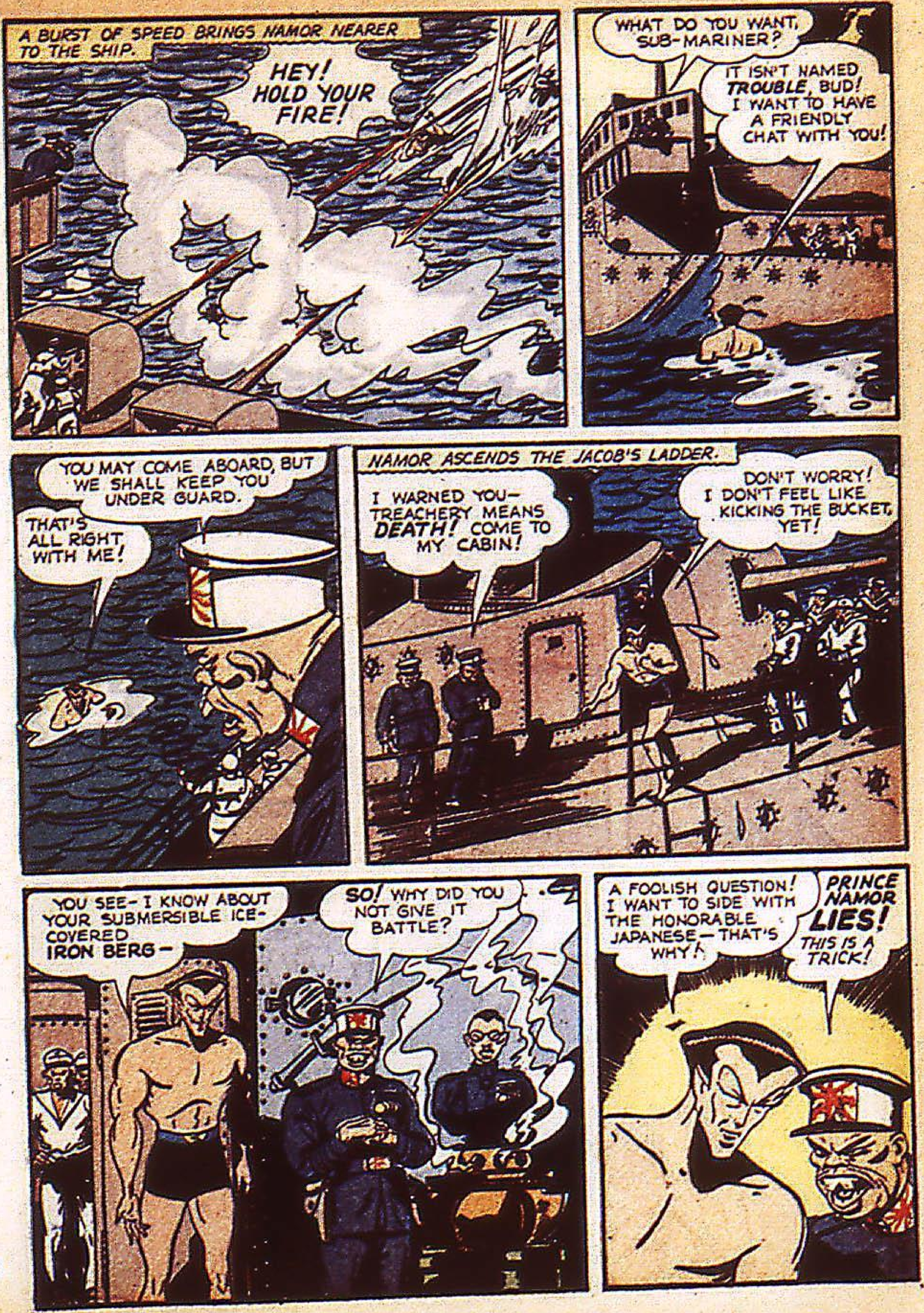
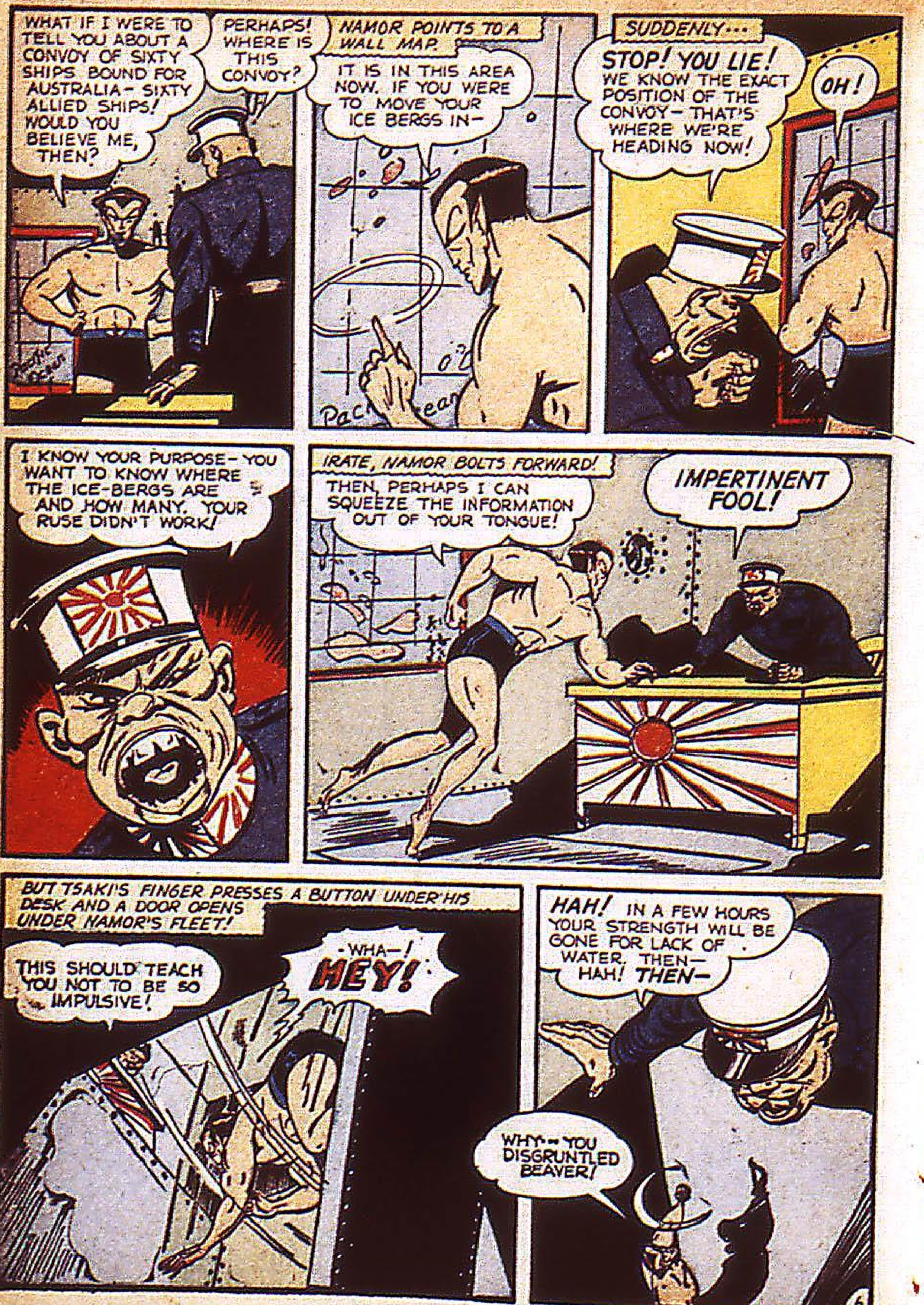

SUB-MARINER
TERROR OF THE FLOATING FORTRESSES

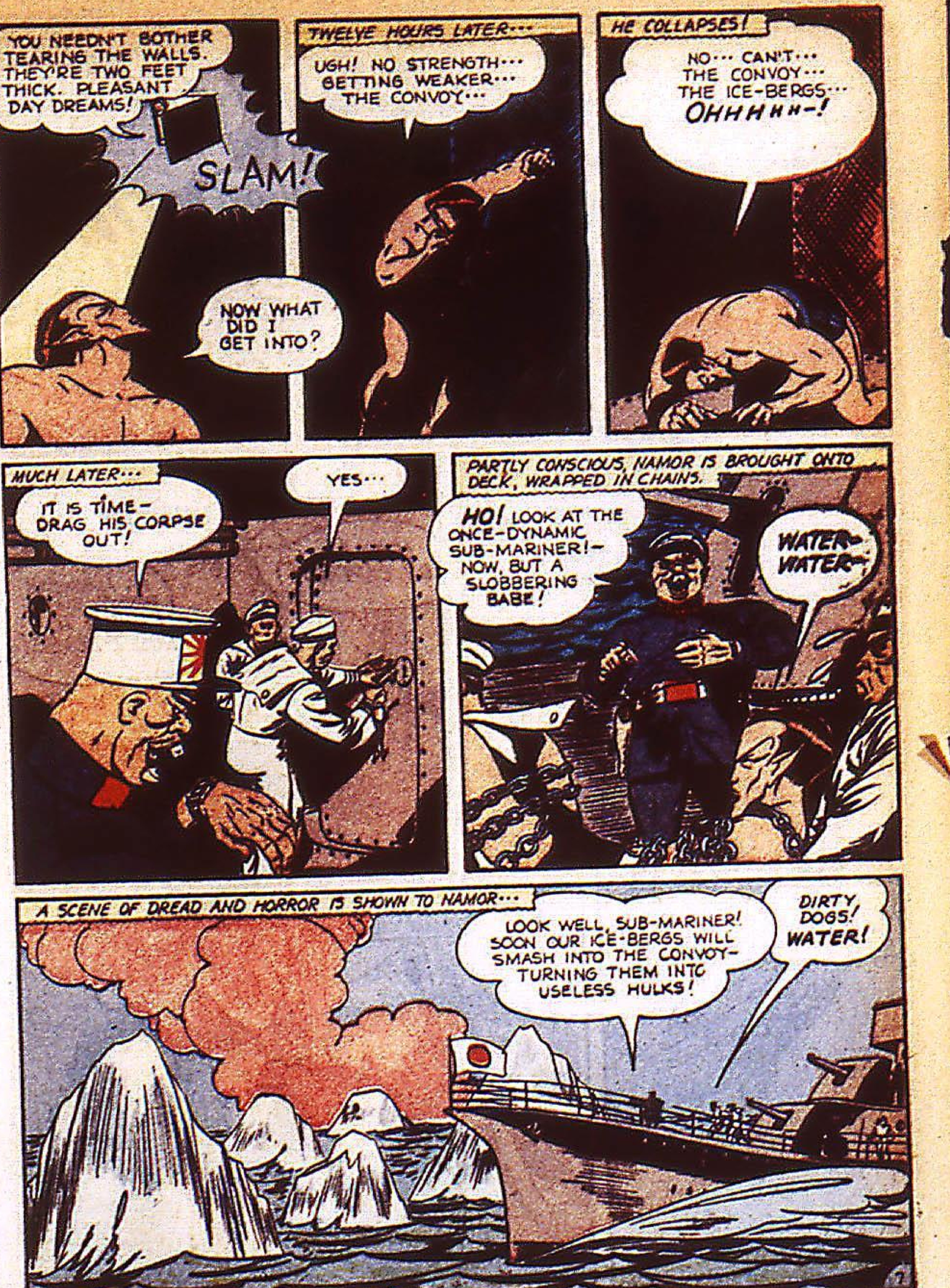

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC, SUB-MARINER IS ABOARD A UNITED STATES CRUISER– PART OF A LARGE UNITED STATES NAVAL TASK FORCE– TO BETTER ACQUAINT HIMSELF WITH THE NAVY.
WHAT TYPE OF PLANE IS THAT?
A RECONNAISANCE PLANE–COMING BACK TO REPORT.
CIRCLING ABOVE ANOTHER CRUISER, THE PLANE SENDS A STARTLING MESSAGE!
JAP DESTROYER SIGHTED AT JOHN 45– PROCEED AT ONCE!
PROCEEDING AT ONCE TO JOHN 45– PROCEEDING AT ONCE TO JOHN 45
THE SLEEK AMERICAN SHIP PULLS AWAY FROM THE FORCE AND A HALF HOUR LATER···
ENEMY SHIP SIGHTED! PREPARE TO FIRE A FORWARD SALVO!
WAIT, SIR! SHE'S SIGNALING IN INTERNATIONAL!
SHE SAYS: OUT OF COMMISSION– WILL SURRENDER ··· WE'VE GOT HER WITHOUT A FIGHT!
PROCEED AT FULL SPEED! GUNS READY– WATCH OUT FOR TREACHERY!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
SUDDENLY··· A WHITE-COATED MENACE JUTS OUT OF THE WATER BEFORE THE ON-COMING SHIP!
GOOD LORD! AN ICEBERG!
EGAD! REVERSE ENGINES!
BUT IT IS TOO LATE!
CRASH!

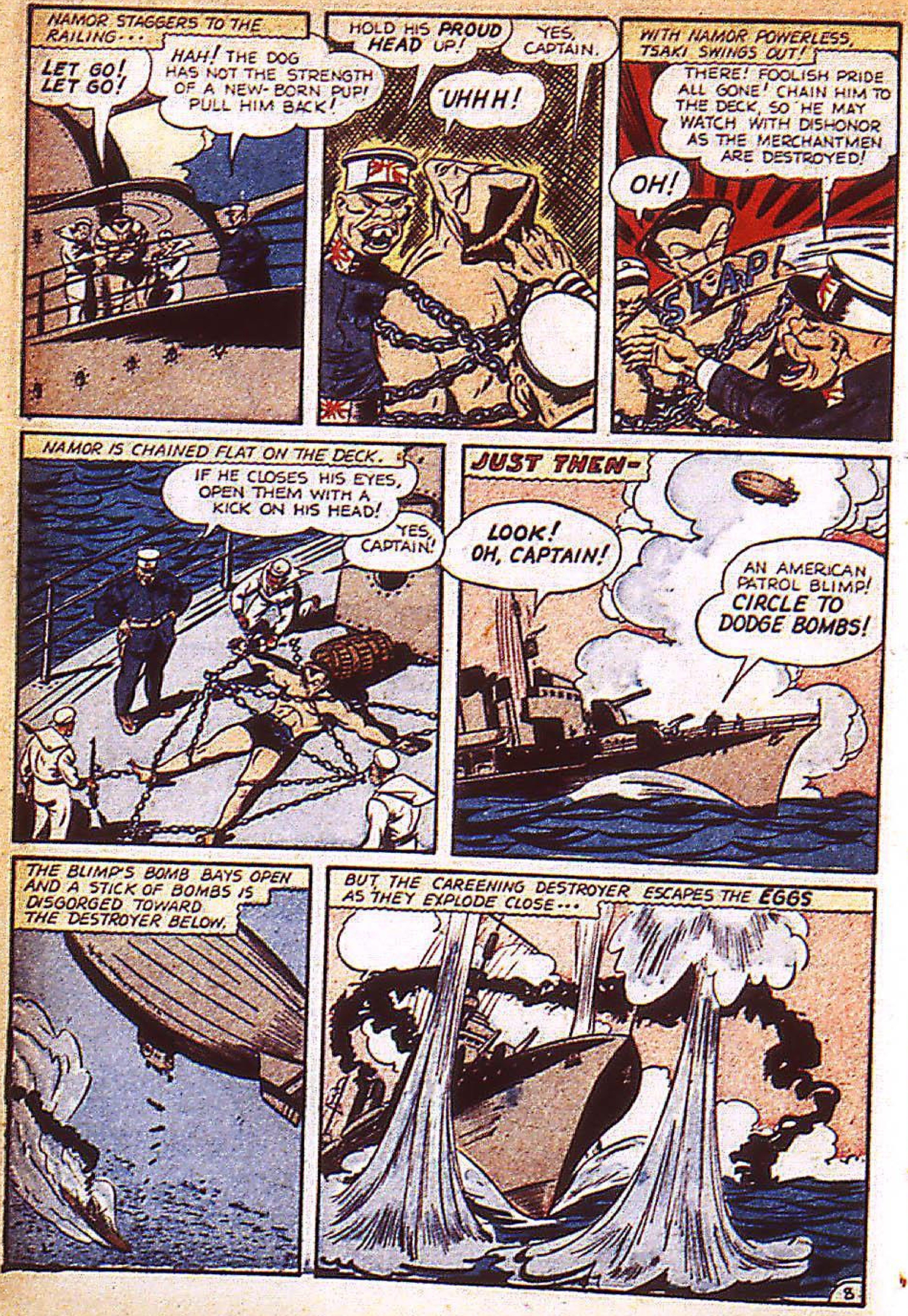

ABOARD THE JAP SHIP...
FIRE A VOLLEY INTO THE AMERICAN PIGS! — HAH! LOOK AT THEIR CRIPPLED BOAT!
BOOM! BOOM!
THE MURDERERS ARE FIRING ON US!
OUR FORWARD HULL IS ON FIRE! ABANDON SHIP BEFORE THE MAGAZINES BLOW!
LOOK! THE ICE BERG'S SINKING!
WELL- I'LL BE---! THAT JAP DESTROYER'S RUNNING AWAY! GUESS OUR BOYS ARE COMING!
THE VESSEL CARRYING PRINCE NAMOR MOVES IN TO PICK UP SURVIVORS.
HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?
HARD TO SAY- RADIO OPERATOR SAID SOMETHING ABOUT AN ICE BERG. THE CRUISER SUNK IN FIVE MINUTES.
THAT'S CAPTAIN PRESNER. HE COMMANDED THE CRUISER.
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO HIM.
I'M VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN THIS ICE-BERG, BECAUSE THERE ARE NO ICE-BERGS IN THIS VICINITY!
THAT WAS NO ORDINARY ICE-BERG- IT SHOT UP OUT OF THE WATER DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF US!
WHEN WE STRUCK, IT SOUNDED MORE LIKE STEEL AGAINST STEEL, THAN STEEL AGAINST ICE! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

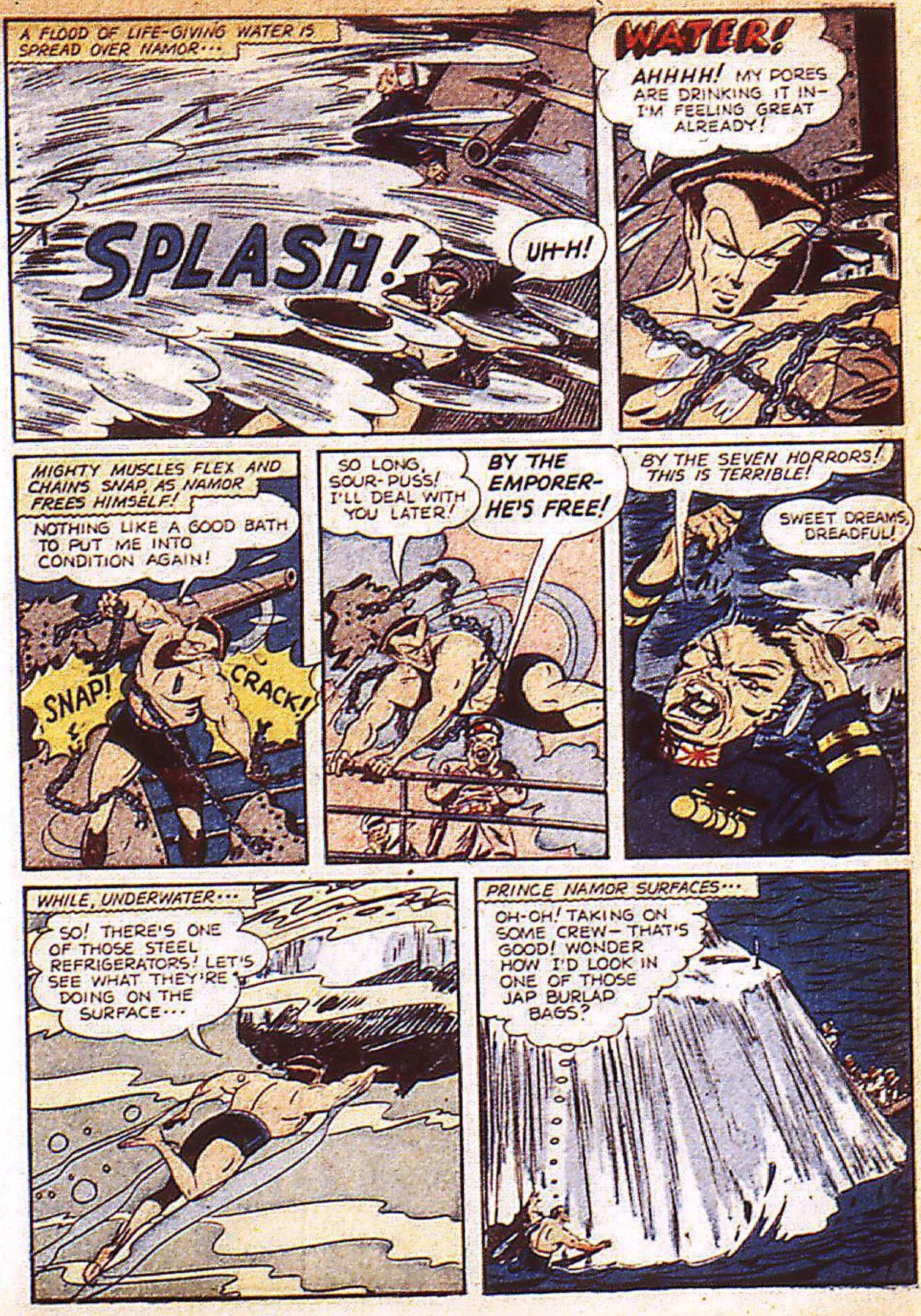

THAT CLINCHES IT! THE JAP DESTROYER WAS A DECOY, AND THAT ICE-BERG WASN'T ACCIDENTAL!
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?
AFTER ALL- HOW COULD THE JAPS CREATE ICE-BERGS?
THEY'RE A CLEVER, TRICKY BUNCH, AND THIS LOOKS LIKE A SECRET, SCIENTIFIC INVENTION.-I'LL FIND OUT!
HOW?
BY JOINING THE JAP FORCES! — SEE YOU LATER!
WHAT? WAIT!
PRINCE NAMOR SCOUTS THE NEARBY WATERS...
THE ONE THING I DO WANT TO FIND OUT IS HOW MANY OF THESE 'ICE-BERGS' ARE OPERATING!
THEN..
OHO! THERE'S THE JAP DESTROYER DECOY! HOPE THEY SEE ME!
CAPTAIN TSAKI DOES SPOT NAMOR!
IT IS SUB-MARINER. BLAST HIM OUT OF THE SEA!
IMMEDIATELY, SIR!
BOOM
BOOM
HEY! I WANT THEM TO SEE ME— NOT SHOOT ME!

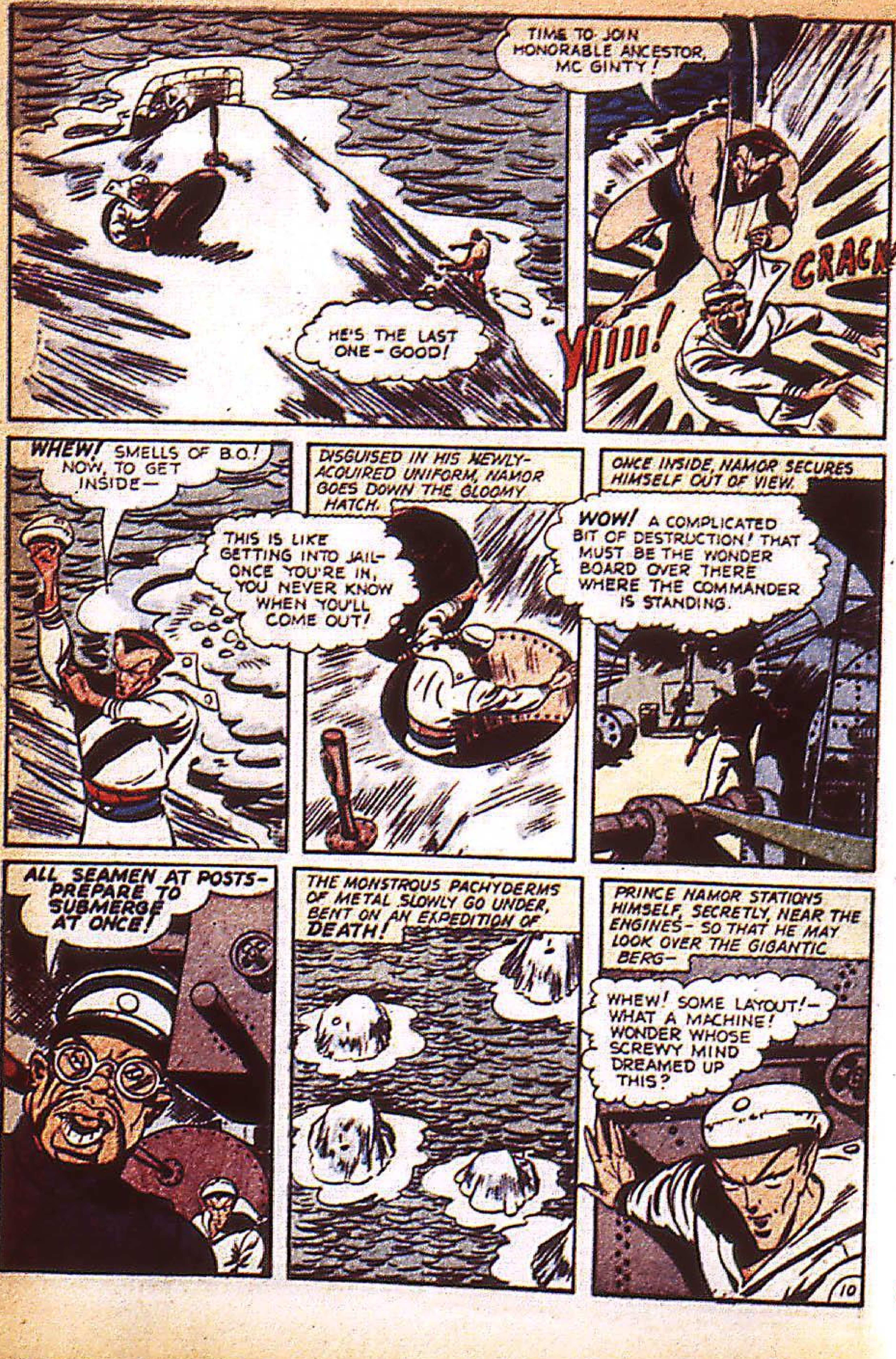

A BURST OF SPEED BRINGS NAMOR NEARER TO THE SHIP.
HEY! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, SUB-MARINER?
IT ISN'T NAMED *TROUBLE*, BUD! I WANT TO HAVE A FRIENDLY CHAT WITH YOU!
YOU MAY COME ABOARD, BUT WE SHALL KEEP YOU UNDER GUARD.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME!
NAMOR ASCENDS THE JACOB'S LADDER.
I WARNED YOU— TREACHERY MEANS *DEATH!* COME TO MY CABIN!
DON'T WORRY! I DON'T FEEL LIKE KICKING THE BUCKET, YET!
YOU SEE— I KNOW ABOUT YOUR SUBMERSIBLE ICE-COVERED **IRON BERG**—
SO! WHY DID YOU NOT GIVE IT BATTLE?
A FOOLISH QUESTION! I WANT TO SIDE WITH THE HONORABLE JAPANESE—THAT'S WHY!
PRINCE NAMOR *LIES!* *THIS IS A TRICK!*


WHAT IF I WERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT A CONVOY OF SIXTY SHIPS BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA- SIXTY ALLIED SHIPS! WOULD YOU BELIEVE ME, THEN?
PERHAPS! WHERE IS THIS CONVOY?
NAMOR POINTS TO A WALL MAP.
IT IS IN THIS AREA NOW. IF YOU WERE TO MOVE YOUR ICE BERGS IN-
SUDDENLY...
STOP! YOU LIE! WE KNOW THE EXACT POSITION OF THE CONVOY- THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING NOW!
OH!
I KNOW YOUR PURPOSE- YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE ICE-BERGS ARE AND HOW MANY. YOUR RUSE DIDN'T WORK!
IRATE, NAMOR BOLTS FORWARD!
THEN, PERHAPS I CAN SQUEEZE THE INFORMATION OUT OF YOUR TONGUE!
IMPERTINENT FOOL!
BUT TSAKI'S FINGER PRESSES A BUTTON UNDER HIS DESK AND A DOOR OPENS UNDER NAMOR'S FLEET!
THIS SHOULD TEACH YOU NOT TO BE SO IMPULSIVE!
-WHA-! HEY!
HAH! IN A FEW HOURS YOUR STRENGTH WILL BE GONE FOR LACK OF WATER. THEN- HAH! THEN-
WHY-- YOU DISGRUNTLED BEAVER!

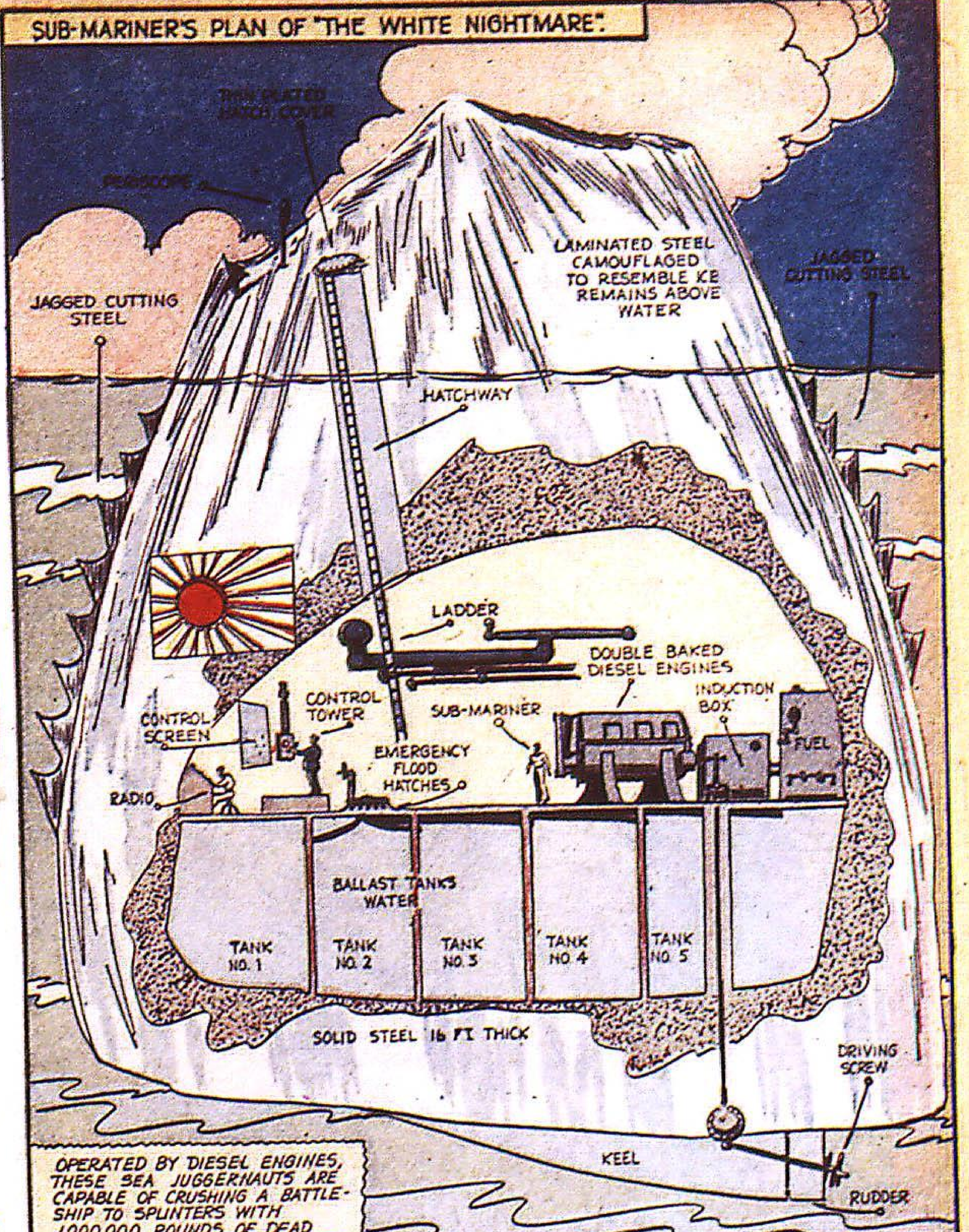

YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER TEARING THE WALLS. THEY'RE TWO FEET THICK. PLEASANT DAY DREAMS!
SLAM!
NOW WHAT DID I GET INTO?
TWELVE HOURS LATER···
UGH! NO STRENGTH··· GETTING WEAKER··· THE CONVOY···
HE COLLAPSES!
NO··· CAN'T··· THE CONVOY··· THE ICE-BERGS··· OHHHHH-!
MUCH LATER···
IT IS TIME— DRAG HIS CORPSE OUT!
YES···
PARTLY CONSCIOUS, NAMOR IS BROUGHT ONTO DECK, WRAPPED IN CHAINS.
HO! LOOK AT THE ONCE-DYNAMIC SUB-MARINER!— NOW, BUT A SLOBBERING BABE!
WATER— WATER—
A SCENE OF DREAD AND HORROR IS SHOWN TO NAMOR···
LOOK WELL, SUB-MARINER! SOON OUR ICE-BERGS WILL SMASH INTO THE CONVOY— TURNING THEM INTO USELESS HULKS!
DIRTY DOGS! WATER!


NAMOR STAGGERS TO THE RAILING...
LET GO! LET GO!
HAH! THE DOG HAS NOT THE STRENGTH OF A NEW-BORN PUP! PULL HIM BACK!
HOLD HIS PROUD HEAD UP!
YES, CAPTAIN.
UHHH!
WITH NAMOR POWERLESS, TSAKI SWINGS OUT!
THERE! FOOLISH PRIDE ALL GONE! CHAIN HIM TO THE DECK, SO HE MAY WATCH WITH DISHONOR AS THE MERCHANTMEN ARE DESTROYED!
OH!
SLAP!
NAMOR IS CHAINED FLAT ON THE DECK.
IF HE CLOSES HIS EYES, OPEN THEM WITH A KICK ON HIS HEAD!
YES, CAPTAIN!
JUST THEN-
LOOK! OH, CAPTAIN!
AN AMERICAN PATROL BLIMP! CIRCLE TO DODGE BOMBS!
THE BLIMP'S BOMB BAYS OPEN AND A STICK OF BOMBS IS DISGORGED TOWARD THE DESTROYER BELOW.
BUT THE CAREENING DESTROYER ESCAPES THE EGGS AS THEY EXPLODE CLOSE...


A FLOOD OF LIFE-GIVING WATER IS SPREAD OVER NAMOR···
SPLASH!
UH-H!
WATER!
AHHHH! MY PORES ARE DRINKING IT IN- I'M FEELING GREAT ALREADY!
MIGHTY MUSCLES FLEX AND CHAINS SNAP, AS NAMOR FREES HIMSELF!
NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BATH TO PUT ME INTO CONDITION AGAIN!
SNAP!
CRACK!
SO LONG, SOUR-PUSS! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER!
BY THE EMPORER- HE'S FREE!
BY THE SEVEN HORRORS! THIS IS TERRIBLE!
SWEET DREAMS, DREADFUL!
WHILE, UNDERWATER···
SO! THERE'S ONE OF THOSE STEEL REFRIGERATORS! LET'S SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING ON THE SURFACE···
PRINCE NAMOR SURFACES···
OH-OH! TAKING ON SOME CREW- THAT'S GOOD! WONDER HOW I'D LOOK IN ONE OF THOSE JAP BURLAP BAGS?

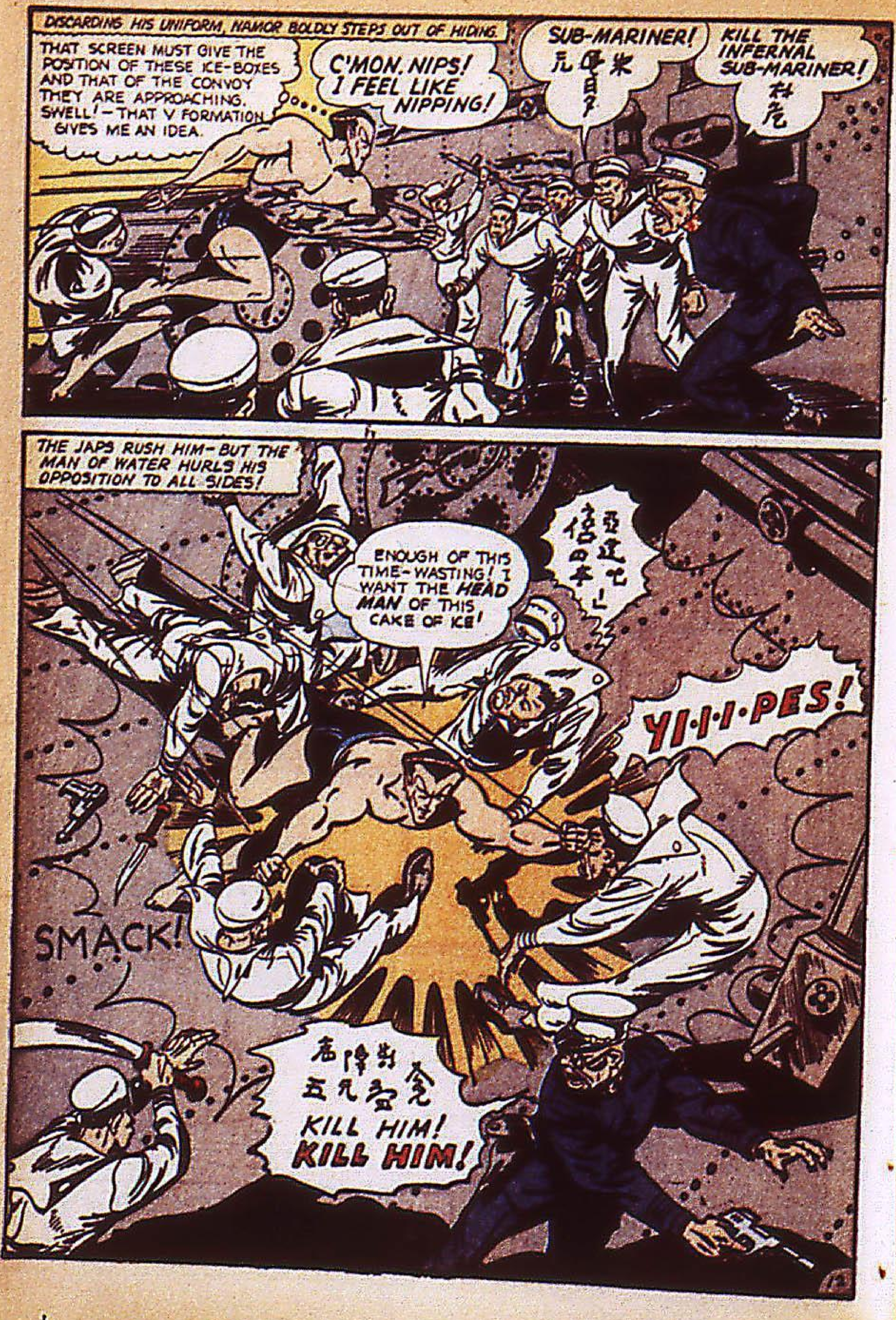

HE'S THE LAST ONE - GOOD!
TIME TO JOIN HONORABLE ANCESTOR, MC GINTY!
CRACK
YIIIII!
WHEW! SMELLS OF B.O.! NOW, TO GET INSIDE—
DISGUISED IN HIS NEWLY-ACQUIRED UNIFORM, NAMOR GOES DOWN THE GLOOMY HATCH.
THIS IS LIKE GETTING INTO JAIL-ONCE YOU'RE IN, YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'LL COME OUT!
ONCE INSIDE, NAMOR SECURES HIMSELF OUT OF VIEW.
WOW! A COMPLICATED BIT OF DESTRUCTION! THAT MUST BE THE WONDER BOARD OVER THERE WHERE THE COMMANDER IS STANDING.
ALL SEAMEN AT POSTS-PREPARE TO SUBMERGE AT ONCE!
THE MONSTROUS PACHYDERMS OF METAL SLOWLY GO UNDER, BENT ON AN EXPEDITION OF DEATH!
PRINCE NAMOR STATIONS HIMSELF, SECRETLY, NEAR THE ENGINES- SO THAT HE MAY LOOK OVER THE GIGANTIC BERG-
WHEW! SOME LAYOUT!- WHAT A MACHINE! WONDER WHOSE SCREWY MIND DREAMED UP THIS?

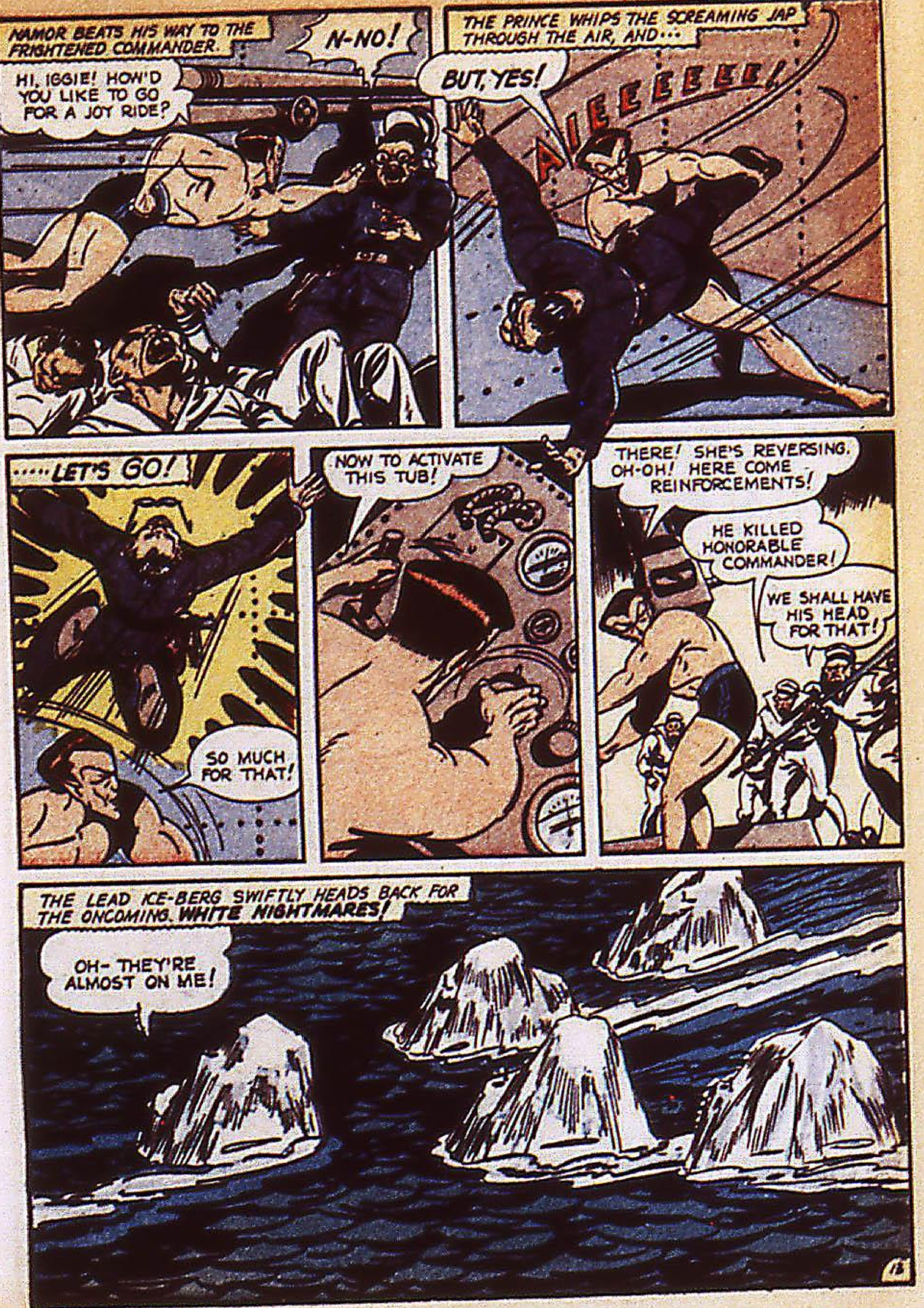
SUB-MARINER'S PLAN OF "THE WHITE NIGHTMARE".

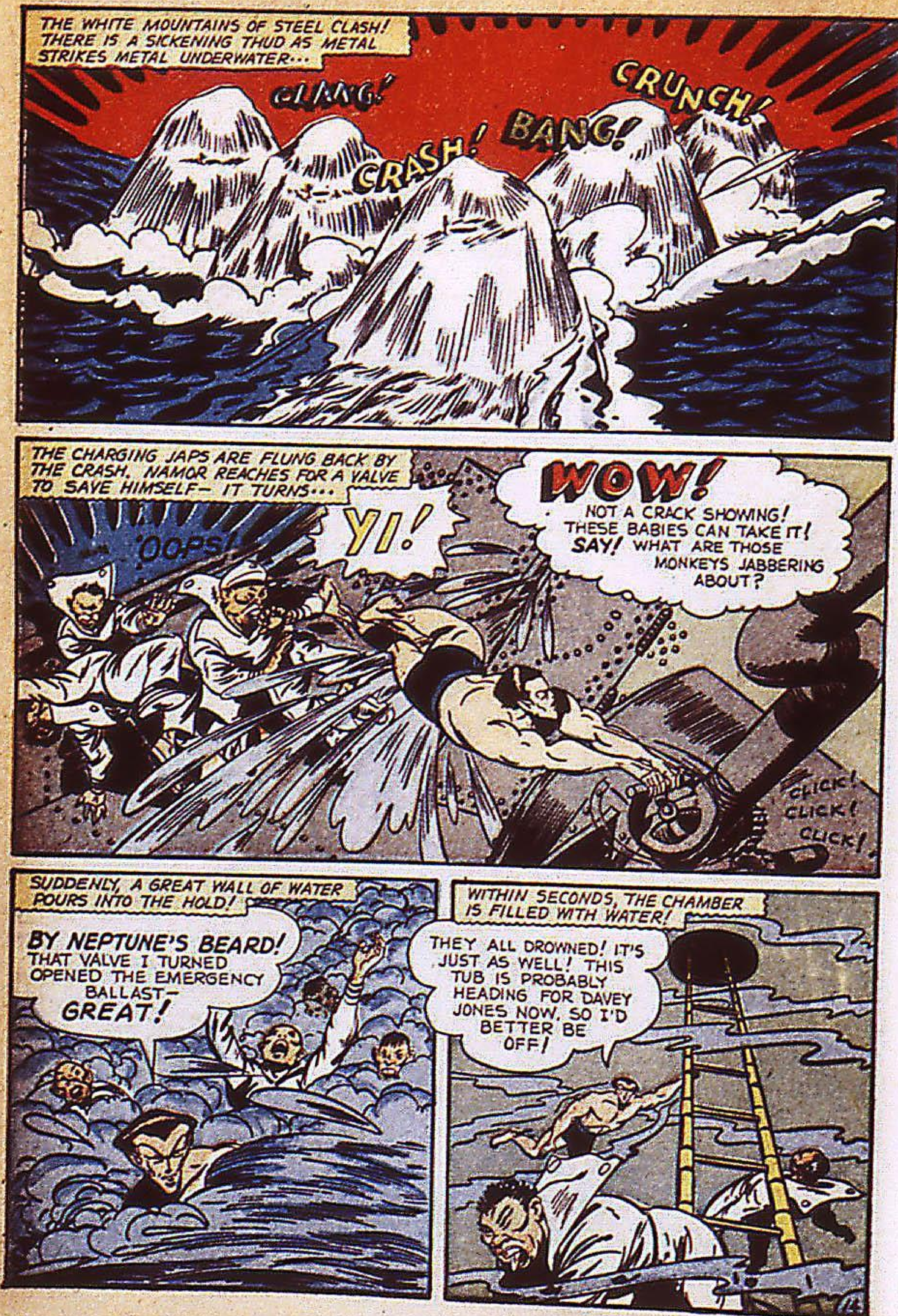

THIN PLATED HATCH COVER
PERISCOPE
JAGGED CUTTING STEEL
LAMINATED STEEL CAMOUFLAGED TO RESEMBLE ICE REMAINS ABOVE WATER
JAGGED CUTTING STEEL
HATCHWAY
LADDER
DOUBLE BAKED DIESEL ENGINES
INDUCTION BOX
FUEL
CONTROL TOWER
SUB-MARINER
CONTROL SCREEN
EMERGENCY FLOOD HATCHES
RADIO
BALLAST TANKS WATER
TANK NO. 1
TANK NO. 2
TANK NO. 3
TANK NO. 4
TANK NO. 5
SOLID STEEL 16 FT THICK
DRIVING SCREW
KEEL
RUDDER

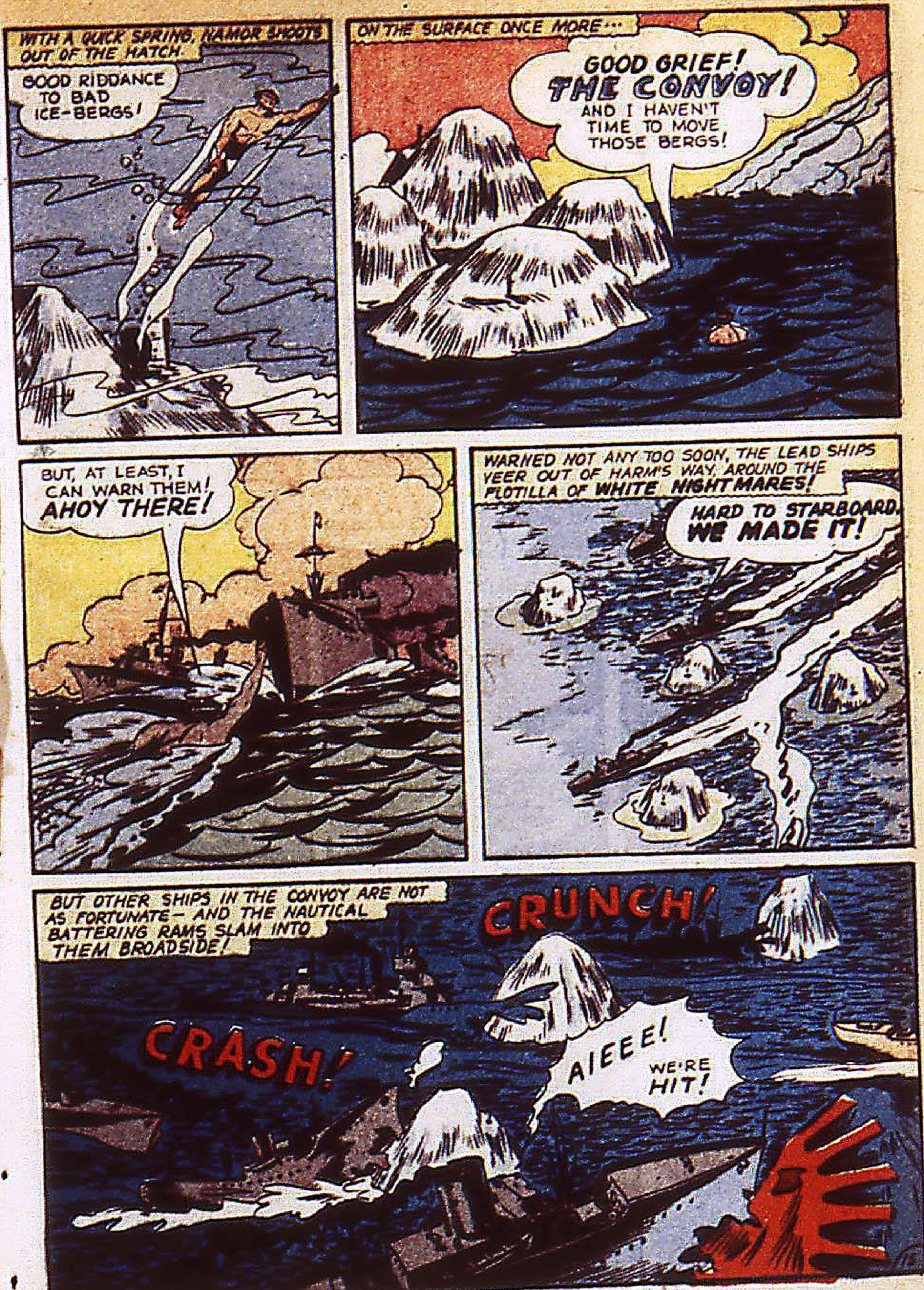
OPERATED BY DIESEL ENGINES, THESE SEA JUGGERNAUTS ARE CAPABLE OF CRUSHING A BATTLESHIP TO SPLINTERS WITH 1,000,000 POUNDS OF DEAD WEIGHT. NO GUNS ARE CARRIED AS ALL DESTRUCTION IS ACCOMPLISHED BY SHEER FORCE OF TREMENDOUS IMPACT.

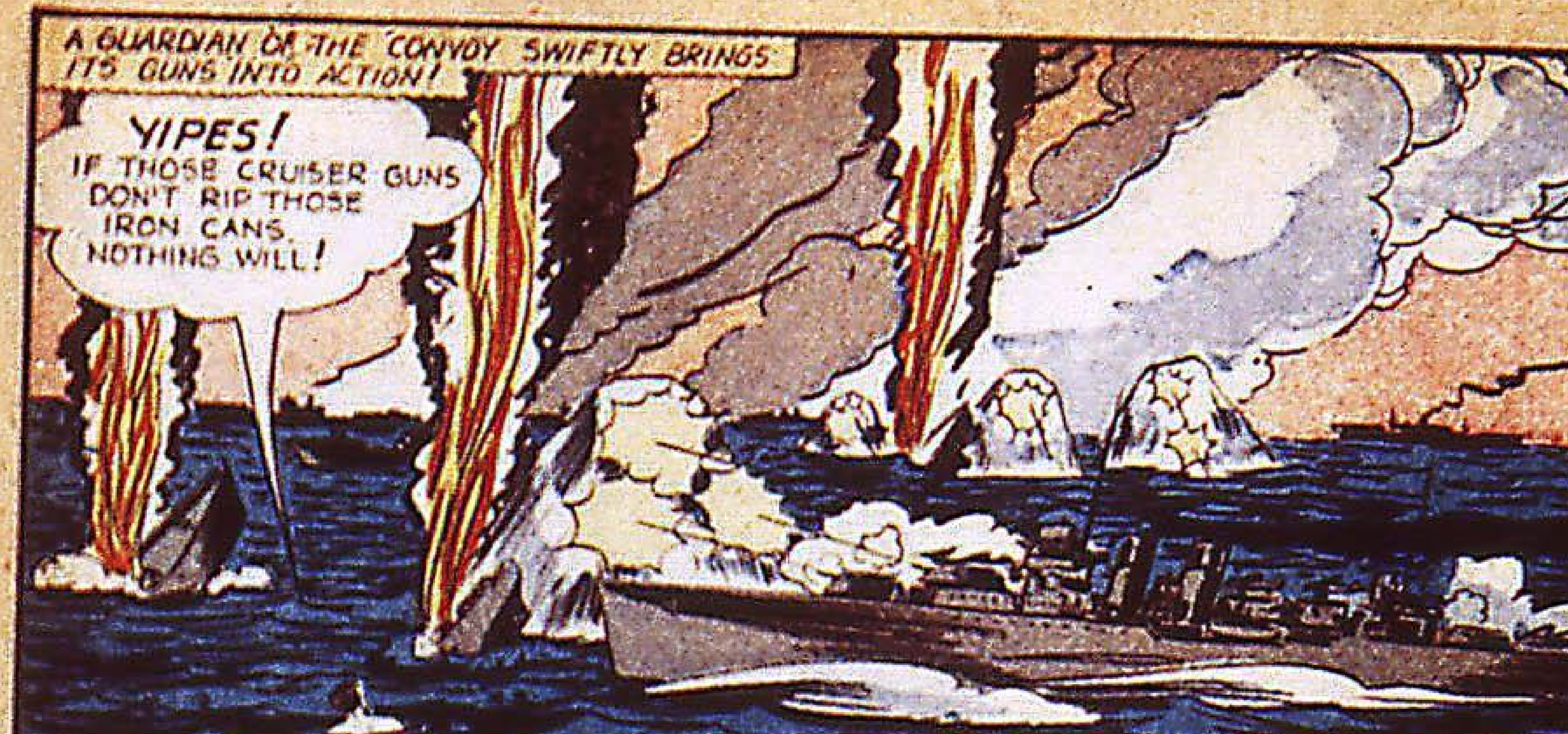
YOU CAN EASILY SEE THE TITANIC TASK THAT CONFRONTS **SUB-MARINER**. **HOW** CAN HE DESTROY THIS MENACE?

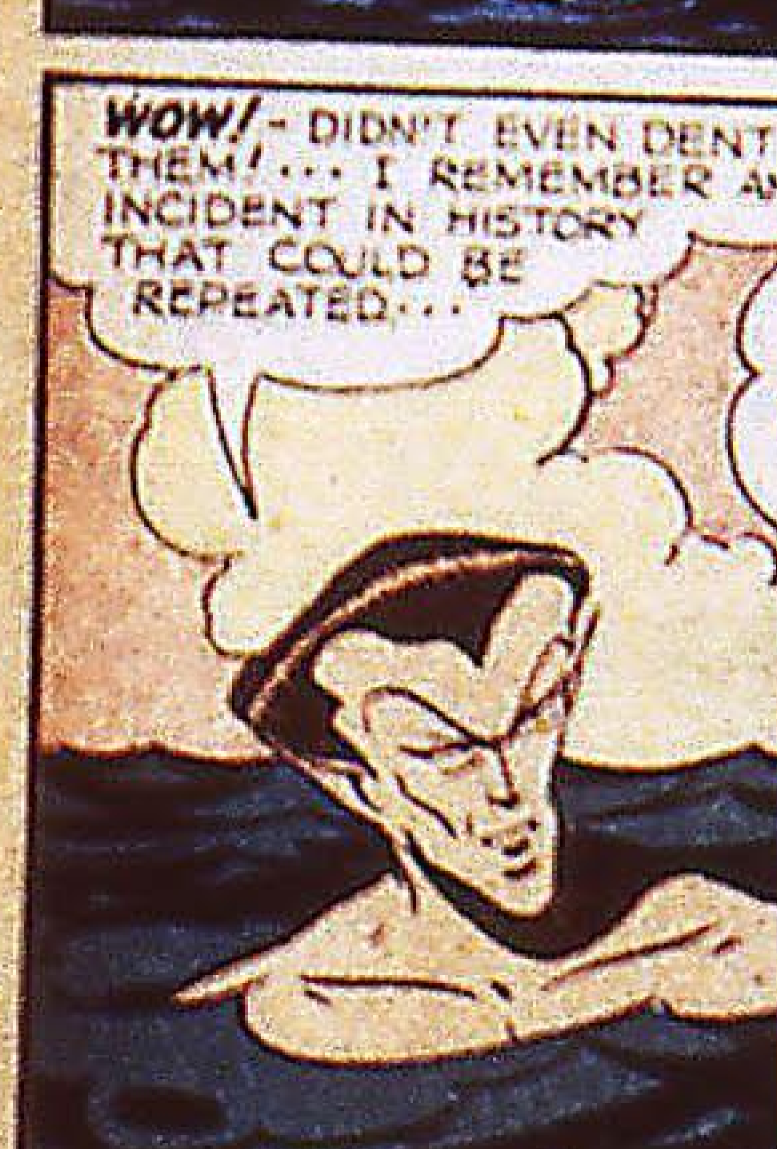

DISCARDING HIS UNIFORM, NAMOR BOLDLY STEPS OUT OF HIDING.
THAT SCREEN MUST GIVE THE POSITION OF THESE ICE-BOXES AND THAT OF THE CONVOY THEY ARE APPROACHING. SWELL! — THAT V FORMATION GIVES ME AN IDEA.
C'MON, NIPS! I FEEL LIKE NIPPING!
SUB-MARINER!
KILL THE INFERNAL SUB-MARINER!
THE JAPS RUSH HIM— BUT THE MAN OF WATER HURLS HIS OPPOSITION TO ALL SIDES!
ENOUGH OF THIS TIME-WASTING! I WANT THE HEAD MAN OF THIS CAKE OF ICE!
YI-I-I-PES!
SMACK!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

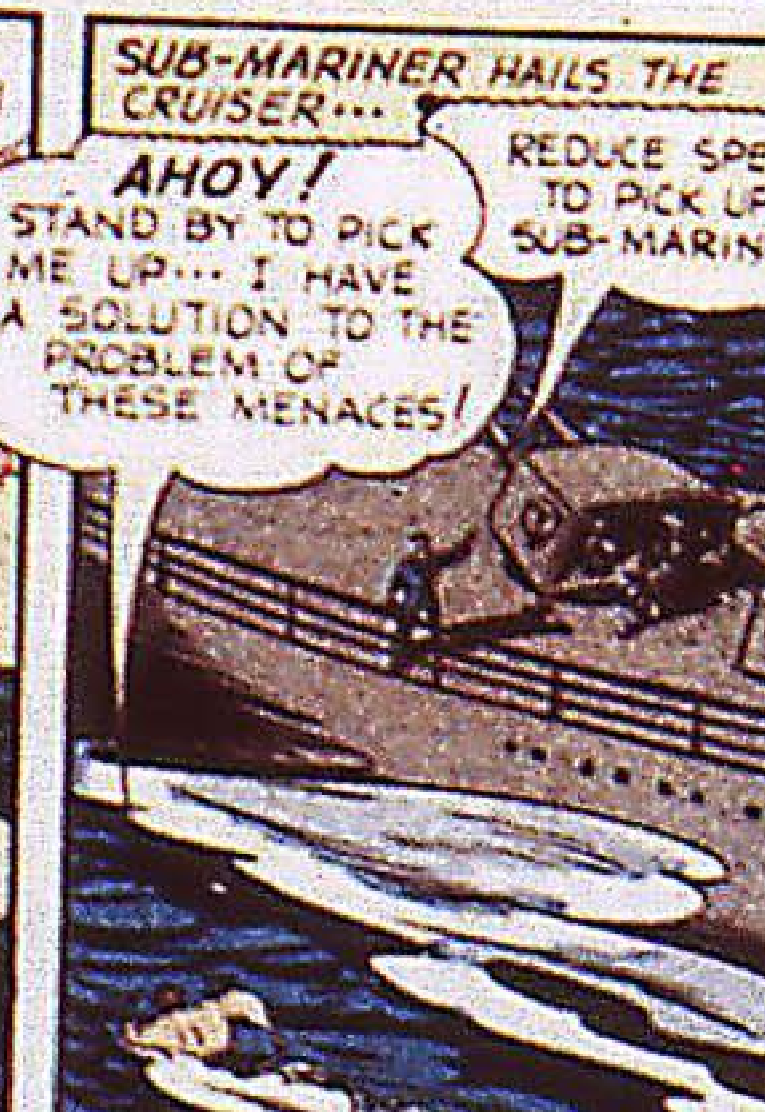

NAMOR BEATS HIS WAY TO THE FRIGHTENED COMMANDER.
N-NO!
HI, IGGIE! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A JOY RIDE?
THE PRINCE WHIPS THE SCREAMING JAP THROUGH THE AIR, AND...
BUT, YES!
AIEEEEEE!
.....LET'S GO!
SO MUCH FOR THAT!
NOW TO ACTIVATE THIS TUB!
THERE! SHE'S REVERSING. OH-OH! HERE COME REINFORCEMENTS!
HE KILLED HONORABLE COMMANDER!
WE SHALL HAVE HIS HEAD FOR THAT!
THE LEAD ICE-BERG SWIFTLY HEADS BACK FOR THE ONCOMING WHITE NIGHTMARES!
OH- THEY'RE ALMOST ON ME!

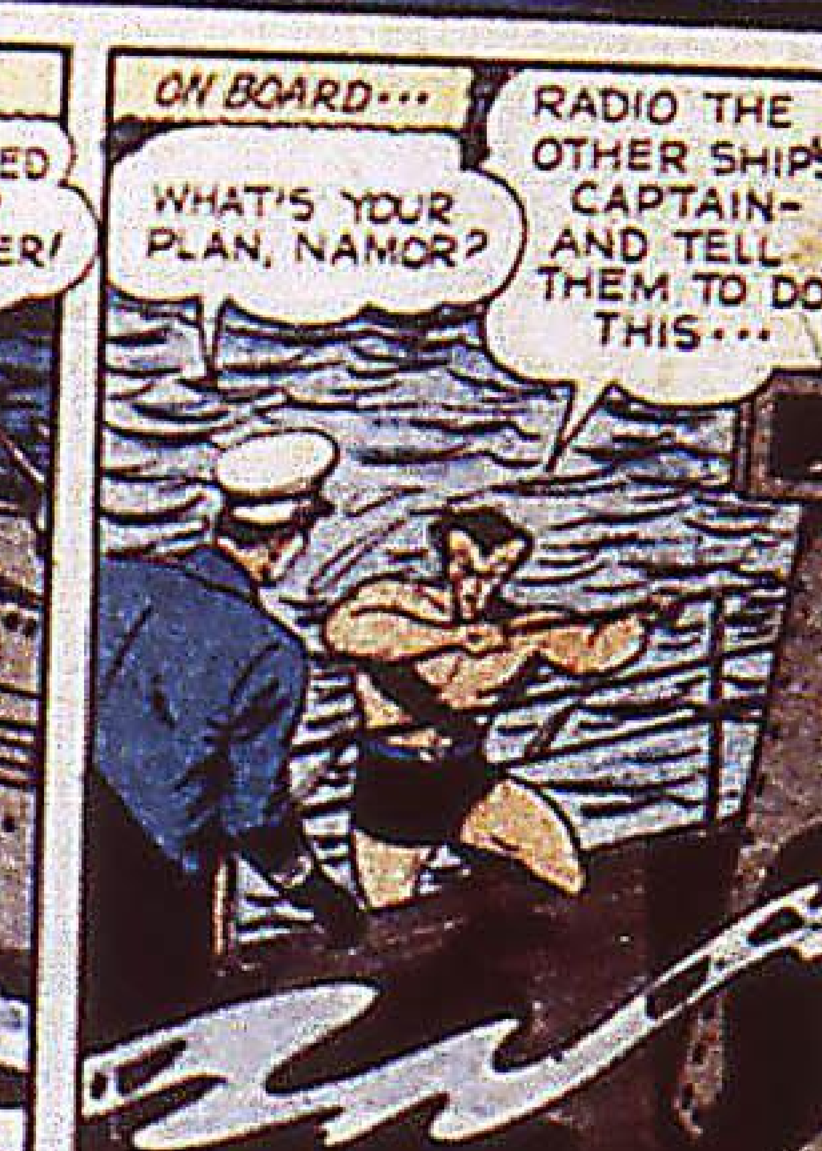

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF STEEL CLASH! THERE IS A SICKENING THUD AS METAL STRIKES METAL UNDERWATER...
CLANG!
CRUNCH!
BANG!
CRASH!
THE CHARGING JAPS ARE FLUNG BACK BY THE CRASH. NAMOR REACHES FOR A VALVE TO SAVE HIMSELF— IT TURNS...
'OOPS!
YI!
WOW! NOT A CRACK SHOWING! THESE BABIES CAN TAKE IT! SAY! WHAT ARE THOSE MONKEYS JABBERING ABOUT?
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
SUDDENLY, A GREAT WALL OF WATER POURS INTO THE HOLD!
BY NEPTUNE'S BEARD! THAT VALVE I TURNED OPENED THE EMERGENCY BALLAST— GREAT!
WITHIN SECONDS, THE CHAMBER IS FILLED WITH WATER!
THEY ALL DROWNED! IT'S JUST AS WELL! THIS TUB IS PROBABLY HEADING FOR DAVEY JONES NOW, SO I'D BETTER BE OFF!

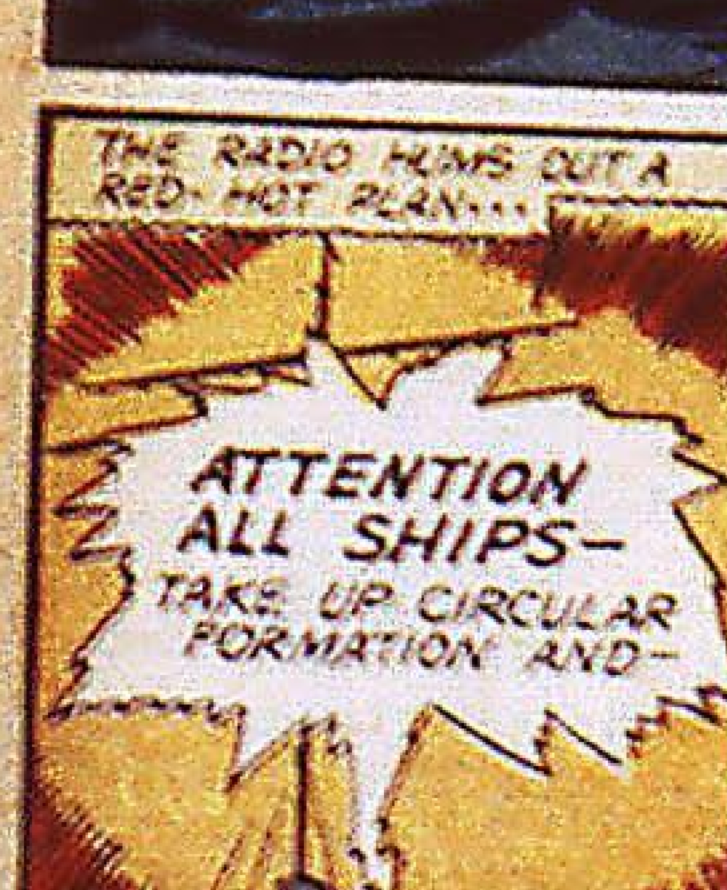

WITH A QUICK SPRING, HAMOR SHOOTS OUT OF THE HATCH.
GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD ICE-BERGS!
ON THE SURFACE ONCE MORE...
GOOD GRIEF! THE CONVOY! AND I HAVEN'T TIME TO MOVE THOSE BERGS!
BUT, AT LEAST, I CAN WARN THEM! AHOY THERE!
WARNED NOT ANY TOO SOON, THE LEAD SHIPS VEER OUT OF HARM'S WAY, AROUND THE FLOTILLA OF WHITE NIGHTMARES!
HARD TO STARBOARD! WE MADE IT!
BUT OTHER SHIPS IN THE CONVOY ARE NOT AS FORTUNATE— AND THE NAUTICAL BATTERING RAMS SLAM INTO THEM BROADSIDE!
CRUNCH!
CRASH!
AIEEE!
WE'RE HIT!

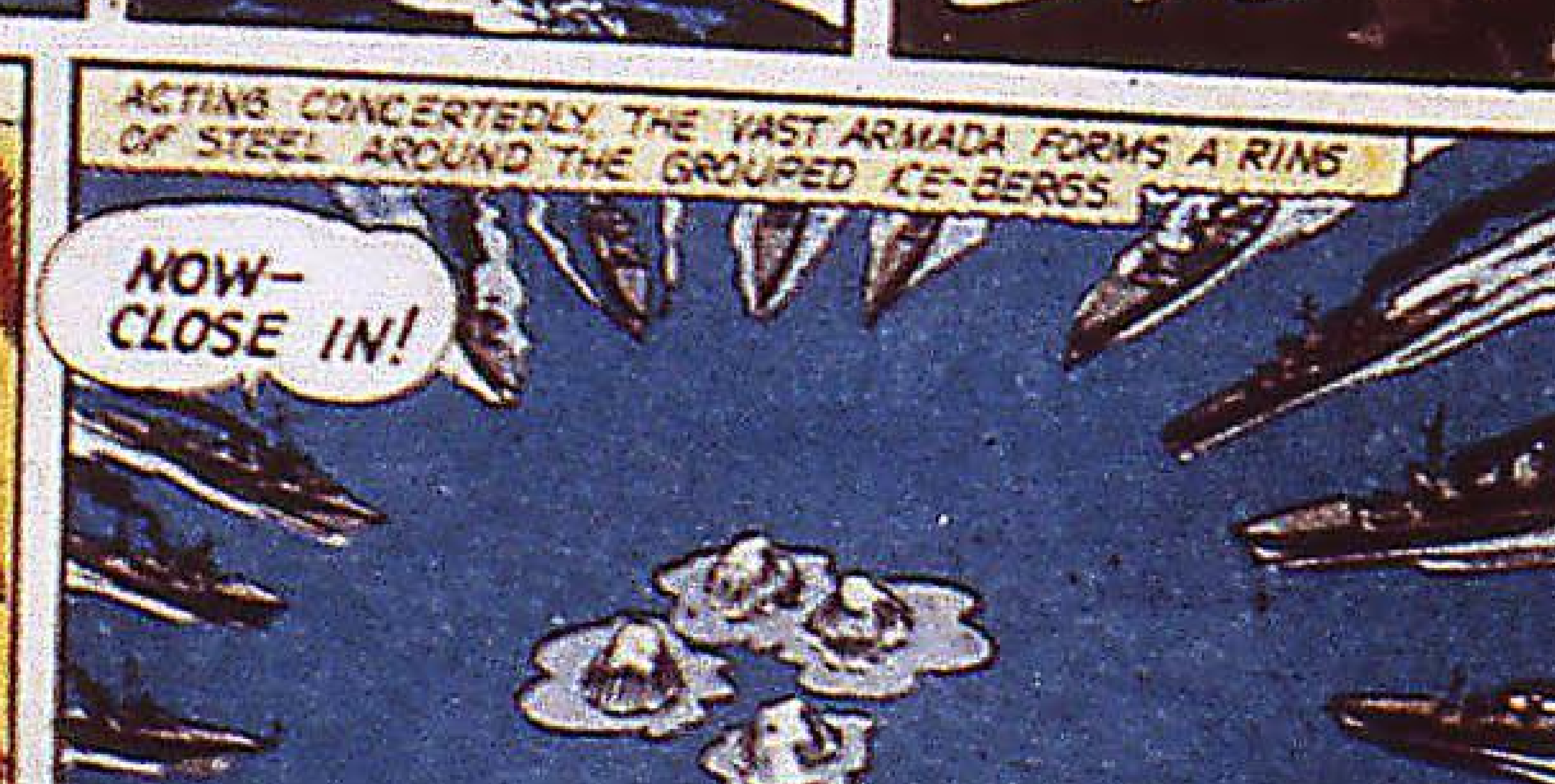

A GUARDIAN OF THE CONVOY SWIFTLY BRINGS ITS GUNS INTO ACTION!
YIPES! IF THOSE CRUISER GUNS DON'T RIP THOSE IRON CANS, NOTHING WILL!

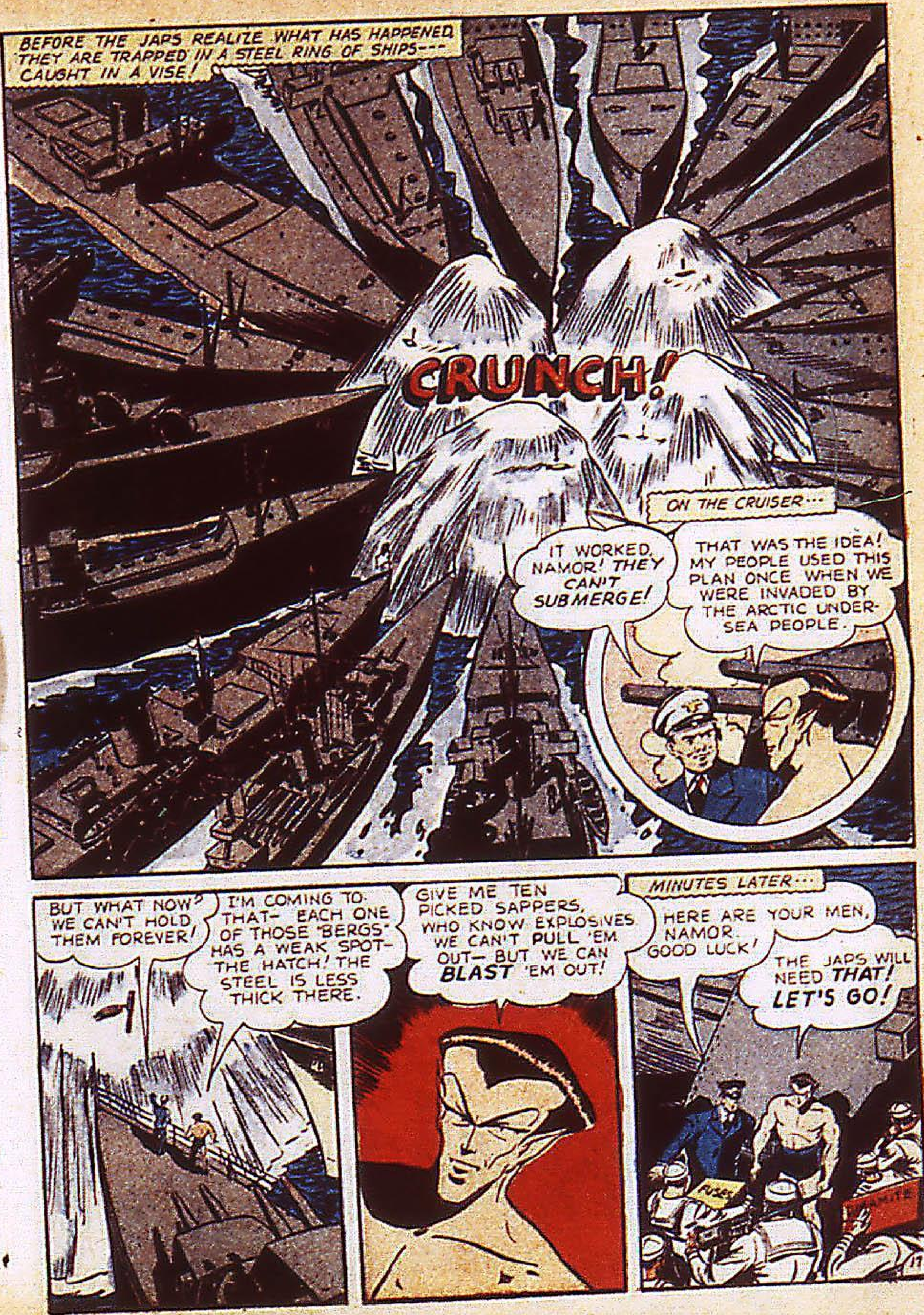

WOW! - DIDN'T EVEN DENT THEM! ... I REMEMBER AN INCIDENT IN HISTORY THAT COULD BE REPEATED ...

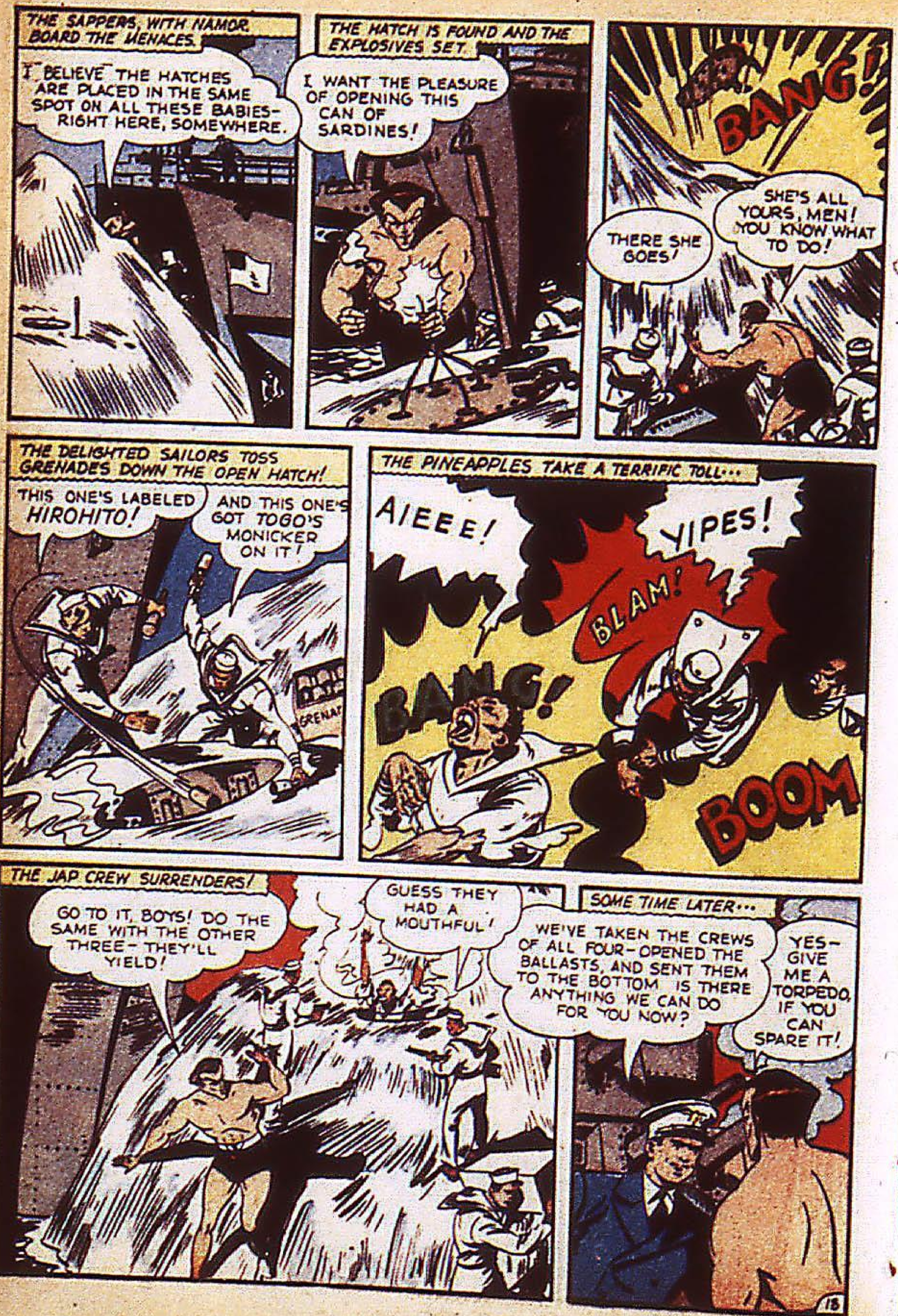

SUB-MARINER HAILS THE CRUISER ...
AHOY! STAND BY TO PICK ME UP ... I HAVE A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF THESE MENACES!
REDUCE SPEED TO PICK UP SUB-MARINER!

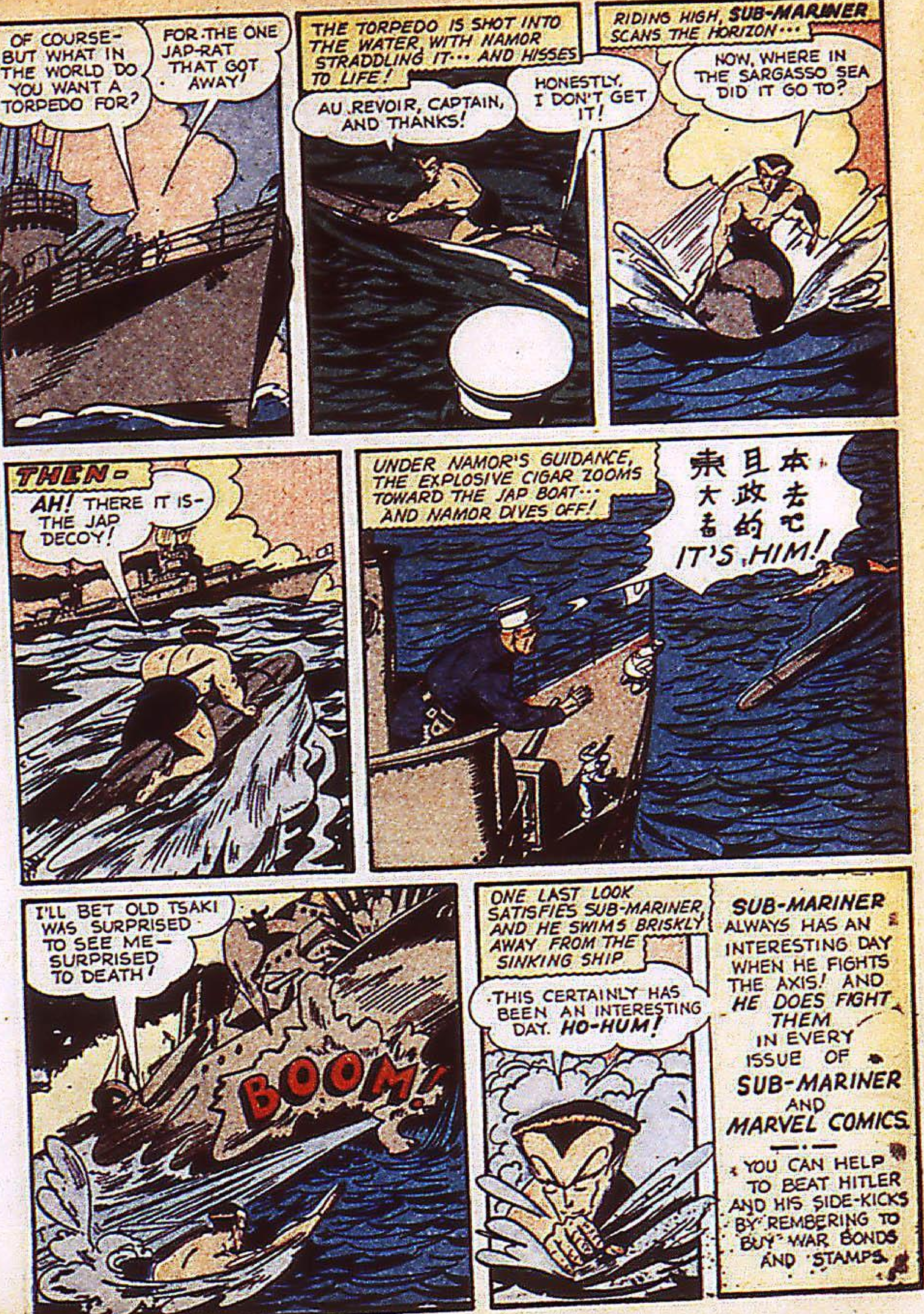

ON BOARD ...
WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, NAMOR?
RADIO THE OTHER SHIPS, CAPTAIN - AND TELL THEM TO DO THIS ...

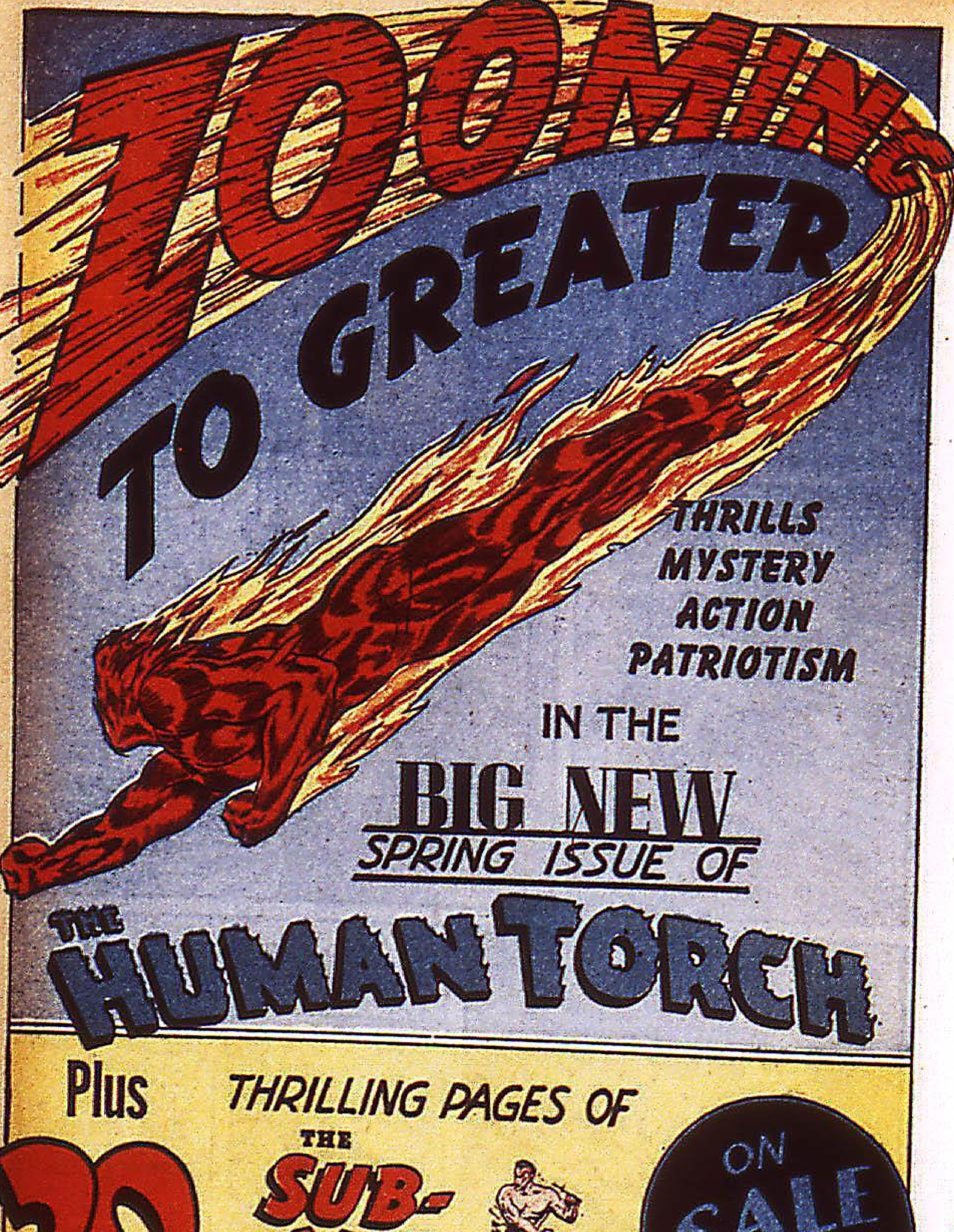

THE RADIO HUMS OUT A RED-HOT PLAN ...
ATTENTION ALL SHIPS - TAKE UP CIRCULAR FORMATION AND -

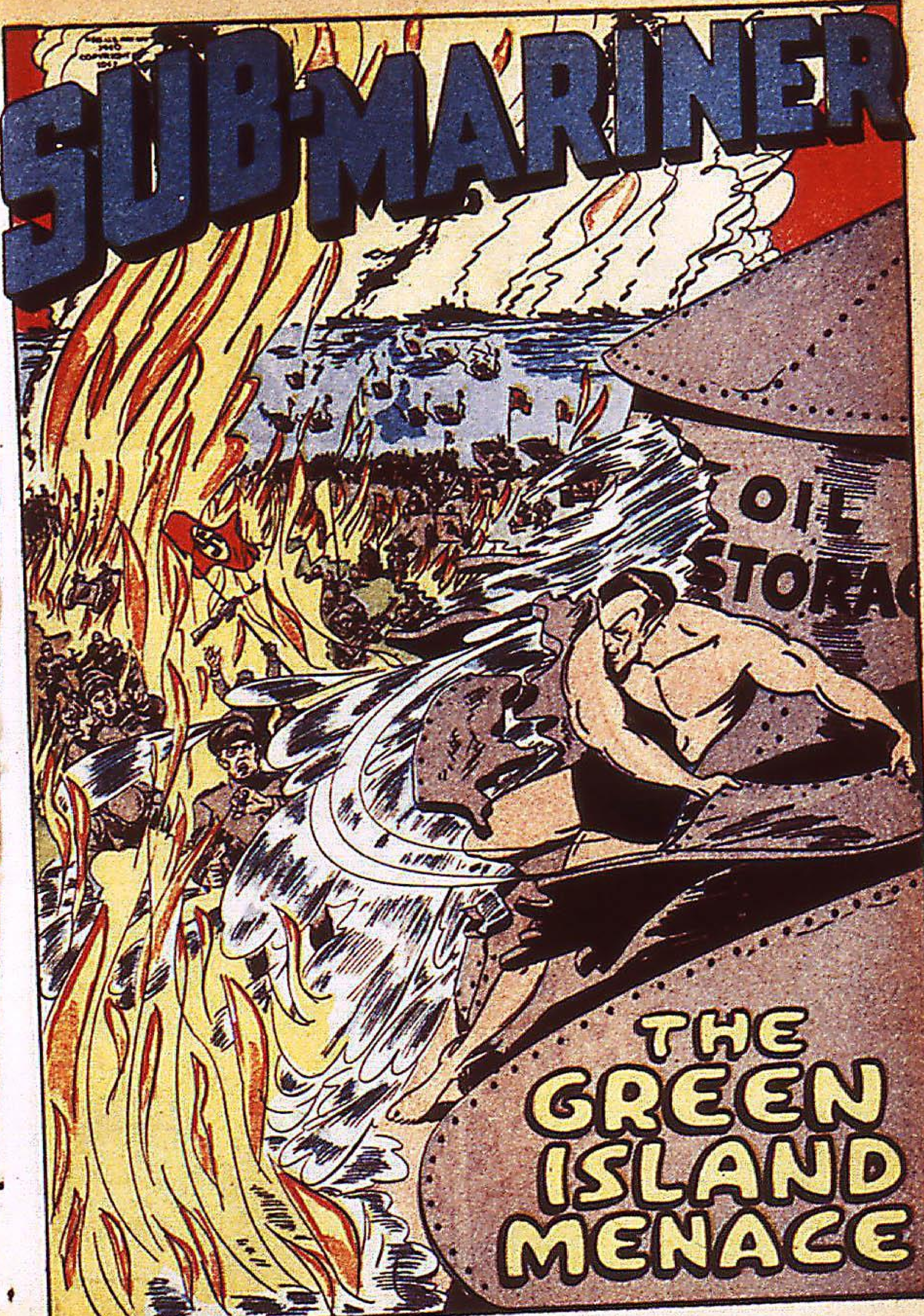

ACTING CONCERTEDLY THE VAST ARMADA FORMS A RING OF STEEL AROUND THE GROUPED ICE-BERGS.
NOW - CLOSE IN!

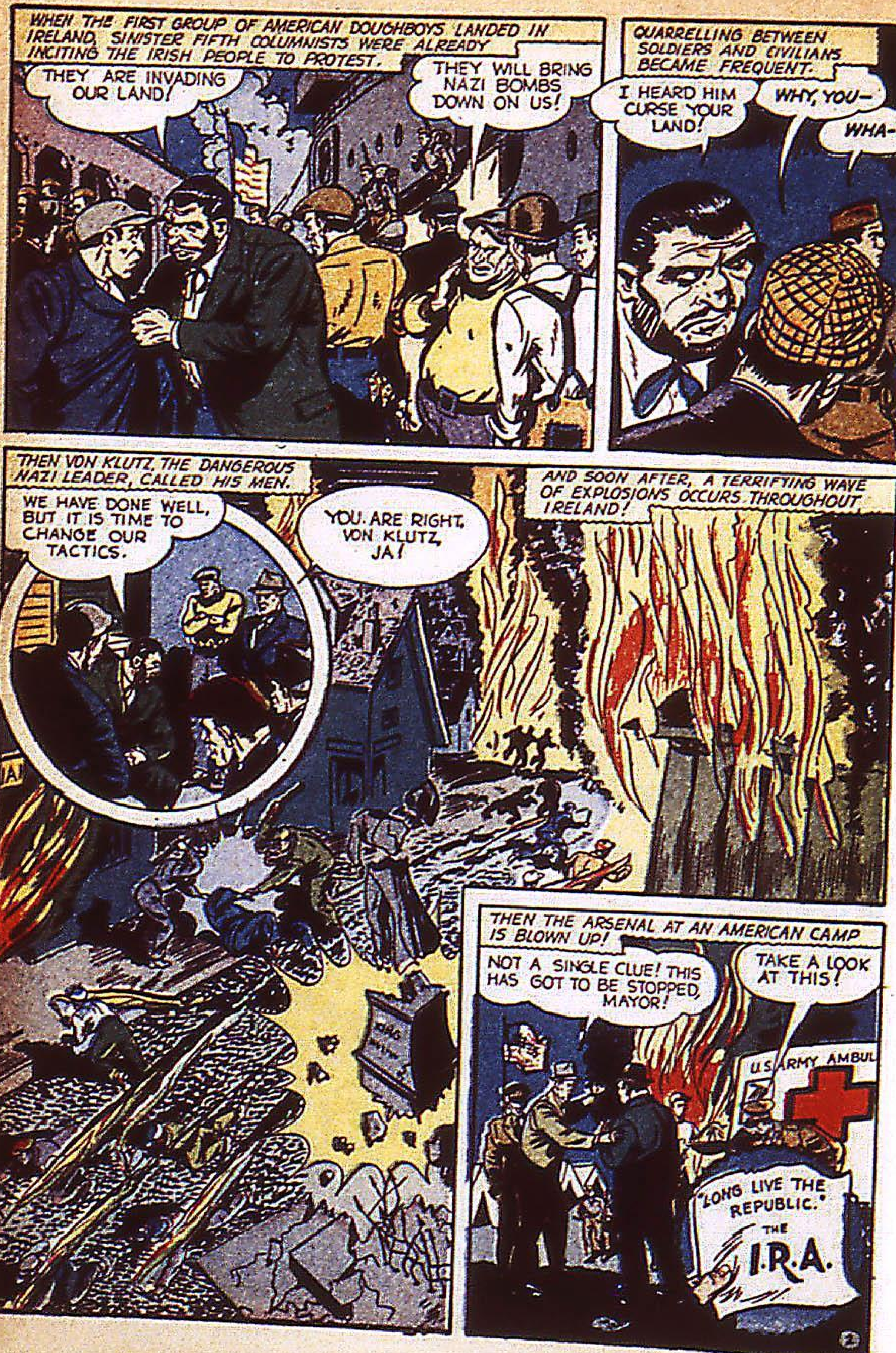

BEFORE THE JAPS REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED, THEY ARE TRAPPED IN A STEEL RING OF SHIPS--- CAUGHT IN A VISE!
CRUNCH!
ON THE CRUISER...
IT WORKED, NAMOR! THEY CAN'T SUBMERGE!
THAT WAS THE IDEA! MY PEOPLE USED THIS PLAN ONCE WHEN WE WERE INVADED BY THE ARCTIC UNDER-SEA PEOPLE.
BUT WHAT NOW? WE CAN'T HOLD THEM FOREVER!
I'M COMING TO THAT-- EACH ONE OF THOSE 'BERGS' HAS A WEAK SPOT-- THE HATCH! THE STEEL IS LESS THICK THERE.
GIVE ME TEN PICKED SAPPERS, WHO KNOW EXPLOSIVES. WE CAN'T PULL 'EM OUT-- BUT WE CAN BLAST 'EM OUT!
MINUTES LATER...
HERE ARE YOUR MEN, NAMOR. GOOD LUCK!
THE JAPS WILL NEED THAT! LET'S GO!
FUSES
DYNAMITE

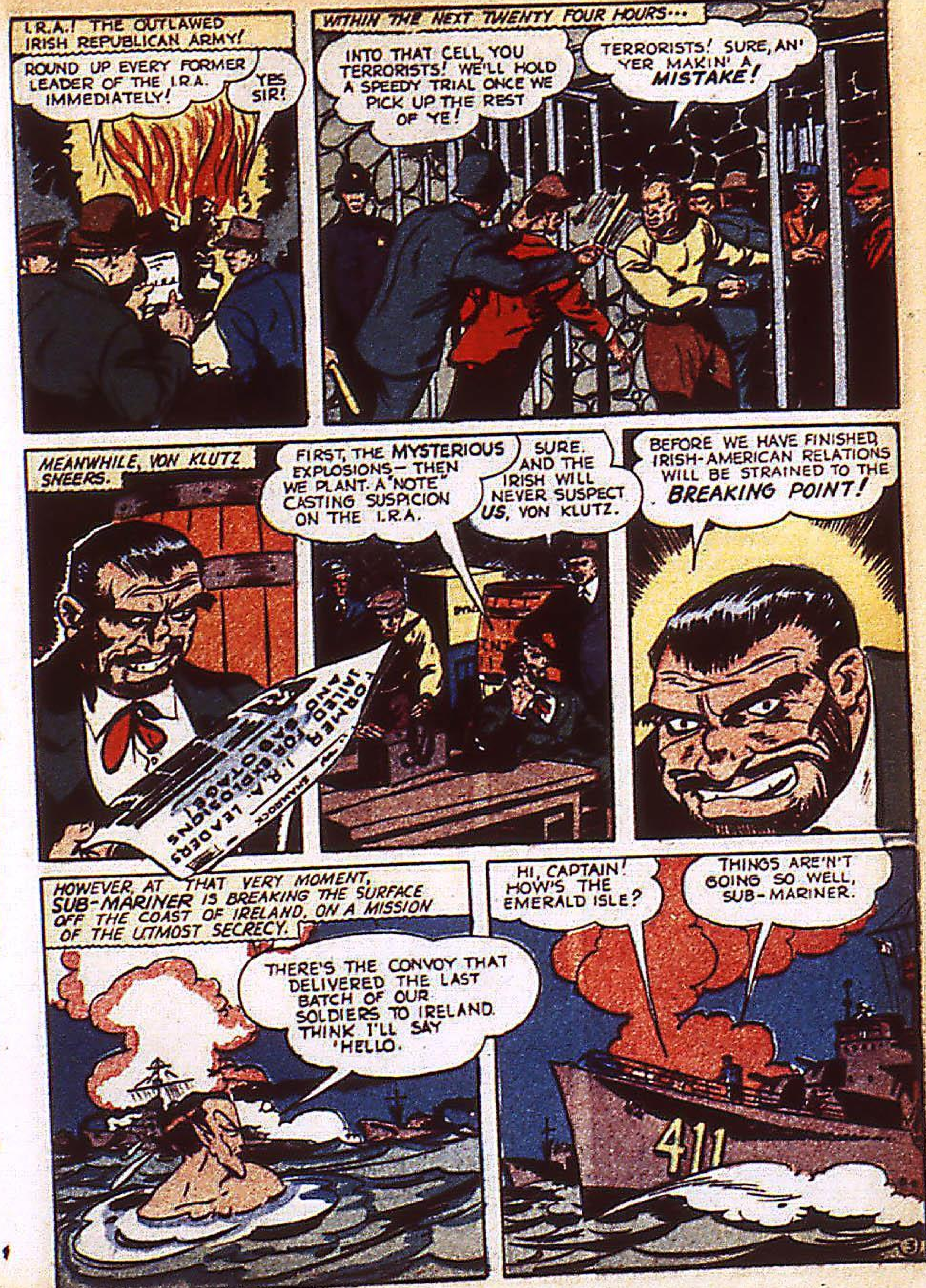

THE SAPPERS, WITH NAMOR, BOARD THE MENACES.
I BELIEVE THE HATCHES ARE PLACED IN THE SAME SPOT ON ALL THESE BABIES- RIGHT HERE, SOMEWHERE.
THE HATCH IS FOUND AND THE EXPLOSIVES SET
I WANT THE PLEASURE OF OPENING THIS CAN OF SARDINES!
BANG!
THERE SHE GOES!
SHE'S ALL YOURS, MEN! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
THE DELIGHTED SAILORS TOSS GRENADES DOWN THE OPEN HATCH!
THIS ONE'S LABELED HIROHITO!
AND THIS ONE'S GOT TOGO'S MONICKER ON IT!
GRENAD
THE PINEAPPLES TAKE A TERRIFIC TOLL...
AIEEEE!
YIPES!
BLAM!
BANG!
BOOM
THE JAP CREW SURRENDERS!
GO TO IT, BOYS! DO THE SAME WITH THE OTHER THREE- THEY'LL YIELD!
GUESS THEY HAD A MOUTHFUL!
SOME TIME LATER...
WE'VE TAKEN THE CREWS OF ALL FOUR-OPENED THE BALLASTS, AND SENT THEM TO THE BOTTOM. IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU NOW?
YES- GIVE ME A TORPEDO, IF YOU CAN SPARE IT!

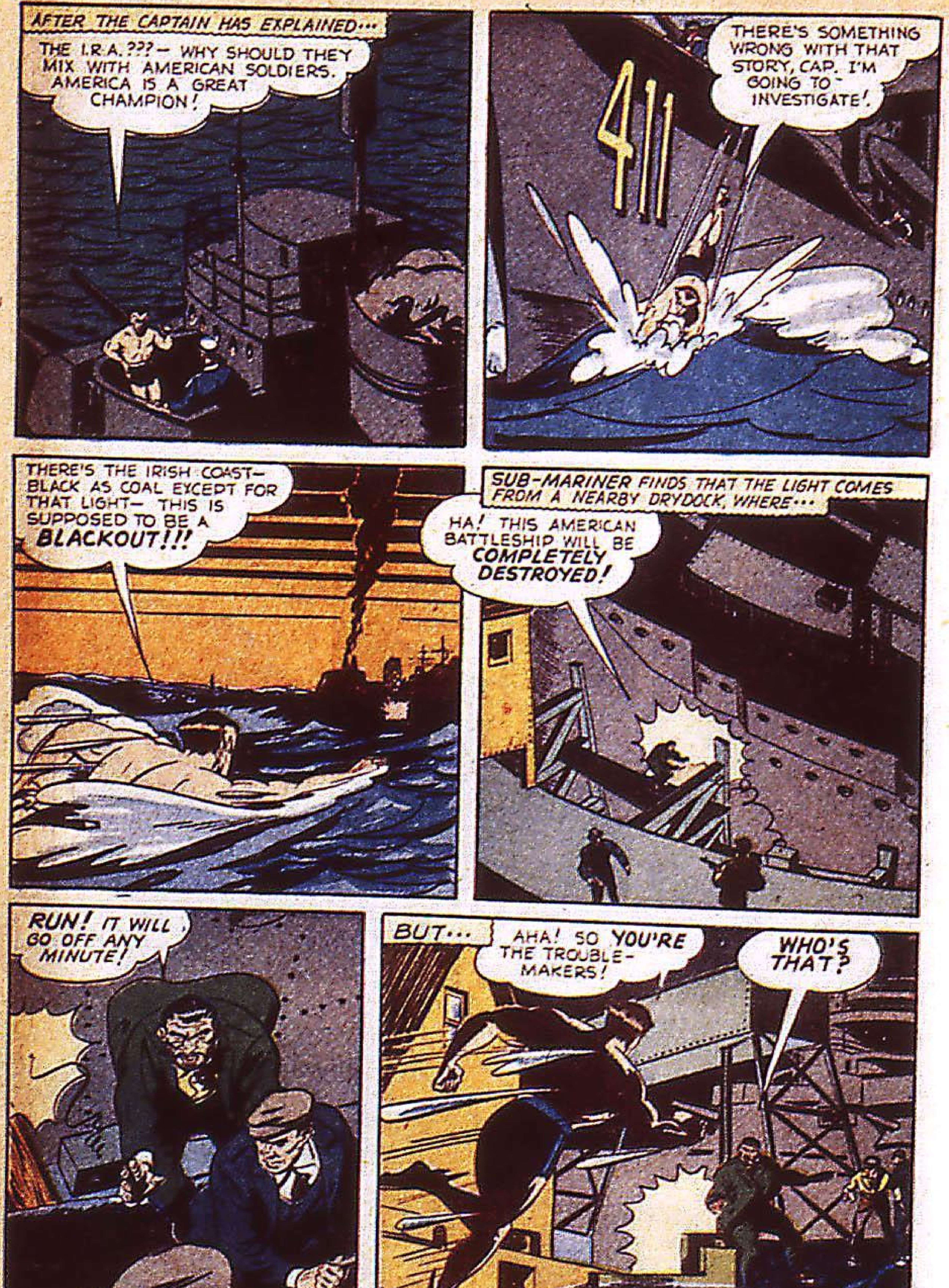

OF COURSE— BUT WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU WANT A TORPEDO FOR?
FOR THE ONE JAP-RAT THAT GOT AWAY!
THE TORPEDO IS SHOT INTO THE WATER, WITH NAMOR STRADDLING IT··· AND HISSES TO LIFE!
AU REVOIR, CAPTAIN, AND THANKS!
HONESTLY, I DON'T GET IT!
RIDING HIGH, SUB-MARINER SCANS THE HORIZON···
NOW, WHERE IN THE SARGASSO SEA DID IT GO TO?
THEN—
AH! THERE IT IS— THE JAP DECOY!
UNDER NAMOR'S GUIDANCE, THE EXPLOSIVE CIGAR ZOOMS TOWARD THE JAP BOAT··· AND NAMOR DIVES OFF!
本去乜且政的東大吉
IT'S HIM!
I'LL BET OLD TSAKI WAS SURPRISED TO SEE ME— SURPRISED TO DEATH!
BOOM!
ONE LAST LOOK SATISFIES SUB-MARINER, AND HE SWIMS BRISKLY AWAY FROM THE SINKING SHIP
THIS CERTAINLY HAS BEEN AN INTERESTING DAY. HO-HUM!
SUB-MARINER ALWAYS HAS AN INTERESTING DAY WHEN HE FIGHTS THE AXIS! AND HE DOES FIGHT THEM IN EVERY ISSUE OF SUB-MARINER AND MARVEL COMICS.
YOU CAN HELP TO BEAT HITLER AND HIS SIDE-KICKS BY REMBERING TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

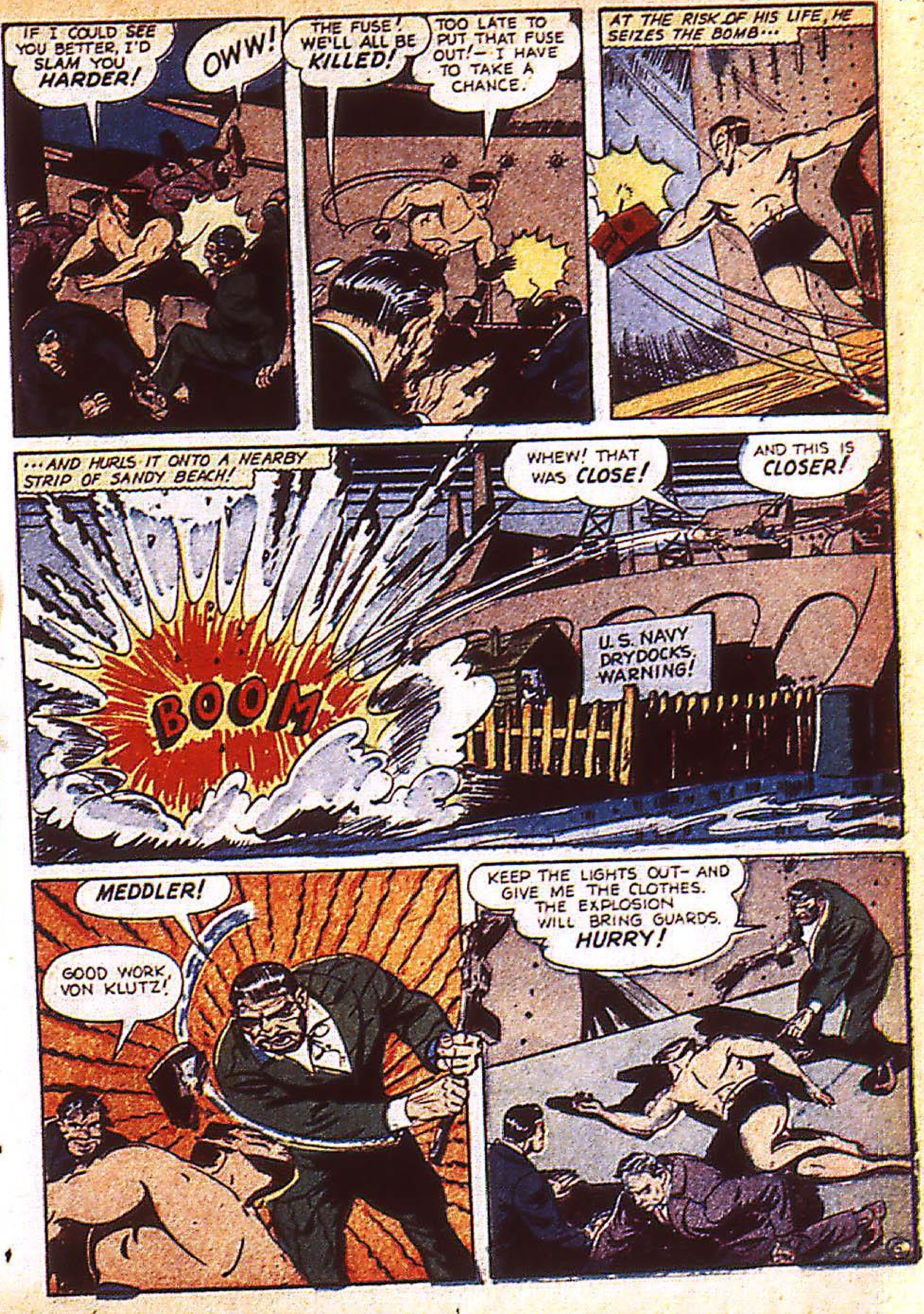

ZOOMING
TO GREATER
THRILLS
MYSTERY
ACTION
PATRIOTISM
IN THE
BIG NEW
SPRING ISSUE OF
THE
HUMAN TORCH
Plus
20
THRILLING PAGES OF
THE
SUB-MARINER
—Undersea Avenger!
ON
SALE
SOON!

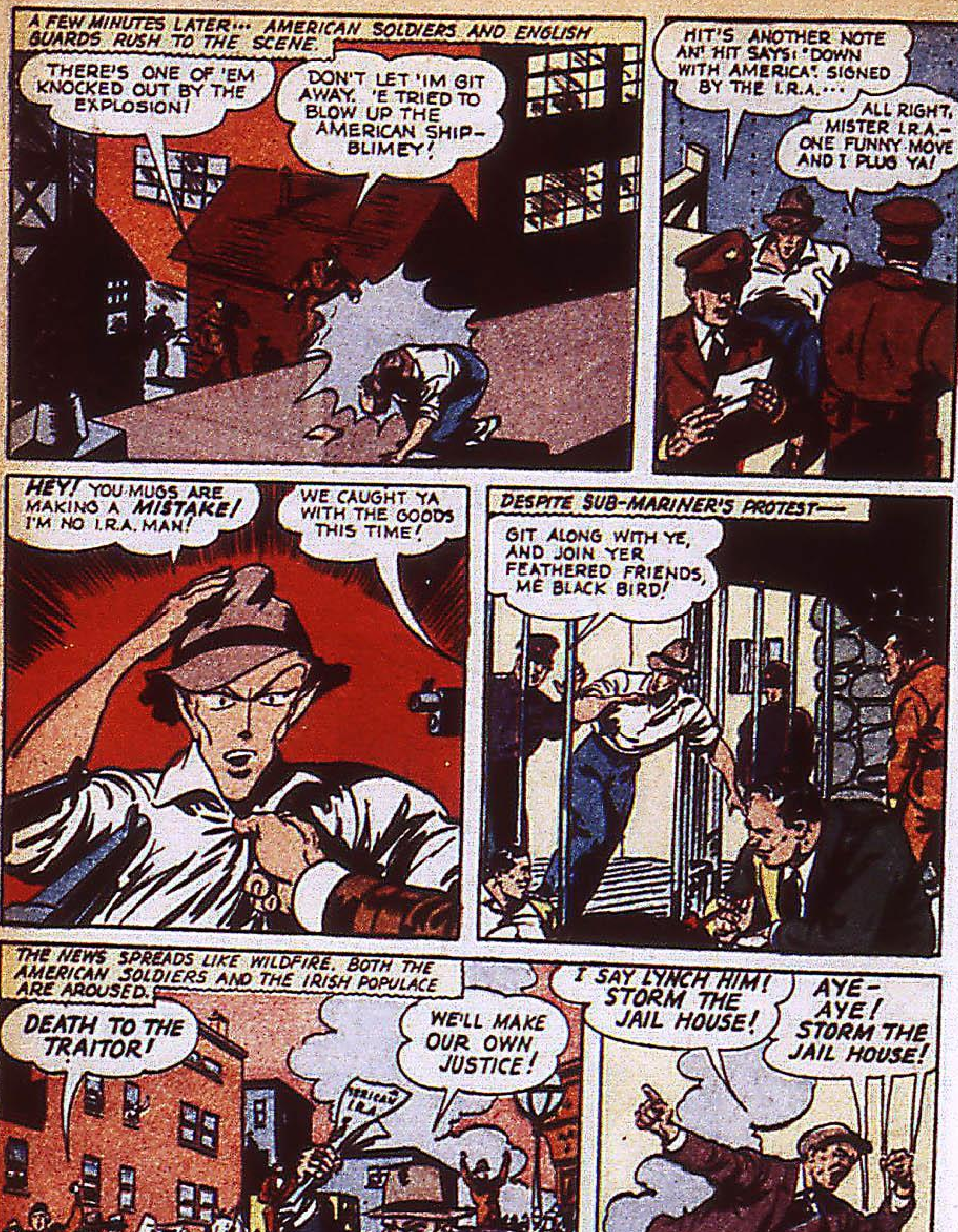

SUB-MARINER
OIL STORAG
THE GREEN ISLAND MENACE

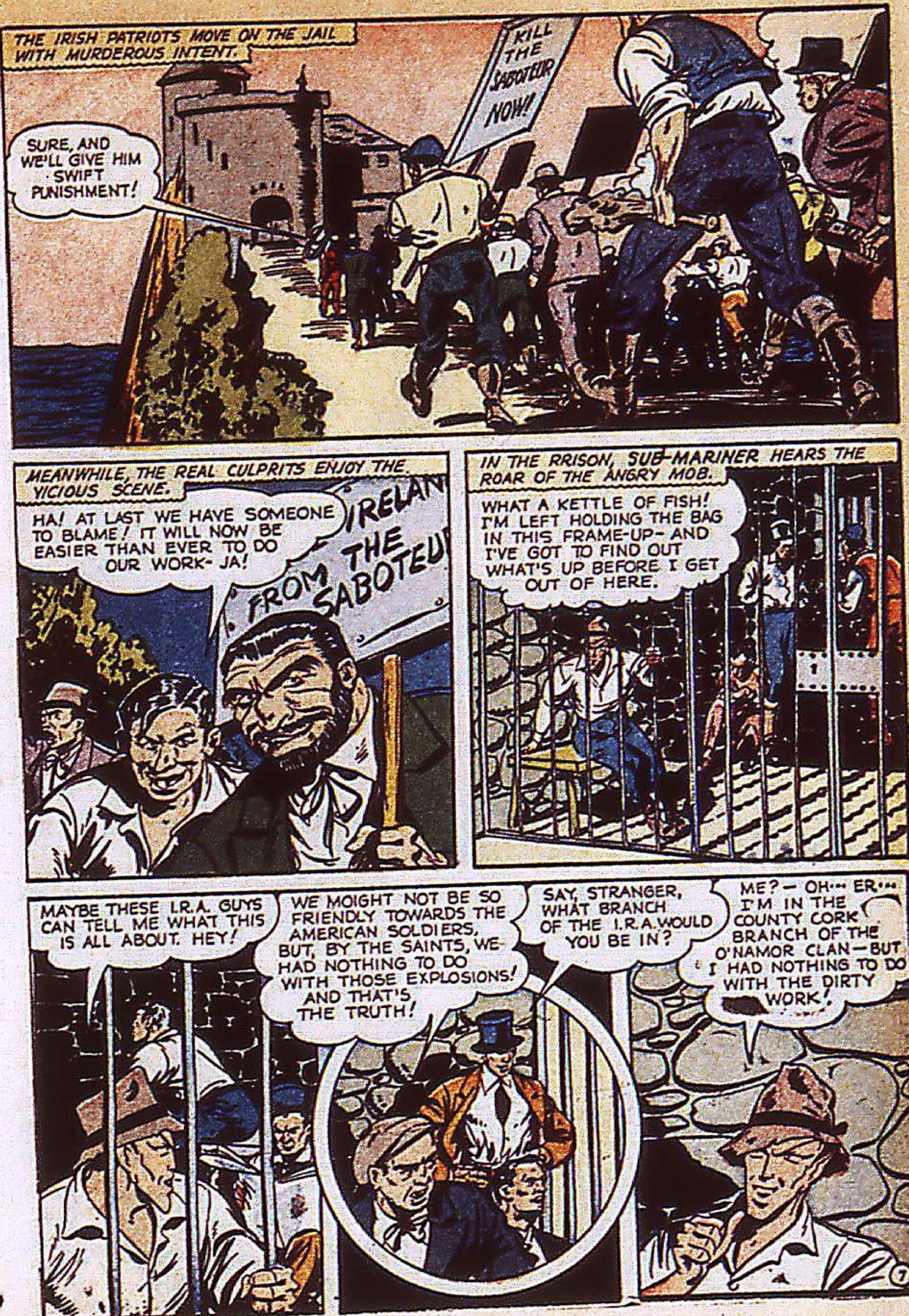

WHEN THE FIRST GROUP OF AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS LANDED IN IRELAND, SINISTER FIFTH COLUMNISTS WERE ALREADY INCITING THE IRISH PEOPLE TO PROTEST.
THEY ARE INVADING OUR LAND!
THEY WILL BRING NAZI BOMBS DOWN ON US!
QUARRELLING BETWEEN SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS BECAME FREQUENT.
I HEARD HIM CURSE YOUR LAND!
WHY, YOU—
WHA-?
THEN VON KLUTZ, THE DANGEROUS NAZI LEADER, CALLED HIS MEN.
WE HAVE DONE WELL, BUT IT IS TIME TO CHANGE OUR TACTICS.
YOU ARE RIGHT, VON KLUTZ, JA!
AND SOON AFTER, A TERRIFYING WAVE OF EXPLOSIONS OCCURS THROUGHOUT IRELAND!
THEN THE ARSENAL AT AN AMERICAN CAMP IS BLOWN UP!
NOT A SINGLE CLUE! THIS HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED, MAYOR!
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
U.S. ARMY AMBUL
"LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC." THE I.R.A.

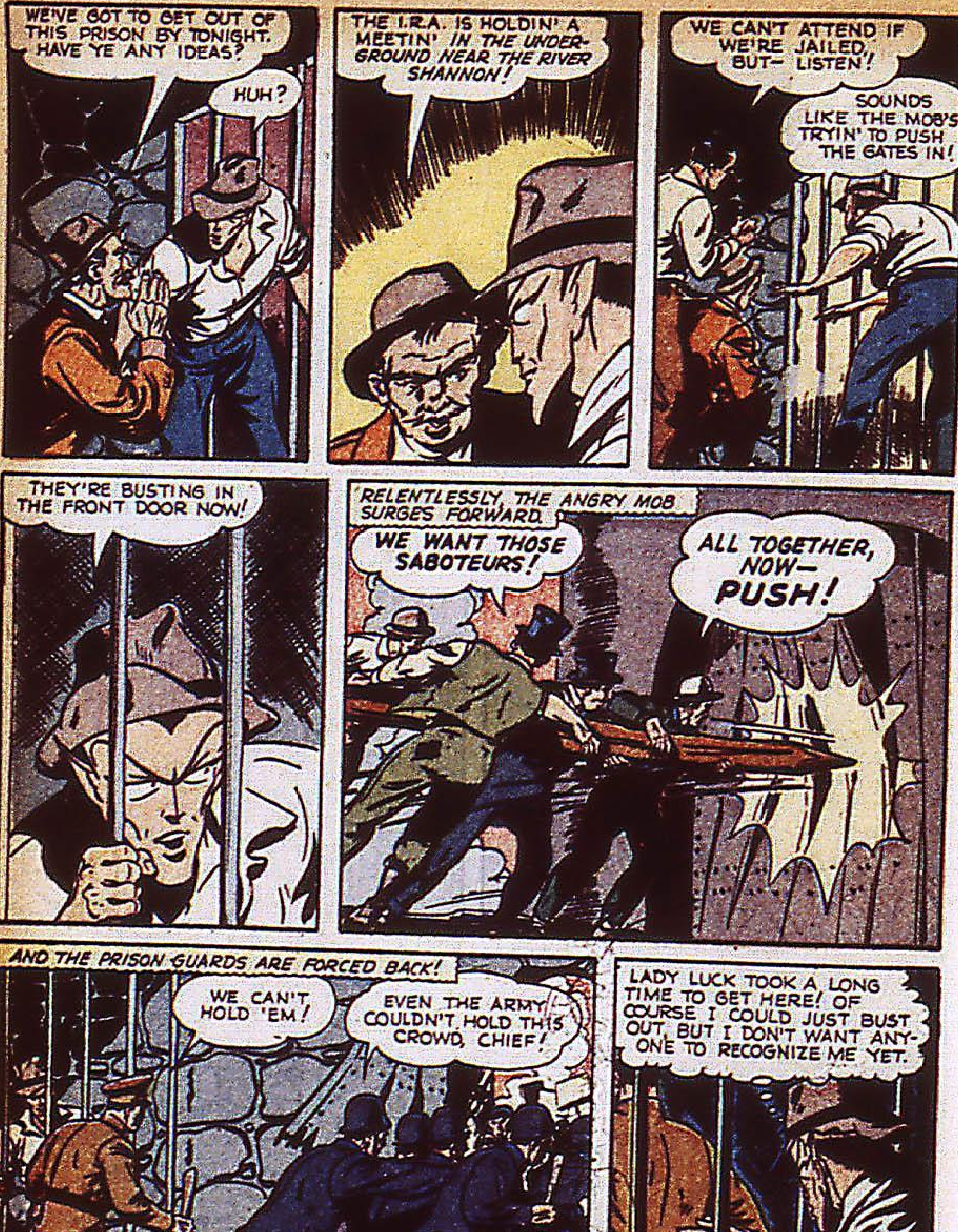

I.R.A.! THE OUTLAWED IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY!
ROUND UP EVERY FORMER LEADER OF THE I.R.A. IMMEDIATELY!
YES SIR!
WITHIN THE NEXT TWENTY FOUR HOURS...
INTO THAT CELL, YOU TERRORISTS! WE'LL HOLD A SPEEDY TRIAL ONCE WE PICK UP THE REST OF YE!
TERRORISTS! SURE, AN' YER MAKIN' A **MISTAKE!**
MEANWHILE, VON KLUTZ SNEERS.
SHAMROCK
FORMER I.R.A. LEADERS JAILED FOR EXPLOSIONS AND SABOTAGE!
FIRST, THE **MYSTERIOUS** EXPLOSIONS— THEN WE PLANT A "NOTE" CASTING SUSPICION ON THE I.R.A.
SURE. AND THE IRISH WILL NEVER SUSPECT **US**, VON KLUTZ.
BEFORE WE HAVE FINISHED IRISH-AMERICAN RELATIONS WILL BE STRAINED TO THE **BREAKING POINT!**
HOWEVER, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, **SUB-MARINER** IS BREAKING THE SURFACE OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND, ON A MISSION OF THE UTMOST SECRECY.
THERE'S THE CONVOY THAT DELIVERED THE LAST BATCH OF OUR SOLDIERS TO IRELAND. THINK I'LL SAY 'HELLO.
HI, CAPTAIN! HOW'S THE EMERALD ISLE?
THINGS ARE'N'T GOING SO WELL, SUB-MARINER.
411

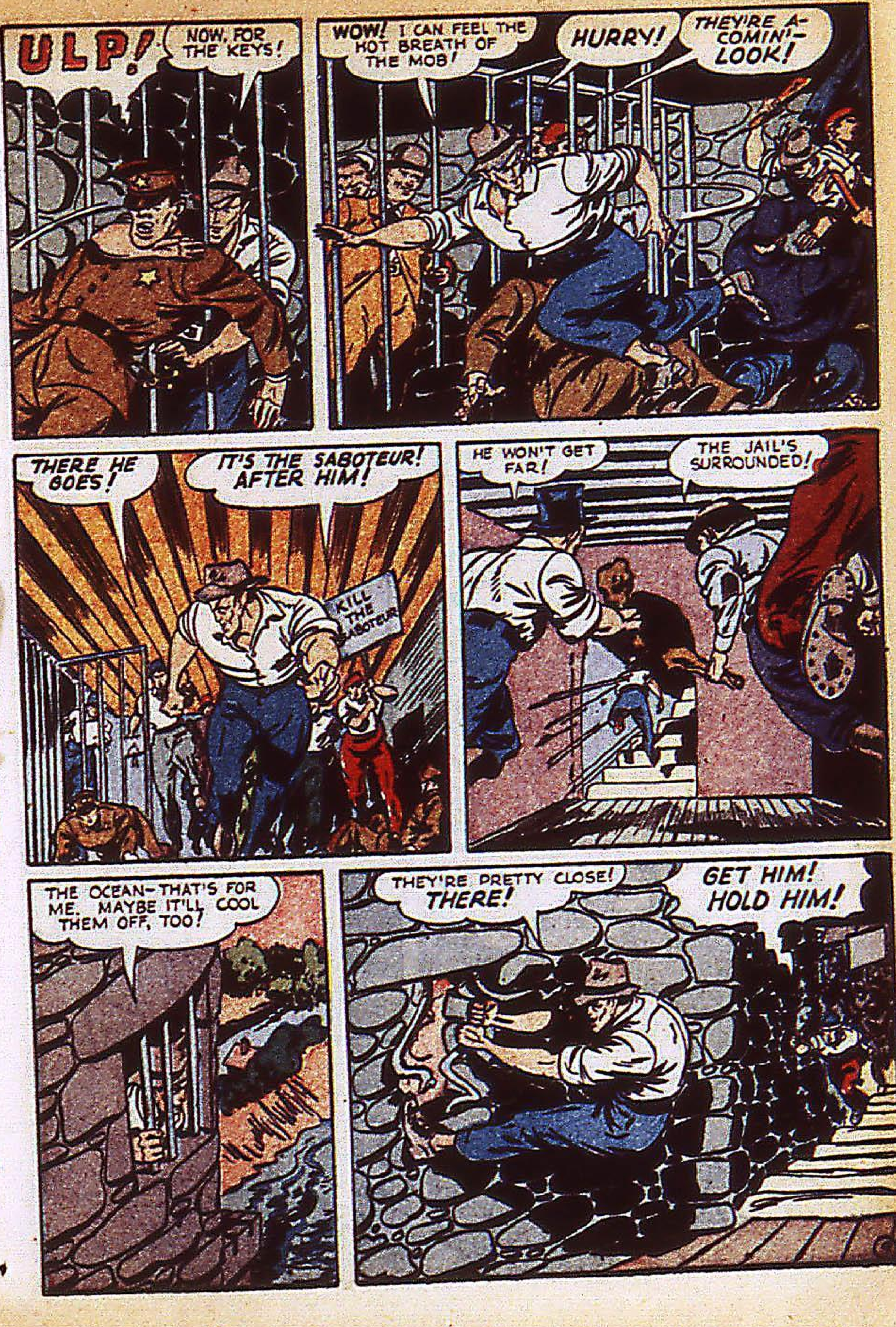

AFTER THE CAPTAIN HAS EXPLAINED...
THE I.R.A.??? – WHY SHOULD THEY MIX WITH AMERICAN SOLDIERS. AMERICA IS A GREAT CHAMPION!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT STORY, CAP. I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!
411
THERE'S THE IRISH COAST– BLACK AS COAL EXCEPT FOR THAT LIGHT– THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A BLACKOUT!!!
SUB-MARINER FINDS THAT THE LIGHT COMES FROM A NEARBY DRYDOCK, WHERE...
HA! THIS AMERICAN BATTLESHIP WILL BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED!
RUN! IT WILL GO OFF ANY MINUTE!
BUT...
AHA! SO YOU'RE THE TROUBLE-MAKERS!
WHO'S THAT?

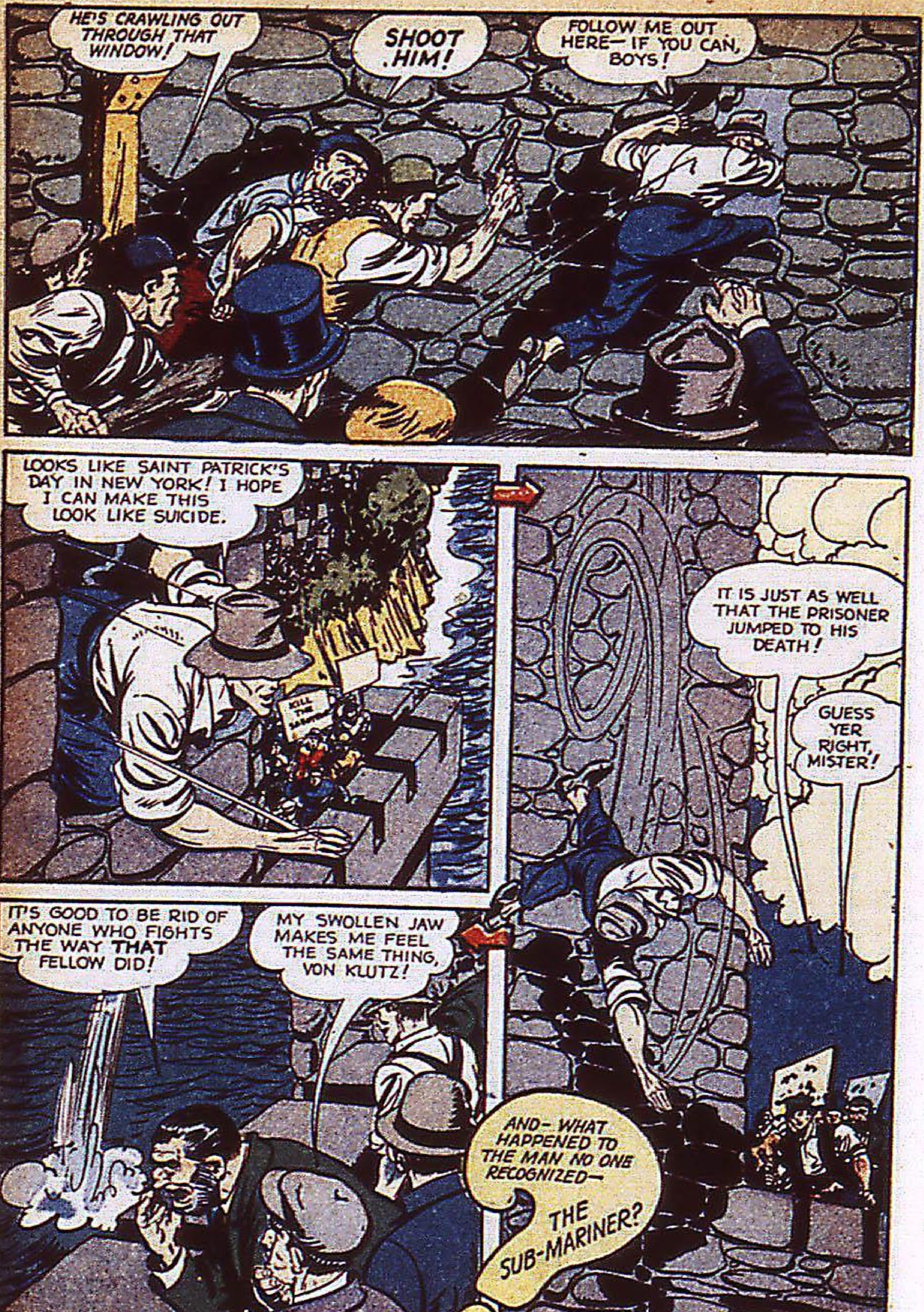

IF I COULD SEE YOU BETTER, I'D SLAM YOU HARDER!
OWW!
THE FUSE! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
TOO LATE TO PUT THAT FUSE OUT!— I HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE.
AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE, HE SEIZES THE BOMB...
...AND HURLS IT ONTO A NEARBY STRIP OF SANDY BEACH!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
AND THIS IS CLOSER!
BOOM
U.S. NAVY DRYDOCKS. WARNING!
MEDDLER!
GOOD WORK, VON KLUTZ!
KEEP THE LIGHTS OUT- AND GIVE ME THE CLOTHES. THE EXPLOSION WILL BRING GUARDS. HURRY!

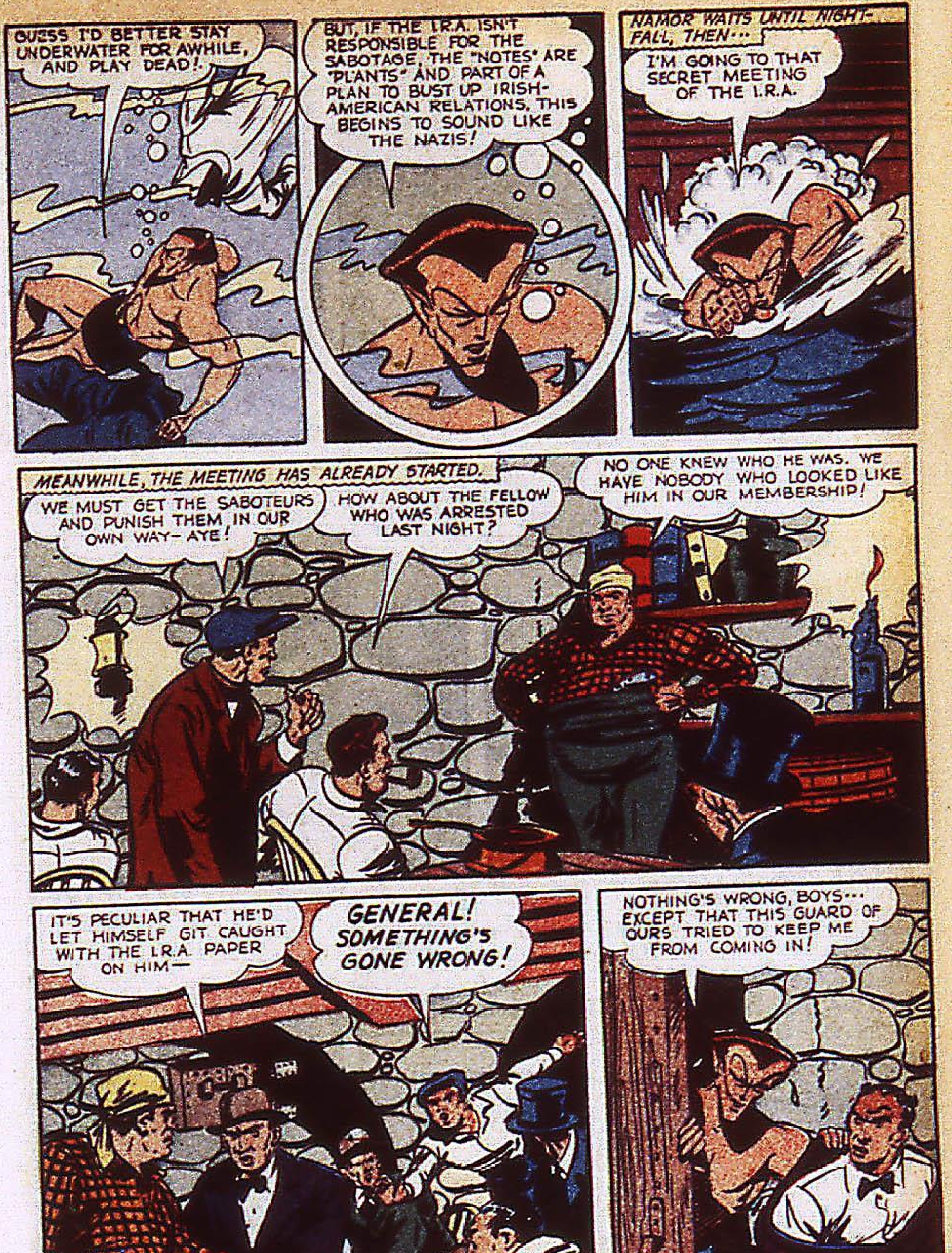

A FEW MINUTES LATER... AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND ENGLISH GUARDS RUSH TO THE SCENE.
THERE'S ONE OF 'EM KNOCKED OUT BY THE EXPLOSION!
DON'T LET 'IM GIT AWAY. 'E TRIED TO BLOW UP THE AMERICAN SHIP- BLIMEY!
HIT'S ANOTHER NOTE AN' HIT SAYS: "DOWN WITH AMERICA", SIGNED BY THE I.R.A....
ALL RIGHT, MISTER I.R.A.- ONE FUNNY MOVE AND I PLUG YA!
HEY! YOU MUGS ARE MAKING A MISTAKE! I'M NO I.R.A. MAN!
WE CAUGHT YA WITH THE GOODS THIS TIME!
DESPITE SUB-MARINER'S PROTEST—
GIT ALONG WITH YE, AND JOIN YER FEATHERED FRIENDS, ME BLACK BIRD!
THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE. BOTH THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND THE IRISH POPULACE ARE AROUSED.
DEATH TO THE TRAITOR!
WE'LL MAKE OUR OWN JUSTICE!
...ERICAN I.R.A.
I SAY LYNCH HIM! STORM THE JAIL HOUSE!
AYE- AYE! STORM THE JAIL HOUSE!

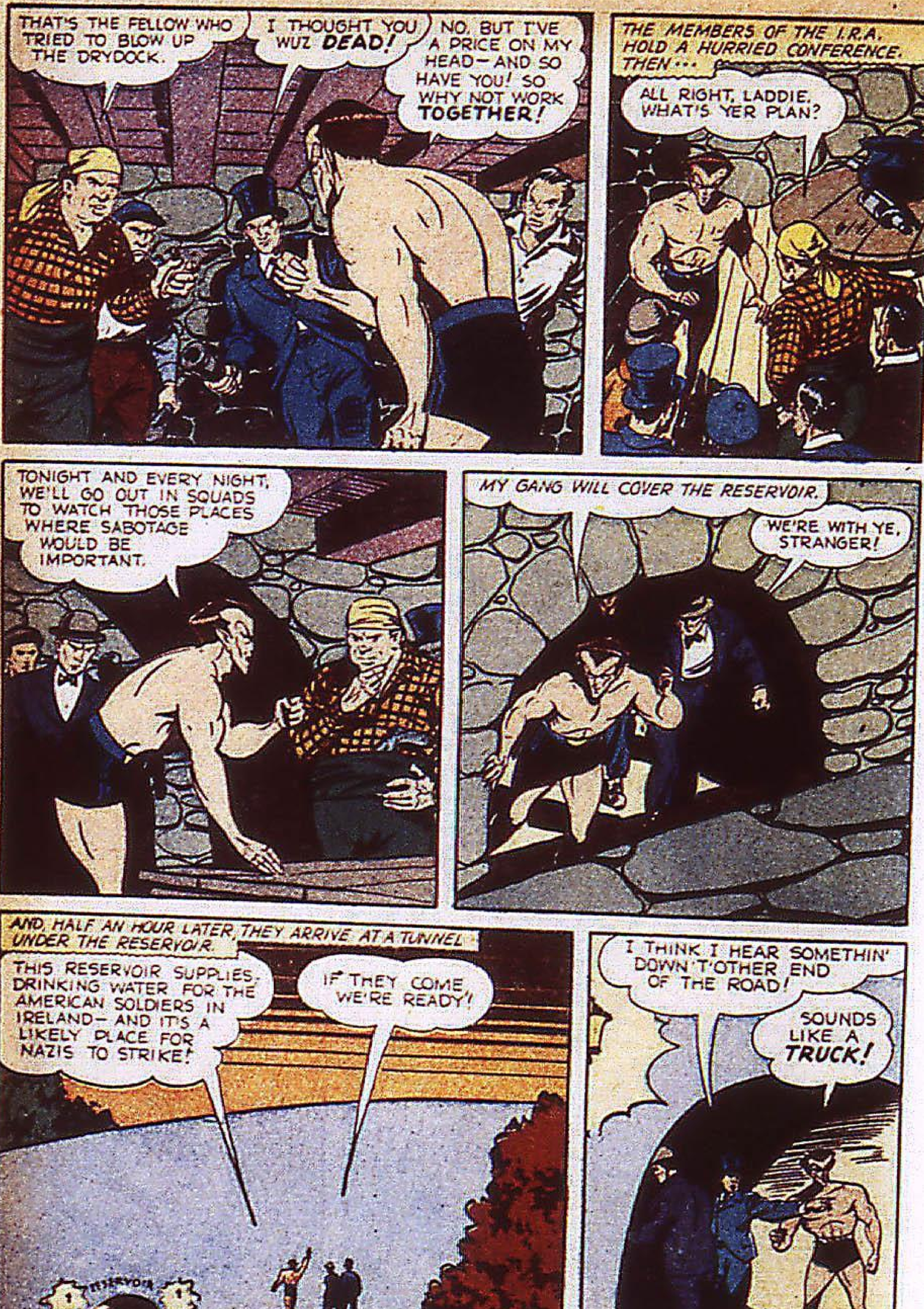

THE IRISH PATRIOTS MOVE ON THE JAIL WITH MURDEROUS INTENT.
KILL THE SABOTEUR NOW!
SURE, AND WE'LL GIVE HIM SWIFT PUNISHMENT!
MEANWHILE, THE REAL CULPRITS ENJOY THE VICIOUS SCENE.
HA! AT LAST WE HAVE SOMEONE TO BLAME! IT WILL NOW BE EASIER THAN EVER TO DO OUR WORK- JA!
IRELAN FROM THE SABOTEU
IN THE RRISON, SUB-MARINER HEARS THE ROAR OF THE ANGRY MOB.
WHAT A KETTLE OF FISH! I'M LEFT HOLDING THE BAG IN THIS FRAME-UP- AND I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S UP BEFORE I GET OUT OF HERE.
MAYBE THESE I.R.A. GUYS CAN TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT. HEY!
WE MOIGHT NOT BE SO FRIENDLY TOWARDS THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, BUT, BY THE SAINTS, WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THOSE EXPLOSIONS! AND THAT'S THE TRUTH!
SAY, STRANGER, WHAT BRANCH OF THE I.R.A. WOULD YOU BE IN?
ME?— OH... ER... I'M IN THE COUNTY CORK BRANCH OF THE O'NAMOR CLAN—BUT I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DIRTY WORK!

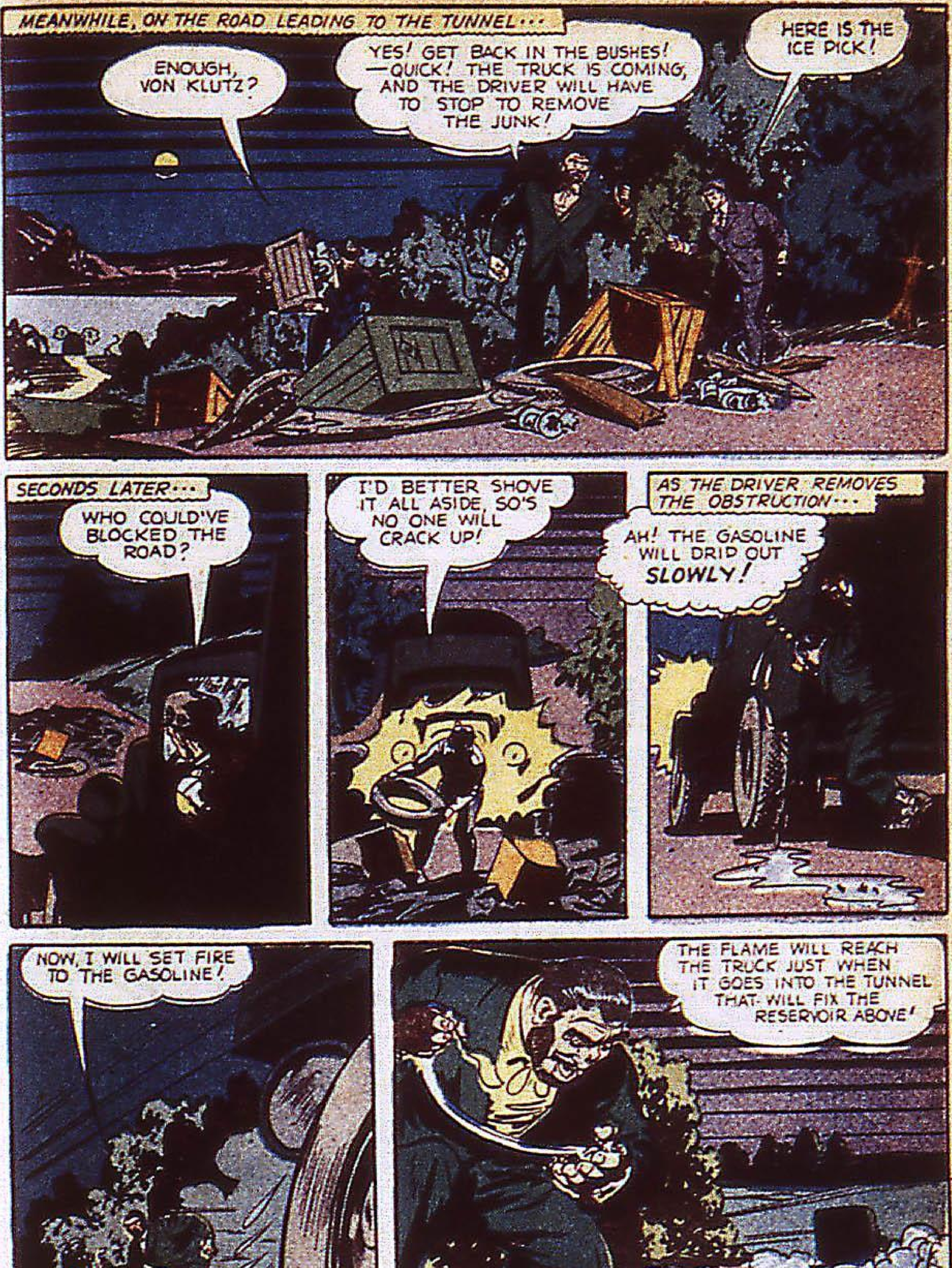

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS PRISON BY TONIGHT. HAVE YE ANY IDEAS?
HUH?
THE I.R.A. IS HOLDIN' A MEETIN' *IN THE UNDERGROUND NEAR THE RIVER SHANNON!*
WE CAN'T ATTEND IF WE'RE JAILED, BUT— LISTEN!
SOUNDS LIKE THE MOB'S TRYIN' TO PUSH THE GATES IN!
THEY'RE BUSTING IN THE FRONT DOOR NOW!
RELENTLESSLY, THE ANGRY MOB SURGES FORWARD.
WE WANT THOSE SABOTEURS!
ALL TOGETHER, NOW— PUSH!
AND THE PRISON GUARDS ARE FORCED BACK!
WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM!
EVEN THE ARMY COULDN'T HOLD THIS CROWD, CHIEF!
LADY LUCK TOOK A LONG TIME TO GET HERE! OF COURSE I COULD JUST BUST OUT, BUT I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO RECOGNIZE ME YET.

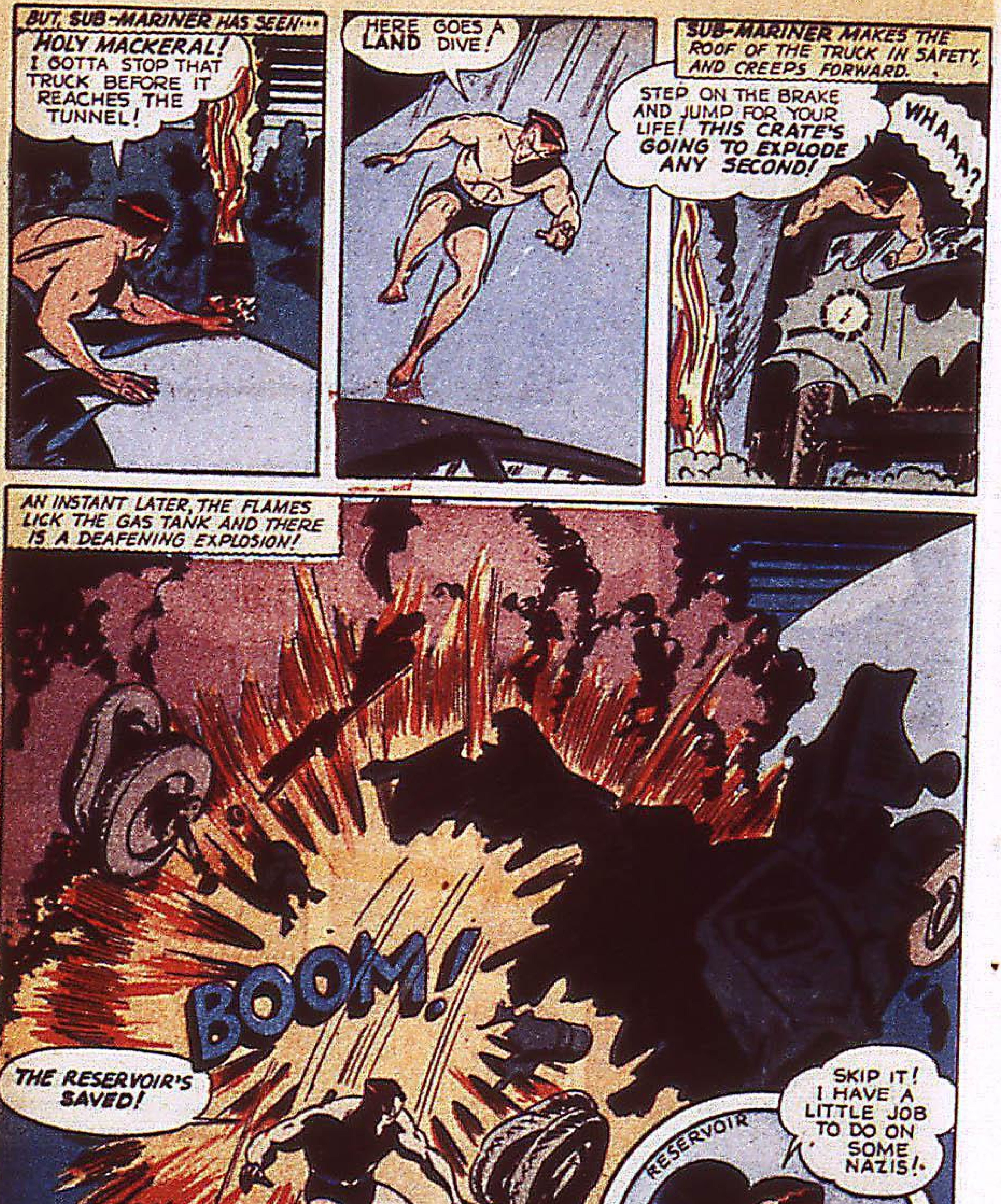

ULP!
NOW, FOR THE KEYS!
WOW! I CAN FEEL THE HOT BREATH OF THE MOB!
HURRY!
THEY'RE A-COMIN'! — LOOK!
THERE HE GOES!
IT'S THE SABOTEUR! AFTER HIM!
KILL THE SABOTEUR
HE WON'T GET FAR!
THE JAIL'S SURROUNDED!
THE OCEAN—THAT'S FOR ME. MAYBE IT'LL COOL THEM OFF, TOO!
THEY'RE PRETTY CLOSE! THERE!
GET HIM! HOLD HIM!

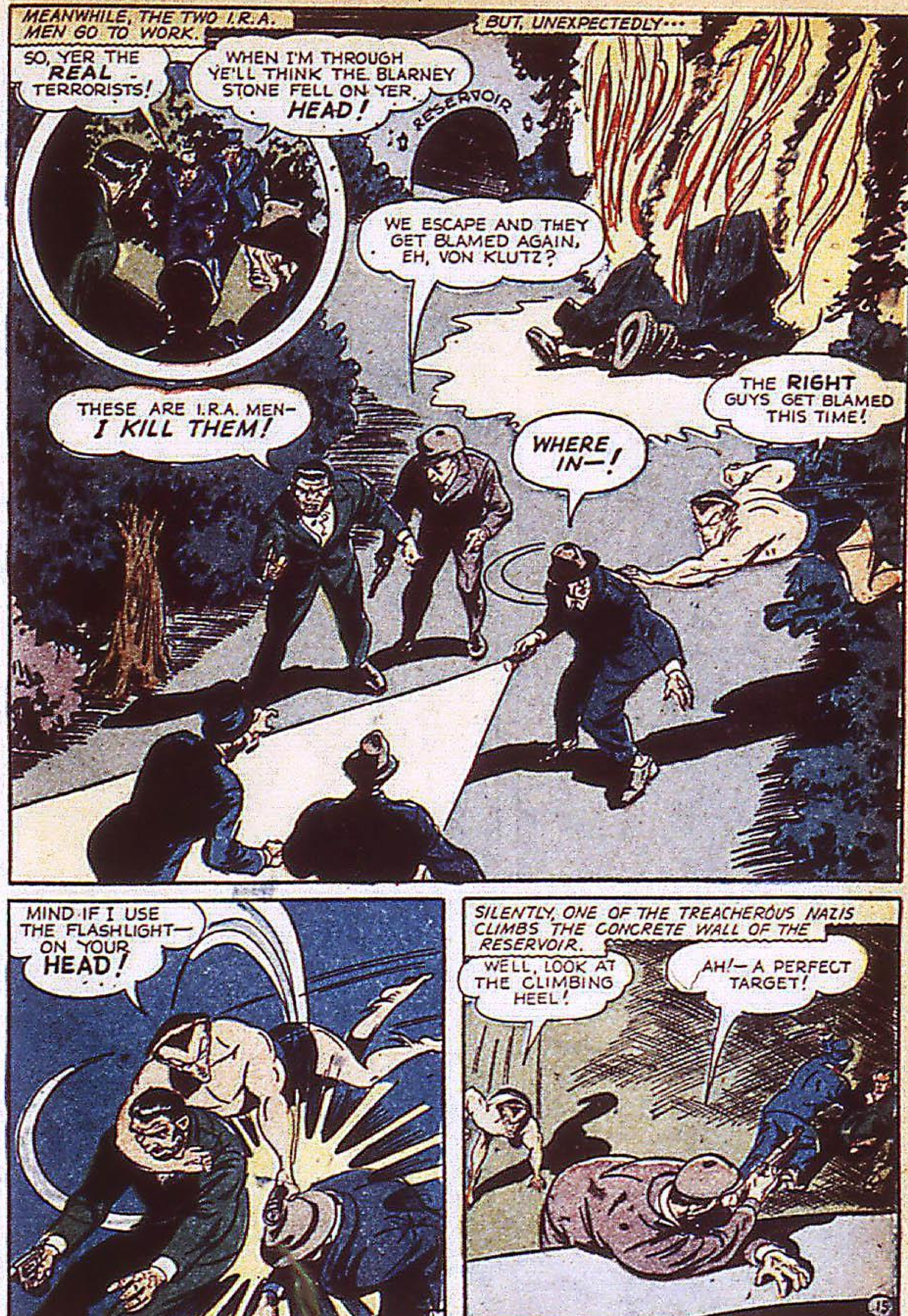

HE'S CRAWLING OUT THROUGH THAT WINDOW!
SHOOT HIM!
FOLLOW ME OUT HERE— IF YOU CAN, BOYS!
LOOKS LIKE SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK! I HOPE I CAN MAKE THIS LOOK LIKE SUICIDE.
IT IS JUST AS WELL THAT THE PRISONER JUMPED TO HIS DEATH!
GUESS YER RIGHT, MISTER!
IT'S GOOD TO BE RID OF ANYONE WHO FIGHTS THE WAY THAT FELLOW DID!
MY SWOLLEN JAW MAKES ME FEEL THE SAME THING, VON KLUTZ!
AND— WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAN NO ONE RECOGNIZED— THE SUB-MARINER?

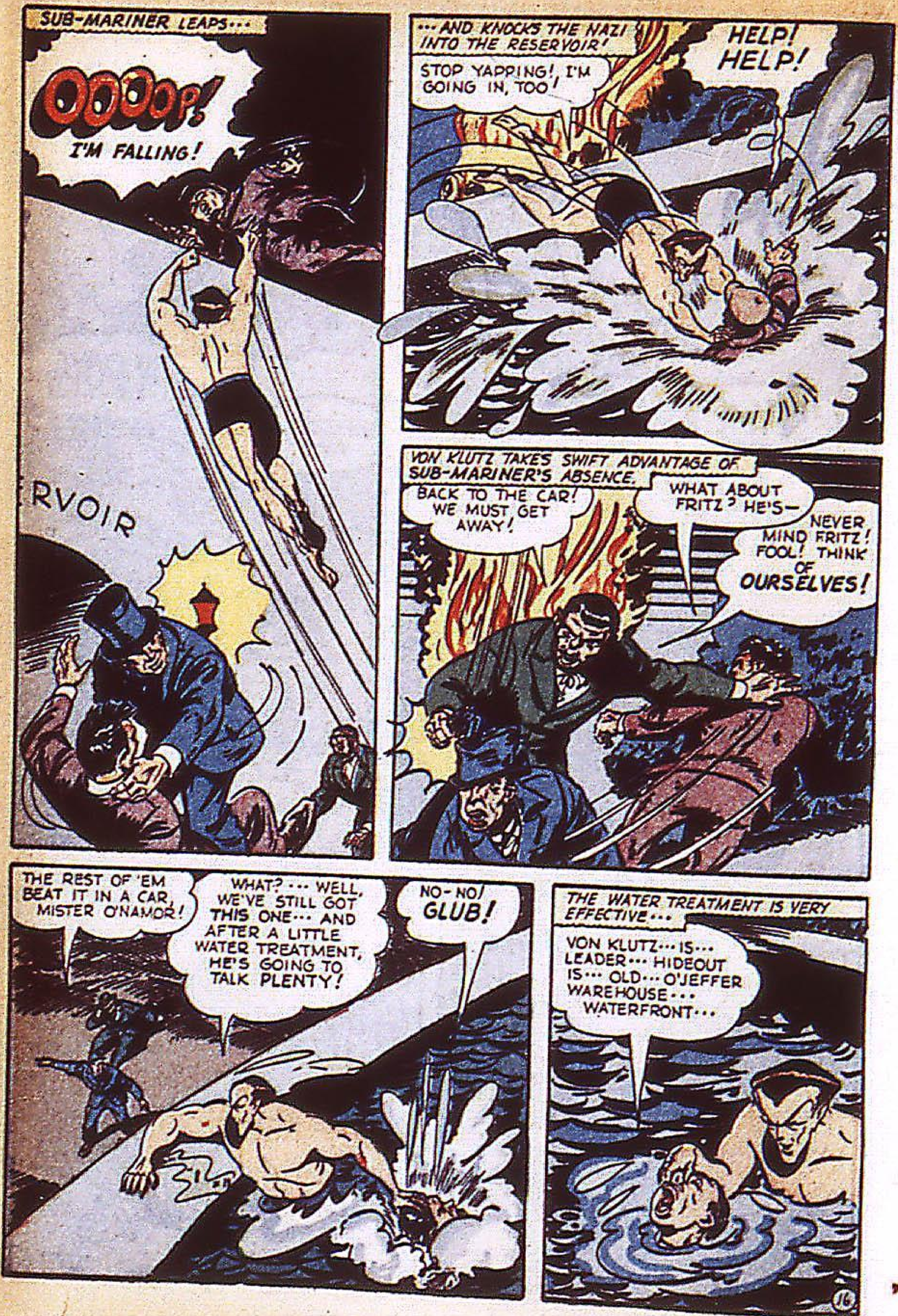

GUESS I'D BETTER STAY UNDERWATER FOR AWHILE, AND PLAY DEAD!
BUT, IF THE I.R.A. ISN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SABOTAGE, THE "NOTES" ARE "PLANTS" AND PART OF A PLAN TO BUST UP IRISH-AMERICAN RELATIONS. THIS BEGINS TO SOUND LIKE THE NAZIS!
NAMOR WAITS UNTIL NIGHTFALL, THEN...
I'M GOING TO THAT SECRET MEETING OF THE I.R.A.
MEANWHILE, THE MEETING HAS ALREADY STARTED.
WE MUST GET THE SABOTEURS AND PUNISH THEM IN OUR OWN WAY- AYE!
HOW ABOUT THE FELLOW WHO WAS ARRESTED LAST NIGHT?
NO ONE KNEW WHO HE WAS. WE HAVE NOBODY WHO LOOKED LIKE HIM IN OUR MEMBERSHIP!
IT'S PECULIAR THAT HE'D LET HIMSELF GIT CAUGHT WITH THE I.R.A. PAPER ON HIM—
GENERAL! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!
NOTHING'S WRONG, BOYS... EXCEPT THAT THIS GUARD OF OURS TRIED TO KEEP ME FROM COMING IN!
11

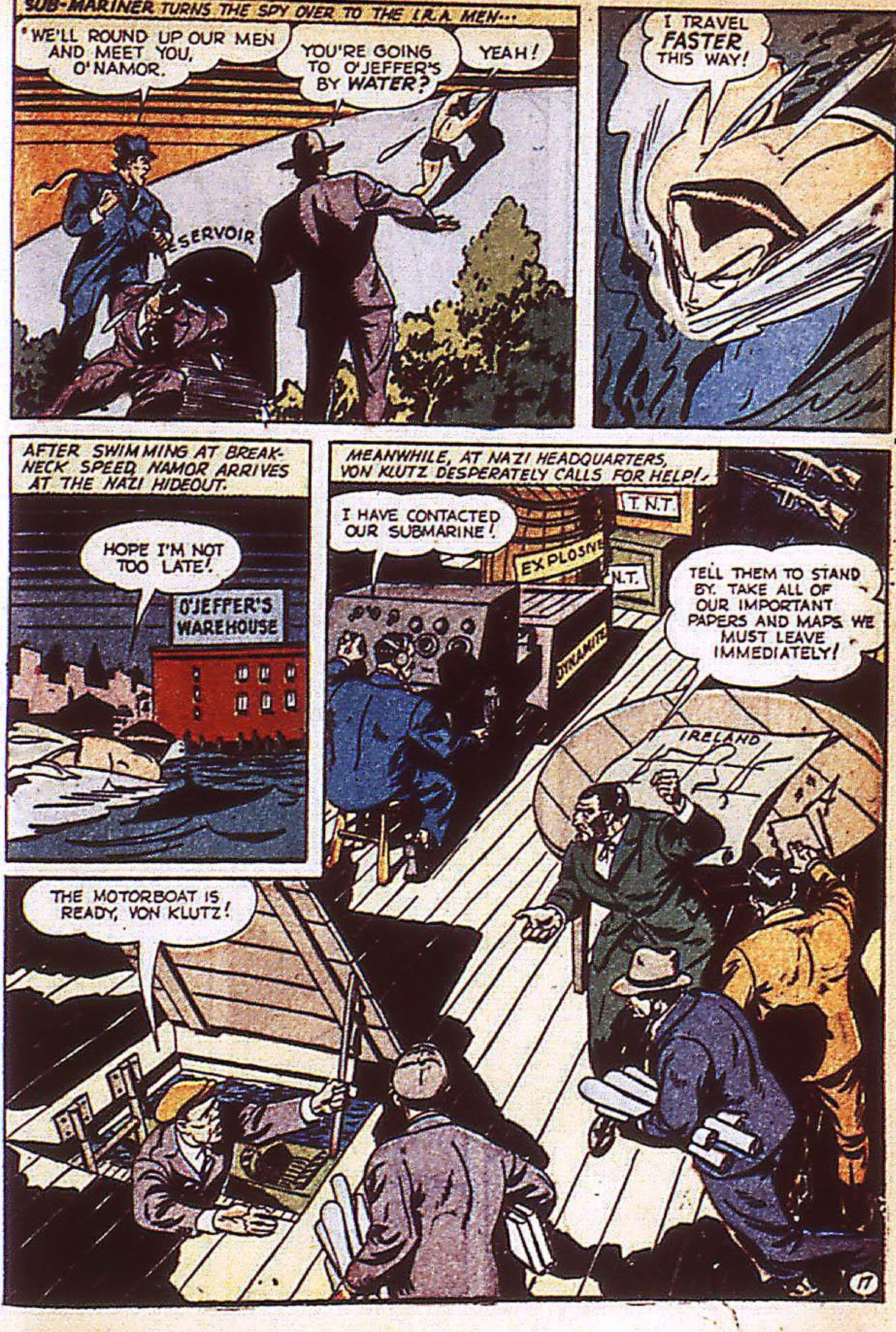

THAT'S THE FELLOW WHO TRIED TO BLOW UP THE DRYDOCK.
I THOUGHT YOU WUZ DEAD!
NO, BUT I'VE A PRICE ON MY HEAD—AND SO HAVE YOU! SO WHY NOT WORK TOGETHER!
THE MEMBERS OF THE I.R.A. HOLD A HURRIED CONFERENCE. THEN···
ALL RIGHT, LADDIE, WHAT'S YER PLAN?
TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT, WE'LL GO OUT IN SQUADS TO WATCH THOSE PLACES WHERE SABOTAGE WOULD BE IMPORTANT.
MY GANG WILL COVER THE RESERVOIR.
WE'RE WITH YE, STRANGER!
AND, HALF AN HOUR LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT A TUNNEL UNDER THE RESERVOIR.
THIS RESERVOIR SUPPLIES DRINKING WATER FOR THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN IRELAND—AND IT'S A LIKELY PLACE FOR NAZIS TO STRIKE!
IF THEY COME, WE'RE READY!
RESERVOIR
I THINK I HEAR SOMETHIN' DOWN 'T'OTHER END OF THE ROAD!
SOUNDS LIKE A TRUCK!

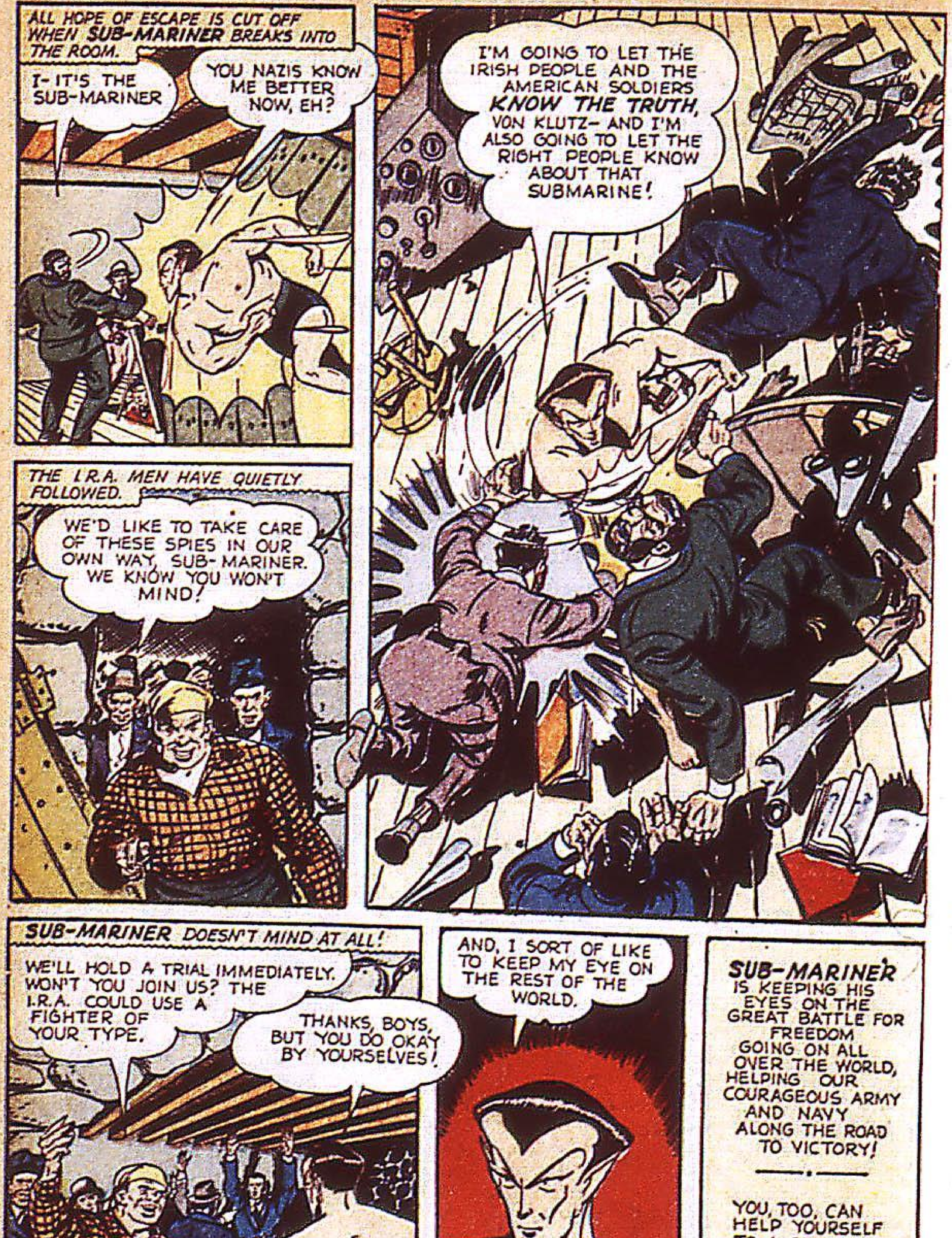

MEANWHILE, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO THE TUNNEL···
ENOUGH, VON KLUTZ?
YES! GET BACK IN THE BUSHES! —QUICK! THE TRUCK IS COMING, AND THE DRIVER WILL HAVE TO STOP TO REMOVE THE JUNK!
HERE IS THE ICE PICK!
SECONDS LATER···
WHO COULD'VE BLOCKED THE ROAD?
I'D BETTER SHOVE IT ALL ASIDE, SO'S NO ONE WILL CRACK UP!
AS THE DRIVER REMOVES THE OBSTRUCTION···
AH! THE GASOLINE WILL DRIP OUT SLOWLY!
NOW, I WILL SET FIRE TO THE GASOLINE!
THE FLAME WILL REACH THE TRUCK JUST WHEN IT GOES INTO THE TUNNEL THAT WILL FIX THE RESERVOIR ABOVE!


BUT, SUB-MARINER HAS SEEN...
HOLY MACKERAL! I GOTTA STOP THAT TRUCK BEFORE IT REACHES THE TUNNEL!
HERE GOES A LAND DIVE!
SUB-MARINER MAKES THE ROOF OF THE TRUCK IN SAFETY, AND CREEPS FORWARD.
STEP ON THE BRAKE AND JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE! THIS CRATE'S GOING TO EXPLODE ANY SECOND!
WHAAAA?
AN INSTANT LATER, THE FLAMES LICK THE GAS TANK AND THERE IS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!
BOOM!
THE RESERVOIR'S SAVED!
RESERVOIR
SKIP IT! I HAVE A LITTLE JOB TO DO ON SOME NAZIS!
I- I'M SAVED, TOO! GEE, MISTER—


MEANWHILE, THE TWO I.R.A. MEN GO TO WORK.
SO, YER THE **REAL** TERRORISTS!
WHEN I'M THROUGH YE'LL THINK THE BLARNEY STONE FELL ON YER **HEAD!**
BUT, UNEXPECTEDLY…
RESERVOIR
WE ESCAPE AND THEY GET BLAMED AGAIN, EH, VON KLUTZ?
THESE ARE I.R.A. MEN— *I KILL THEM!*
WHERE IN—!
THE **RIGHT** GUYS GET BLAMED THIS TIME!
MIND IF I USE THE FLASHLIGHT— ON YOUR **HEAD!**
SILENTLY, ONE OF THE TREACHEROUS NAZIS CLIMBS THE CONCRETE WALL OF THE RESERVOIR.
WELL, LOOK AT THE CLIMBING HEEL!
AH!— A PERFECT TARGET!


SUB-MARINER LEAPS...
OOOOP! I'M FALLING!
RVOIR
...AND KNOCKS THE NAZI INTO THE RESERVOIR!
STOP YAPPING! I'M GOING IN, TOO!
HELP! HELP!
VON KLUTZ TAKES SWIFT ADVANTAGE OF SUB-MARINER'S ABSENCE.
BACK TO THE CAR! WE MUST GET AWAY!
WHAT ABOUT FRITZ? HE'S—
NEVER MIND FRITZ! FOOL! THINK OF OURSELVES!
THE REST OF 'EM BEAT IT IN A CAR, MISTER O'NAMOR!
WHAT? ... WELL, WE'VE STILL GOT THIS ONE... AND AFTER A LITTLE WATER TREATMENT, HE'S GOING TO TALK PLENTY!
NO-NO! GLUB!
THE WATER TREATMENT IS VERY EFFECTIVE...
VON KLUTZ... IS... LEADER... HIDEOUT IS... OLD... O'JEFFER WAREHOUSE... WATERFRONT...

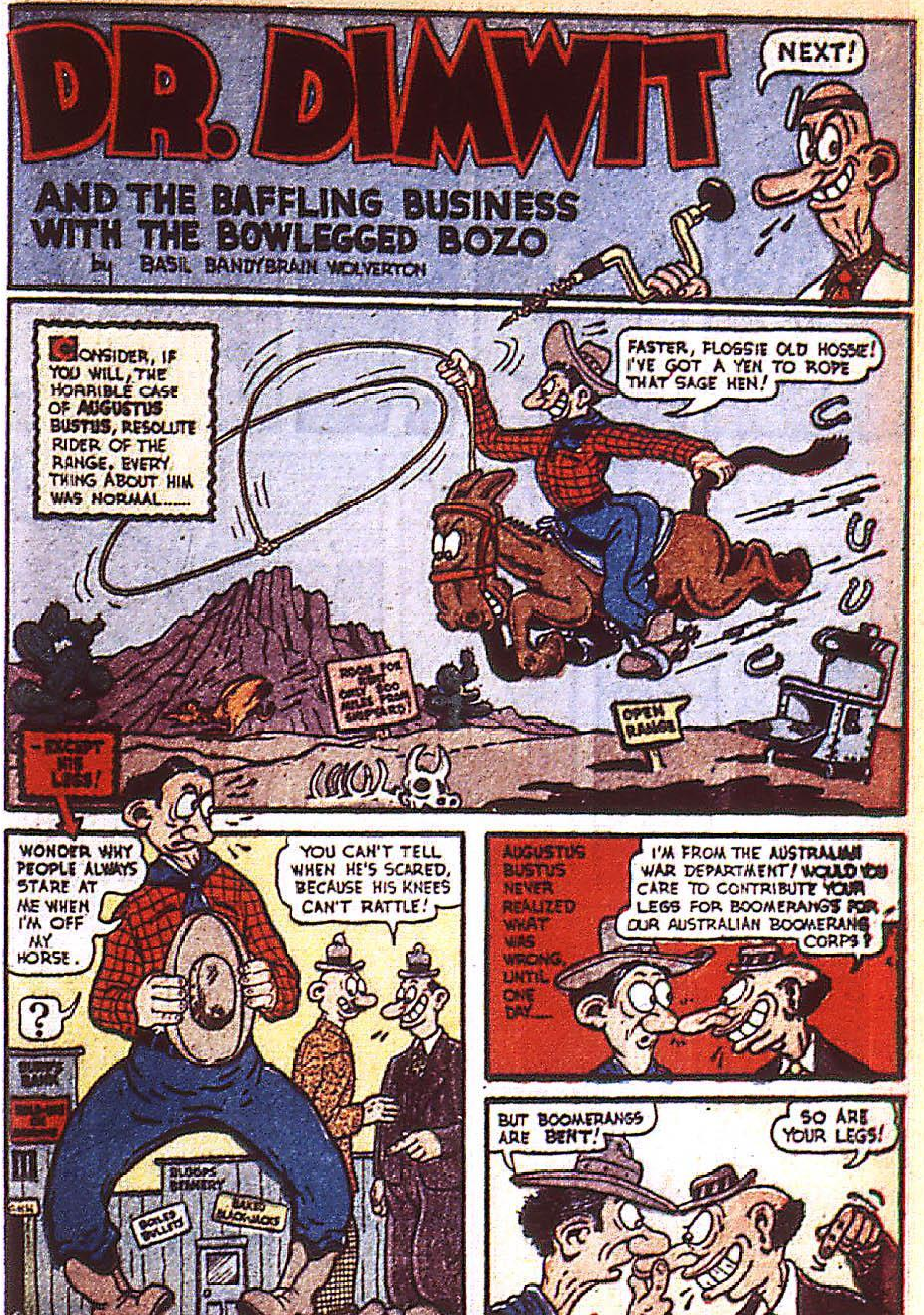

SUB-MARINER TURNS THE SPY OVER TO THE I.R.A. MEN...
WE'LL ROUND UP OUR MEN AND MEET YOU, O'NAMOR.
YOU'RE GOING TO O'JEFFER'S BY WATER?
YEAH!
RESERVOIR
I TRAVEL FASTER THIS WAY!
AFTER SWIMMING AT BREAKNECK SPEED, NAMOR ARRIVES AT THE NAZI HIDEOUT.
HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
O'JEFFER'S WAREHOUSE
MEANWHILE, AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS, VON KLUTZ DESPERATELY CALLS FOR HELP!
I HAVE CONTACTED OUR SUBMARINE!
T.N.T.
EXPLOSIVE
N.T.
DYNAMITE
TELL THEM TO STAND BY. TAKE ALL OF OUR IMPORTANT PAPERS AND MAPS. WE MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!
IRELAND
THE MOTORBOAT IS READY, VON KLUTZ!

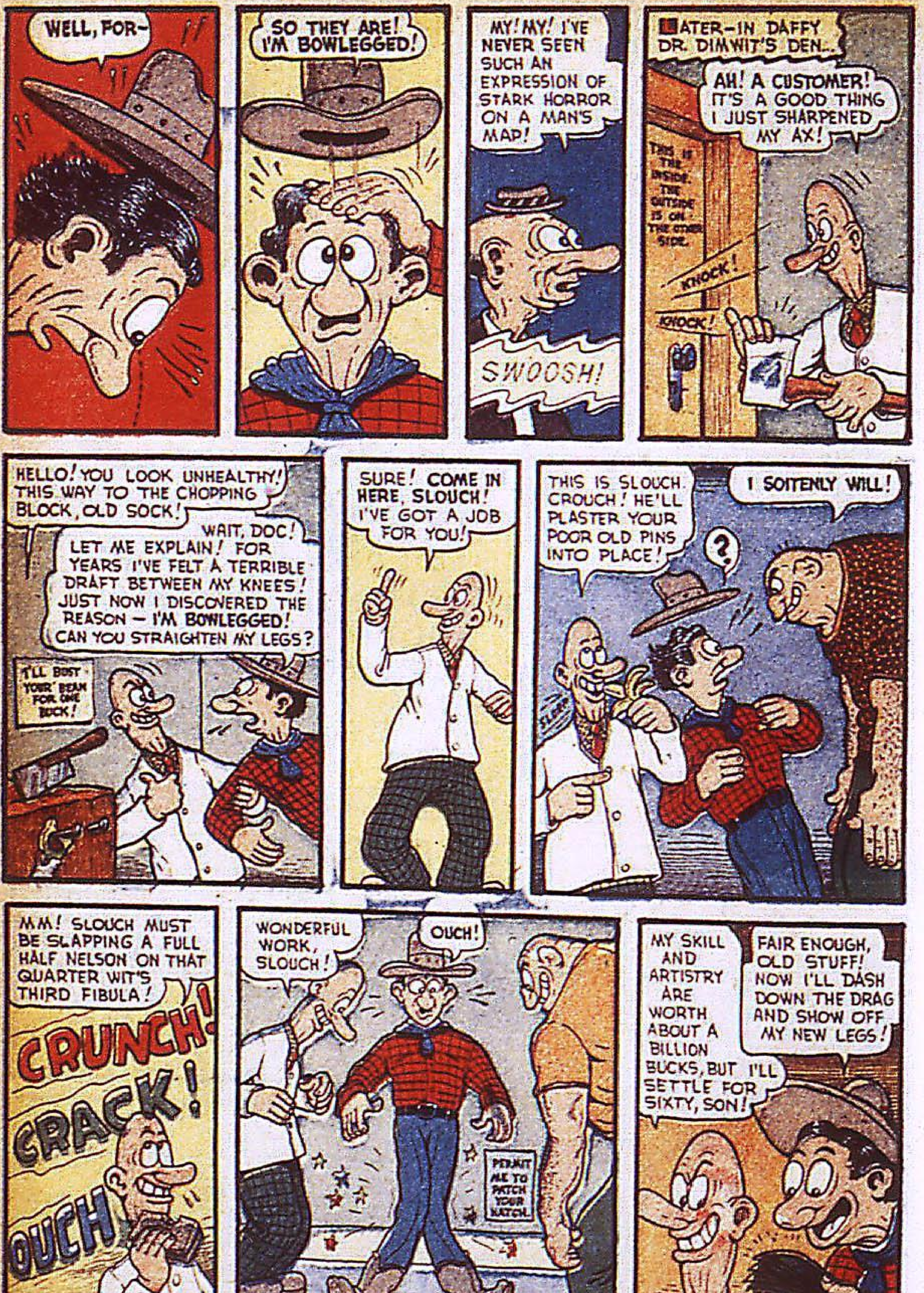

ALL HOPE OF ESCAPE IS CUT OFF WHEN SUB-MARINER BREAKS INTO THE ROOM.
I-IT'S THE SUB-MARINER
YOU NAZIS KNOW ME BETTER NOW, EH?
I'M GOING TO LET THE IRISH PEOPLE AND THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS KNOW THE TRUTH, VON KLUTZ- AND I'M ALSO GOING TO LET THE RIGHT PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT THAT SUBMARINE!
THE I.R.A. MEN HAVE QUIETLY FOLLOWED.
WE'D LIKE TO TAKE CARE OF THESE SPIES IN OUR OWN WAY, SUB-MARINER. WE KNOW YOU WON'T MIND!
SUB-MARINER DOESN'T MIND AT ALL!
WE'LL HOLD A TRIAL IMMEDIATELY. WON'T YOU JOIN US? THE I.R.A. COULD USE A FIGHTER OF YOUR TYPE.
THANKS, BOYS, BUT YOU DO OKAY BY YOURSELVES!
AND, I SORT OF LIKE TO KEEP MY EYE ON THE REST OF THE WORLD.
SUB-MARINER IS KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE GREAT BATTLE FOR FREEDOM GOING ON ALL OVER THE WORLD, HELPING OUR COURAGEOUS ARMY AND NAVY ALONG THE ROAD TO VICTORY!
YOU, TOO, CAN HELP YOURSELF TO A SHARE OF VICTORY BY BUYING WAR STAMPS UNTIL YOU HAVE A WAR BOND!

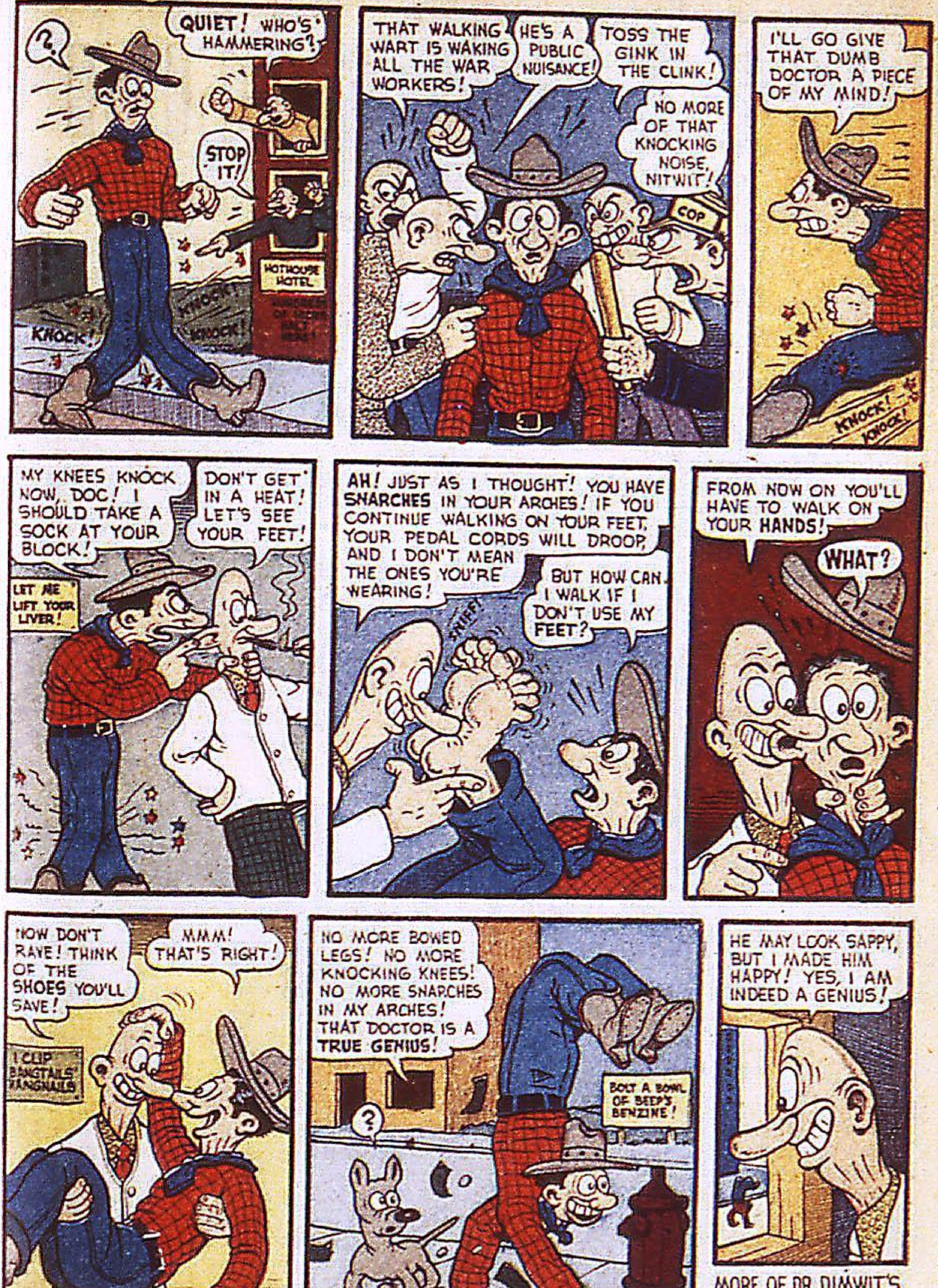
DR. DIMWIT

AND THE BAFFLING BUSINESS WITH THE BOWLEGGED BOZO

by BASIL BANDYBRAIN WOLVERTON


NEXT!
CONSIDER, IF YOU WILL, THE HORRIBLE CASE OF AUGUSTUS BUSTUS, RESOLUTE RIDER OF THE RANGE. EVERY THING ABOUT HIM WAS NORMAL......
FASTER, FLOSSIE OLD HOSSIE! I'VE GOT A YEN TO ROPE THAT SAGE HEN!
OPEN RANGE
-EXCEPT HIS LEGS!
WONDER WHY PEOPLE ALWAYS STARE AT ME WHEN I'M OFF MY HORSE.
YOU CAN'T TELL WHEN HE'S SCARED, BECAUSE HIS KNEES CAN'T RATTLE!
?
BLOOPS BAKERY
BOILED BULLETS
BAKED BLACKJACKS
AUGUSTUS BUSTUS NEVER REALIZED WHAT WAS WRONG, UNTIL ONE DAY....
I'M FROM THE AUSTRALIAN WAR DEPARTMENT! WOULD YOU CARE TO CONTRIBUTE YOUR LEGS FOR BOOMERANGS FOR OUR AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG CORPS?
BUT BOOMERANGS ARE BENT!
SO ARE YOUR LEGS!


WELL, FOR-
SO THEY ARE! I'M BOWLEGGED!
MY! MY! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH AN EXPRESSION OF STARK HORROR ON A MAN'S MAP!
SWOOSH!
LATER-IN DAFFY DR. DIMWIT'S DEN...
AH! A CUSTOMER! IT'S A GOOD THING I JUST SHARPENED MY AX!
THIS IS THE INSIDE. THE OUTSIDE IS ON THE OTHER SIDE.
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
HELLO! YOU LOOK UNHEALTHY! THIS WAY TO THE CHOPPING BLOCK, OLD SOCK!
WAIT, DOC! LET ME EXPLAIN! FOR YEARS I'VE FELT A TERRIBLE DRAFT BETWEEN MY KNEES! JUST NOW I DISCOVERED THE REASON - I'M BOWLEGGED! CAN YOU STRAIGHTEN MY LEGS?
I'LL BUST YOUR BEAN FOR ONE BUCK!
SURE! COME IN HERE, SLOUCH! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!
THIS IS SLOUCH CROUCH! HE'LL PLASTER YOUR POOR OLD PINS INTO PLACE!
I SOITENLY WILL!
?
SLURP
MM! SLOUCH MUST BE SLAPPING A FULL HALF NELSON ON THAT QUARTER WIT'S THIRD FIBULA!
CRUNCH!
CRACK!
OUCH
2
WONDERFUL WORK, SLOUCH!
OUCH!
PERMIT ME TO PATCH YOUR MATCH
MY SKILL AND ARTISTRY ARE WORTH ABOUT A BILLION BUCKS, BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR SIXTY, SON!
FAIR ENOUGH, OLD STUFF! NOW I'LL DASH DOWN THE DRAG AND SHOW OFF MY NEW LEGS!


?
QUIET! WHO'S HAMMERING?
STOP IT!
HOTHOUSE HOTEL
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
THAT WALKING WART IS WAKING ALL THE WAR WORKERS!
HE'S A PUBLIC NUISANCE!
TOSS THE GINK IN THE CLINK!
NO MORE OF THAT KNOCKING NOISE, NITWIT!
COP
I'LL GO GIVE THAT DUMB DOCTOR A PIECE OF MY MIND!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
MY KNEES KNOCK NOW, DOC! I SHOULD TAKE A SOCK AT YOUR BLOCK!
DON'T GET IN A HEAT! LET'S SEE YOUR FEET!
LET ME LIFT YOUR LIVER!
AH! JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU HAVE SNARCHES IN YOUR ARCHES! IF YOU CONTINUE WALKING ON YOUR FEET, YOUR PEDAL CORDS WILL DROOP, AND I DON'T MEAN THE ONES YOU'RE WEARING!
BUT HOW CAN I WALK IF I DON'T USE MY FEET?
SNIFF
FROM NOW ON YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK ON YOUR HANDS!
WHAT?
NOW DON'T RAVE! THINK OF THE SHOES YOU'LL SAVE!
MMM! THAT'S RIGHT!
I CLIP BANGTAILS' HANGNAILS
NO MORE BOWED LEGS! NO MORE KNOCKING KNEES! NO MORE SNARCHES IN MY ARCHES! THAT DOCTOR IS A TRUE GENIUS!
?
BOLT A BOWL OF BEEP'S BENZINE!
HE MAY LOOK SAPPY, BUT I MADE HIM HAPPY! YES, I AM INDEED A GENIUS!

MORE OF DR. DIMWIT'S DOPEY DOINGS IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE DAY'S BIGGEST SALE

WITH the ever-present air of cock-suredness that the Chicago World knew so well, Bull Mulligan twirled his fancy malacca cane a couple of times, pulled the brim of his hat down to the usual rakish angle and walked into the small haberdashery store.

The young clerk swiftly laid aside the book he was reading and leaped to attention. He smiled hopefully as he edged himself into the narrow space behind the shirt counter.

There hadn't been many customers in that day and he'd been quite disappointed in himself. You couldn't make much of a living with only a couple of customers a day.

The clerk greeted Bull with unaccustomed effervescence.

"May I help you, Sir?" he asked, his brown eyes quickly taking in Bull's red carnation, flashy tie and prominent buck teeth. "There's a special on white shirts this week, only $1.59 while they last!"

Bull Mulligan laughed. White shirts, indeed! Why, they're only good for undertakers — and my racket's not undertaking!"

"Er . . . I didn't think so, Sir! You dress too nicely for that sombre trade!"

"Thanks for the compliment, Kid! Compliments pay off with Bull—always did!" His searching eyes finally rested on the cheap jewelry counter "There! Think I'll start off with some nice rhinestone cuff-buttons!"

With his peculiar, straight-kneed gait, he strode over to a glass show-case and pointed a ringed index finger at the second shelf.

"Gimme a pair with the initial "M"! If they're OK, I'll put 'em on right here!"

Anxiously, the clerk pushed over the sliding door of the case and stuck his hand onto the one pair left with the "M" initial, then handed them over to his customer.

"Fine . . . Fine," said Bull, holding the cheap cuff-links up so the light reflected on the rhinestones. "I'll put 'em on, just like I said."

"Is there something—"

"Something else? . . . Sure! A couple of shirts — nice, bright colors! Nothing sad about me, son. Then you can throw in some flashy ties to match. I take size 16 on the shirts, Kid!

Walt Jones hurried over to the shirt department. He looked over the rows of boxes, wondering what colors each one held. "Gosh," he thought. "Wish I knew the stock better. I sure know how to waste a customer's time—when I finally get a customer!"

HE MADE a stab at the first box marked size "16" cautiously lifted the cover and peeked in.

Pale maroon with a green stripe! Walt was about to put the cover back, figuring "He'll never go for THAT"—when he heard a step behind him and his customer's voice!

"That's swell, Kid! Gimme one like that. I got big doin's tonight and that will be just perfect!"

So the sale went. A cinch.

Walt Jones rang up $21.25 on the old register and thought about how happy his old man would feel when he heard about the good business that went on while he took the day off.

With the two bulky packages under his arm, flashy Bull Mulligan turned to leave.

"You're a good salesman, Son—but kinda young to own one of these one-man stores. You get old fast when you just keep on polishing boxes, looking at four walls and sitting around praying for a customer!"

"You see, Mister, this store is—" started Walt but the interruption came too suddenly to get another word in.

"I know . . . I know! You got plenty of customers! That's what they all say. Well, see you —" Bull Mulligan suddenly snapped his fingers. He had forgotten something and just remembered. "Say, kid, I need some wrapping paper! You sell any?"

"SELL any! Why I've got more than I know what to do with. Just a second and I'll get you all you want, Sir." He hastened over to the back of the little store. Why, every time a package was delivered from some wholesaler or jobber, his father would carefully fold the papers, put them away and never use them.

He'd give them to this customer, create a little good-will and save the trouble of throwing them out—all at the same time.

"Thanks," smiled Bull Mulligan, as he accepted eight or nine of the heavy sheets of wrapping paper. "Got to send some packages to relatives in Frisco and these sure come in handy."

Walt Jones opened the door as his heavily-laden customer walked out. Boy, what a pleasure to serve this guy. If only ALL customers were as easy—and left such nice sales!

He walked to the rear of the store again, picked up the book, found the paragraph where he had left off and sat down on the old chair, tilting it backwards a bit.

BULL MULLIGAN had trouble getting the key into the lock when he got to the hideout. The packages and the paper were always getting in the way and somehow he couldn't shift them properly. After scraping and scratching for a couple of minutes he gave it up as a bad job and straightened up. Then, bending over, again, he carefully placed the packages on the floor. The sheets of wrapping paper had made things difficult, too — always slipping. Why in the world hadn't he asked that sappy young clerk to wrap everything together in one bundle, anyway?

Wait'll Squinty and Trigger see that pale maroon shirt with the green stripes! They'd laugh for an hour—and those boys sure needed something to laugh about right now.

Tenderly he rubbed out the kink in his back. Then, using his left hand and the free fingers of his right, he picked up the packages again and shifted them over to the left side. Darn—they're slipping again. With the wrapping paper and two boxes, he leaned up against the door and again tried to get the key in the lock. He poked around for a second then jerked his head impatiently.

Every time he fished for that keyhole one of the boxes or the papers would slip down.

He gritted his teeth and made a last attempt to open the door. Behind that door, Squinty Lewis and Trigger Davis nervously edged away from the one table in the scantily furnished room.

SQUINTY'S chair scraped and he cautiously and inconviently twisted his body in order to rise to his feet more silently. Trigger was so thin he could ease himself in and out of most any object capable of making a noise—in his own silently sinister manner.

Squinty's eyelids almost met as his snakey eyes focussed on the door-knob. Trigger's black gum-drop eyes watched Squinty's tensely.

There was that scraping noise again.

The only one who had a key to that door was Bull Mulligan and Bull knew how to use keys. He'd shown that plenty on the jobs he pulled!

Bull was the only one who knew where the hideout was. Squinty and Trigger had a big price on their heads for that cop murder on La Salle Street last week and the scrape on that door didn't sound too good!

Squinty's near-closed eyes turned from the door to meet Trigger's wide-open ones. Almost at the same time, both their heads nodded in agreement on a single thought and each gun hand reached for a tiny, deadly automatic.

COPS!

So their pal Bull Mulligan had sold out to the cops to get a slice of the fat reward!

The dirty stool pigeon! If they could shoot their way out of this one—Mister Bull Mulligan would never rat on them or anyone else!

The place was probably surrounded—so making a break through the window wouldn't do any good! They'd have to shoot fast and trust to luck!

Again that scraping! . . . Trying to open it up with a skeleton key, eh? Well, not on *that* lock!

With a bitter curse that hissed out from between tight lips, Squinty aimed at the wood above the door knob and fired! Trigger opened up, too—and a heavy thud was heard between the wood-splintering shots!

BULL MULLIGAN, key in hand, staggered in, blood dripping from his lips—and fell right on the packages that filled his arms. The collar of a maroon shirt with green stripes thrust itself out of a broken box and pillowed his head as he died!

Squinty and Trigger just stared, open-mouthed, as their still-smoking guns dropped out of shivering hands!

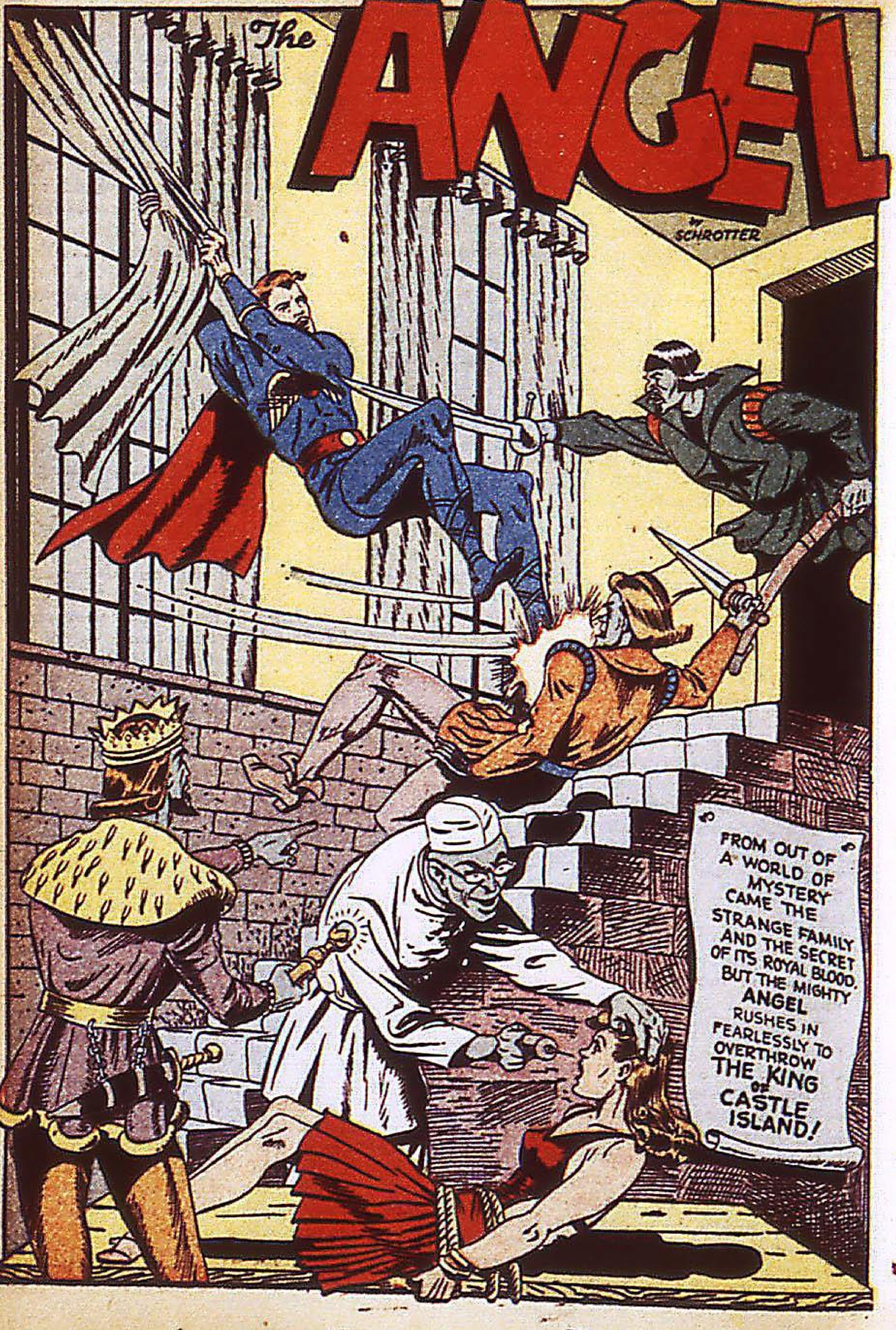
The next morning, young Walt Jones burned his throat with a gulp of hot coffee at the family breakfast table.

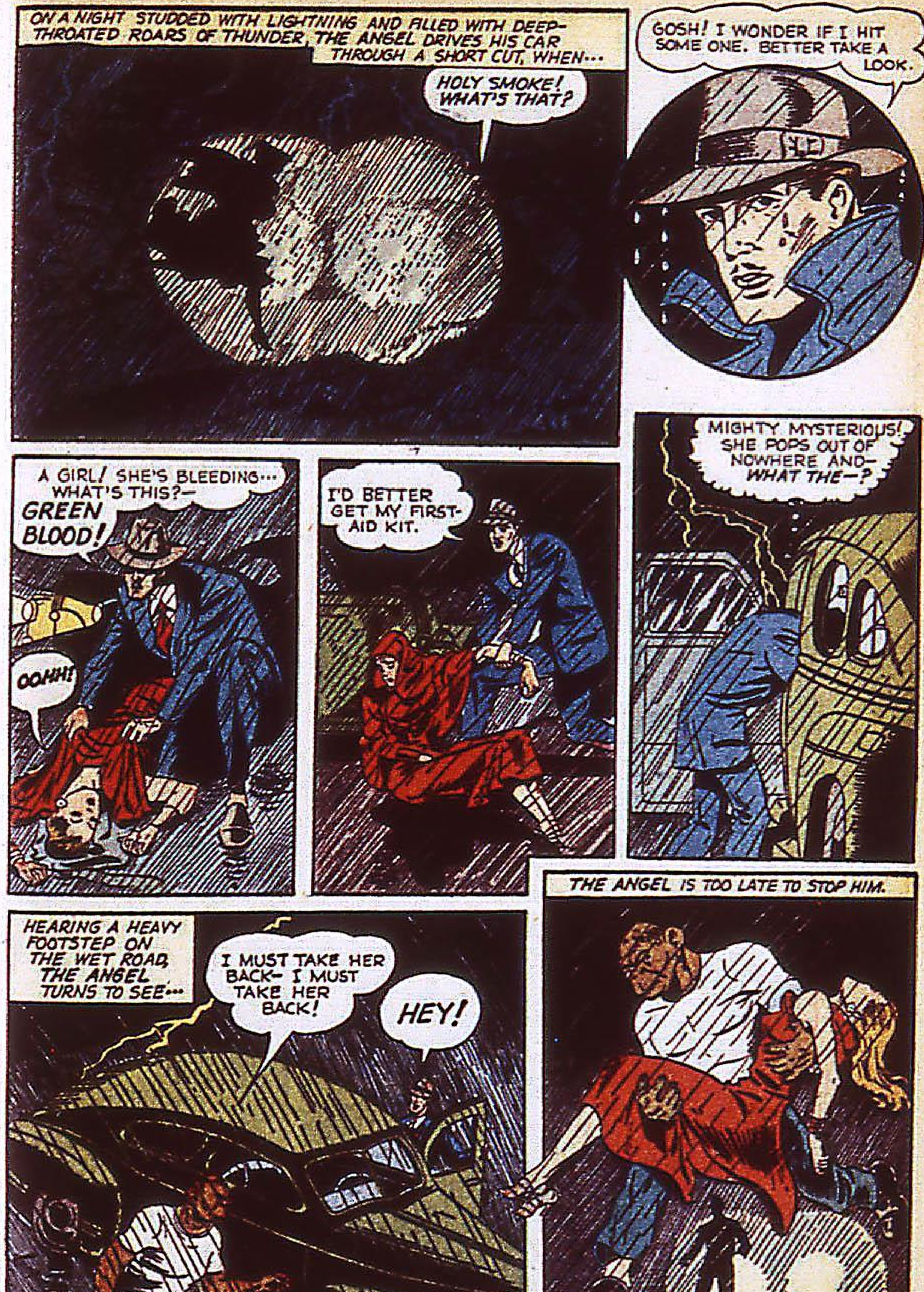
"Pa . . Pa! Look!" he shouted, pointing to a picture of Bull Mulligan and the two others in the morning paper. "That's the guy I made the \$21.25 sale on yesterday!"

Old Mr. Jones put on his glasses and followed his son's finger as he read the news story.

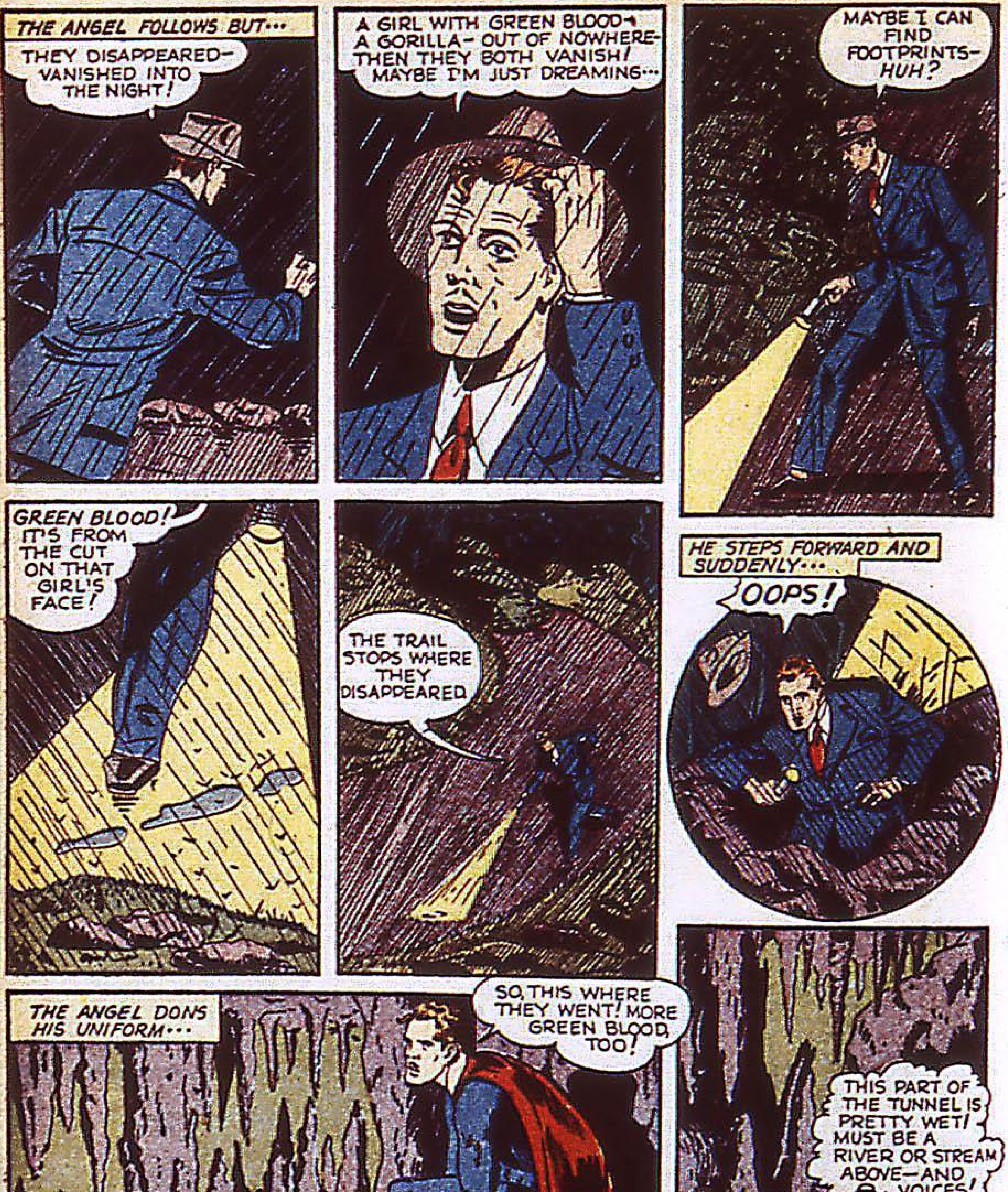
". . . and wrapping paper over freshly purchased haberdashery from the Jones Mens Wear Store lead police to believe that Bull Mulligan had "cased" this place for his next robbery—if death had not intervened."

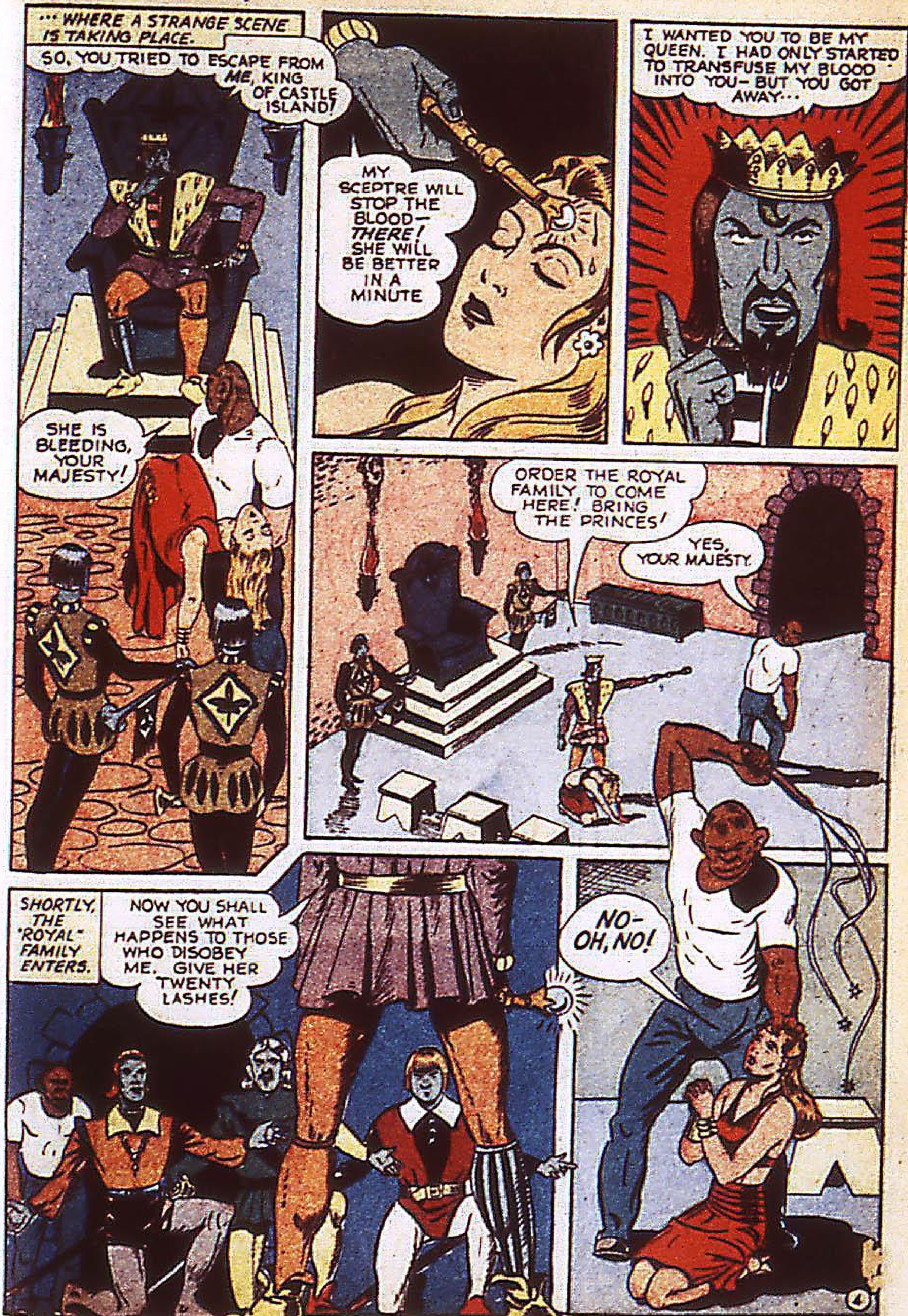
The End

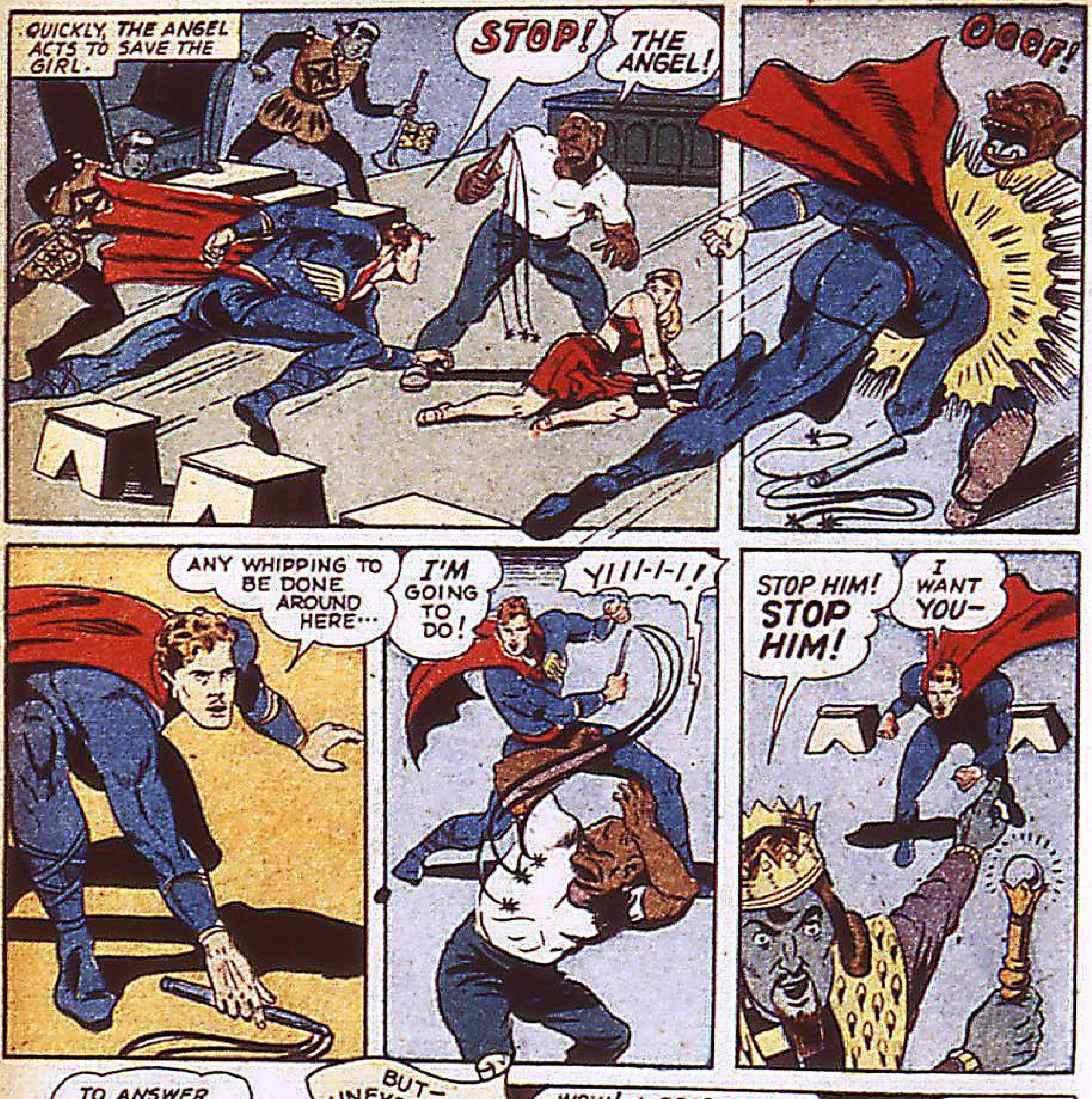

The ANGEL
by SCHROTTER
FROM OUT OF A WORLD OF MYSTERY CAME THE STRANGE FAMILY AND THE SECRET OF ITS ROYAL BLOOD. BUT THE MIGHTY ANGEL RUSHES IN FEARLESSLY TO OVERTHROW THE KING OF CASTLE ISLAND!

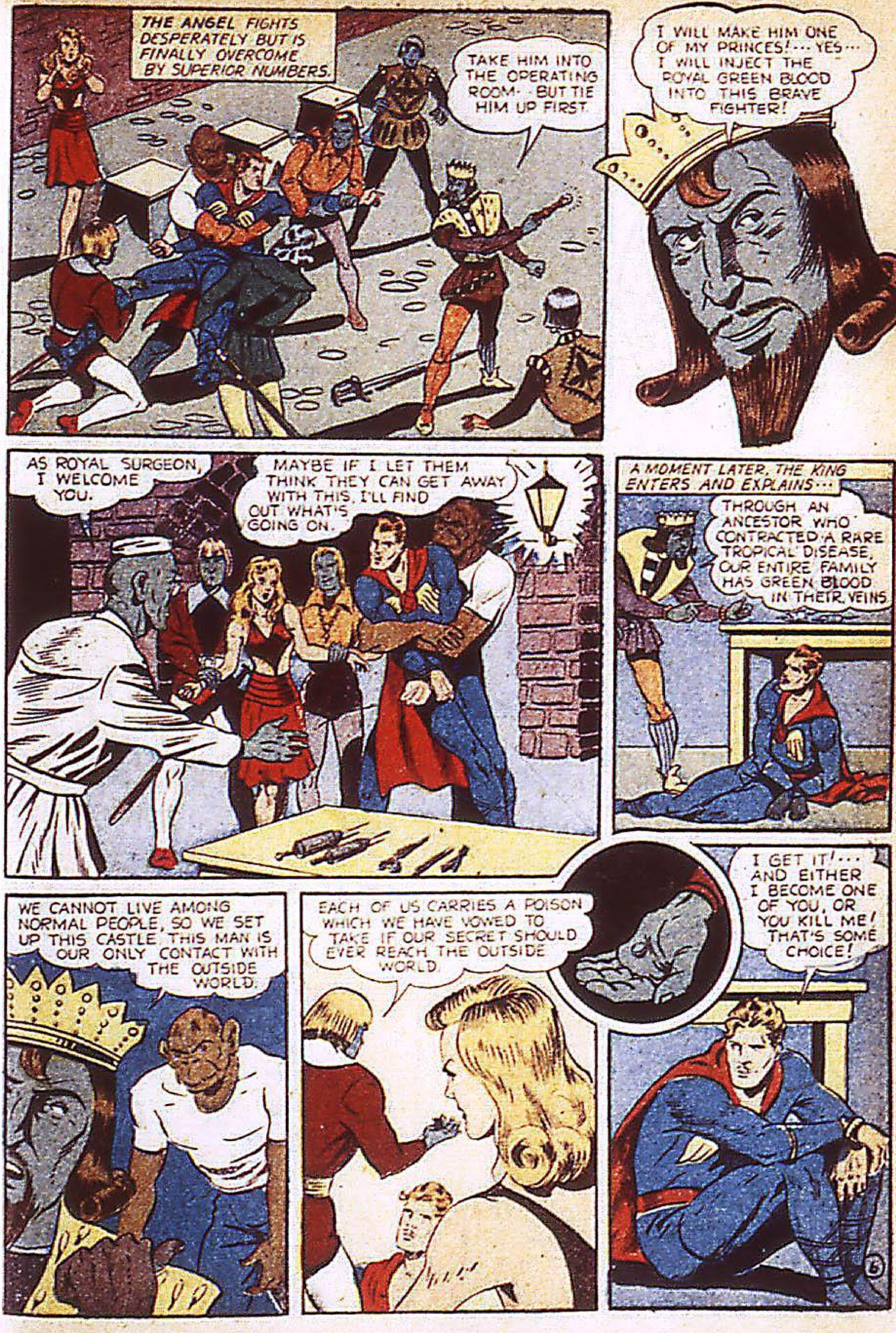


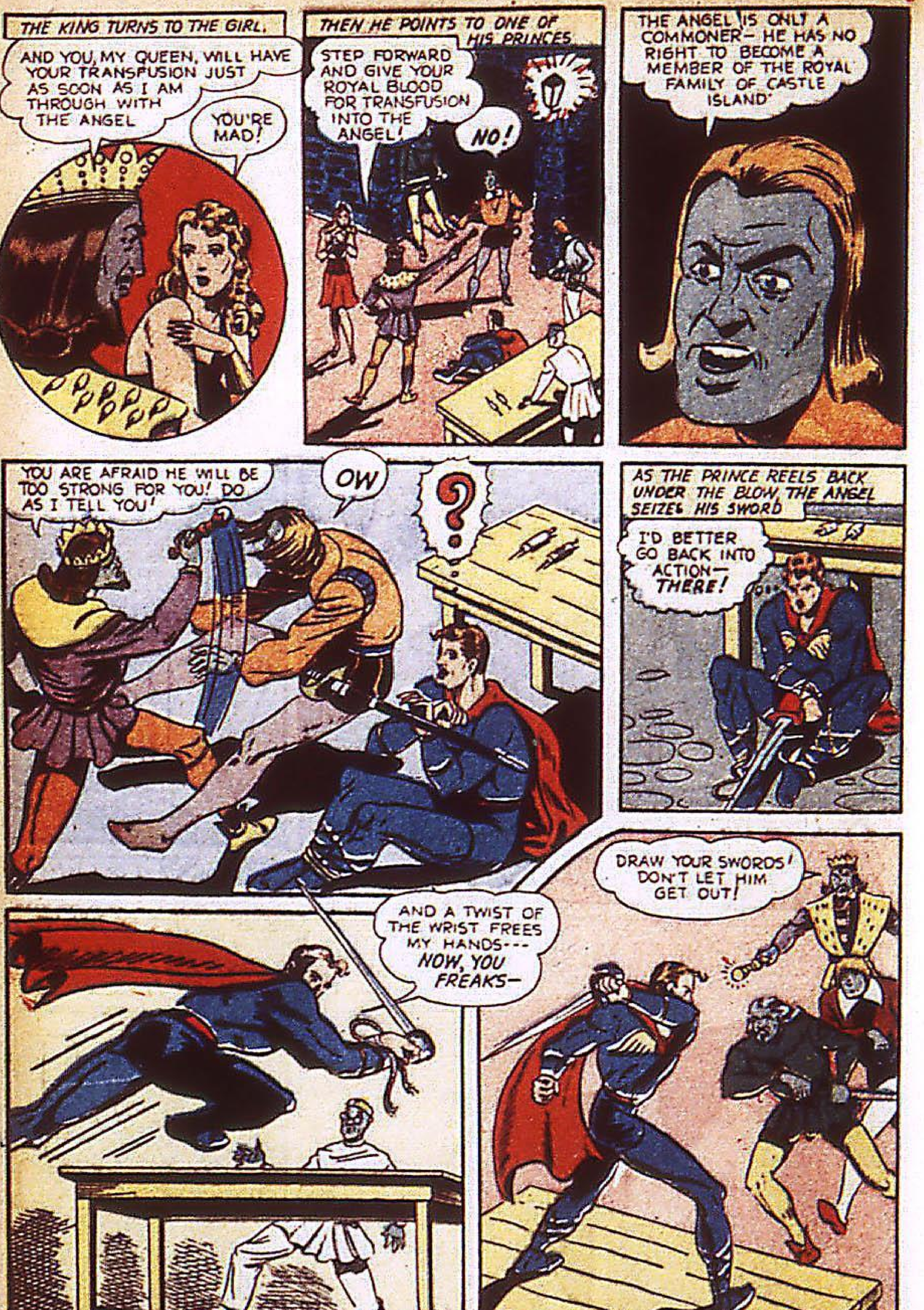
ON A NIGHT STUDDED WITH LIGHTNING AND FILLED WITH DEEP-THROATED ROARS OF THUNDER, THE ANGEL DRIVES HIS CAR THROUGH A SHORT CUT, WHEN...
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S THAT?
GOSH! I WONDER IF I HIT SOME ONE. BETTER TAKE A LOOK.
A GIRL! SHE'S BLEEDING... WHAT'S THIS?— GREEN BLOOD!
OOHH!
I'D BETTER GET MY FIRST-AID KIT.
MIGHTY MYSTERIOUS! SHE POPS OUT OF NOWHERE AND— WHAT THE—?
HEARING A HEAVY FOOTSTEP ON THE WET ROAD, THE ANGEL TURNS TO SEE...
I MUST TAKE HER BACK— I MUST TAKE HER BACK!
HEY!
THE ANGEL IS TOO LATE TO STOP HIM.

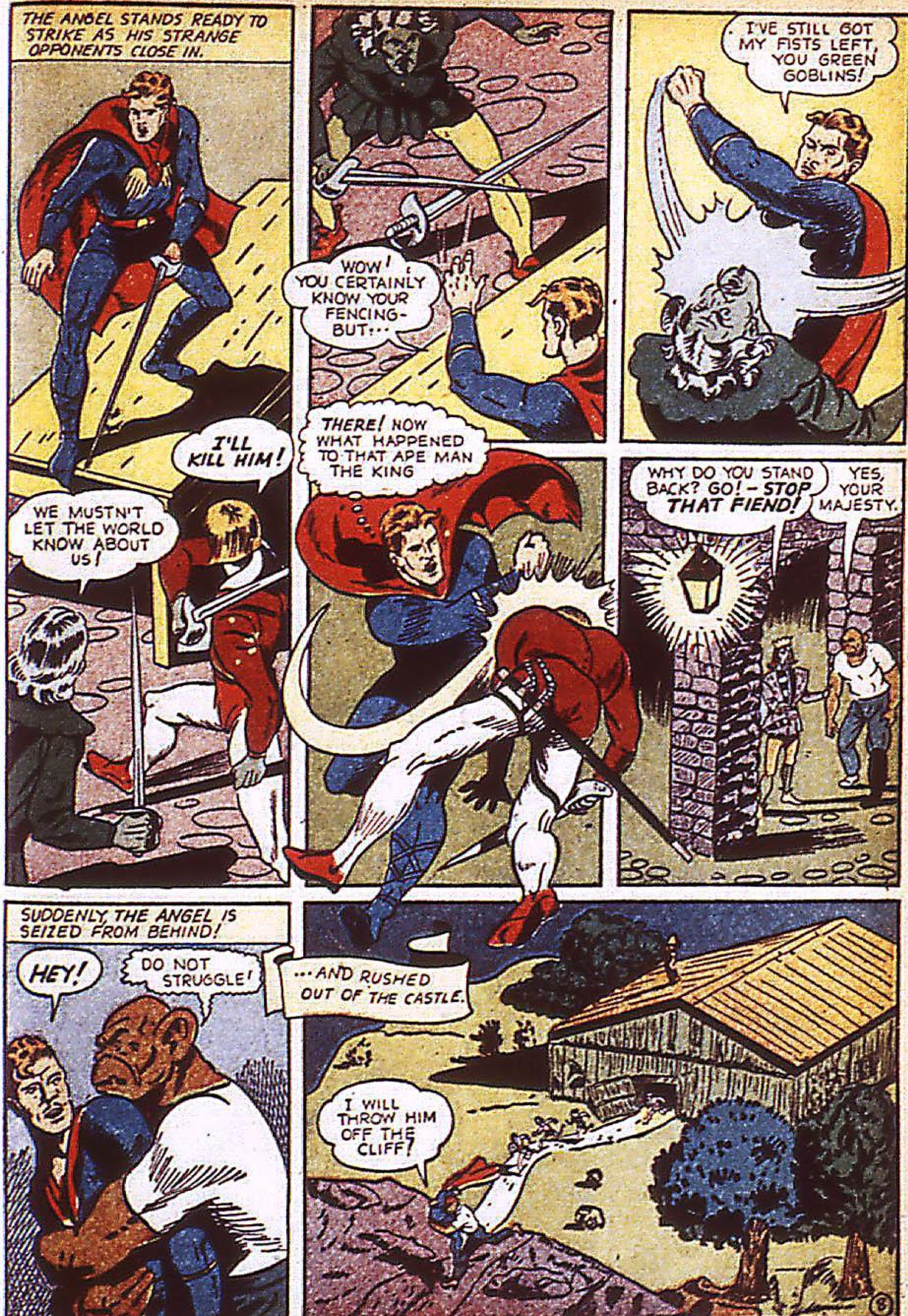

THE ANGEL FOLLOWS BUT...
THEY DISAPPEARED—VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT!
A GIRL WITH GREEN BLOOD—A GORILLA—OUT OF NOWHERE—THEN THEY BOTH VANISH! MAYBE I'M JUST DREAMING...
MAYBE I CAN FIND FOOTPRINTS—HUH?
GREEN BLOOD! IT'S FROM THE CUT ON THAT GIRL'S FACE!
THE TRAIL STOPS WHERE THEY DISAPPEARED
HE STEPS FORWARD AND SUDDENLY...
OOPS!
THE ANGEL DONS HIS UNIFORM...
SO, THIS WHERE THEY WENT! MORE GREEN BLOOD, TOO!
THIS PART OF THE TUNNEL IS PRETTY WET! MUST BE A RIVER OR STREAM ABOVE—AND VOICES!
THE ANGEL FOLLOWS THE SOUND TO A LARGE ROOM...
3

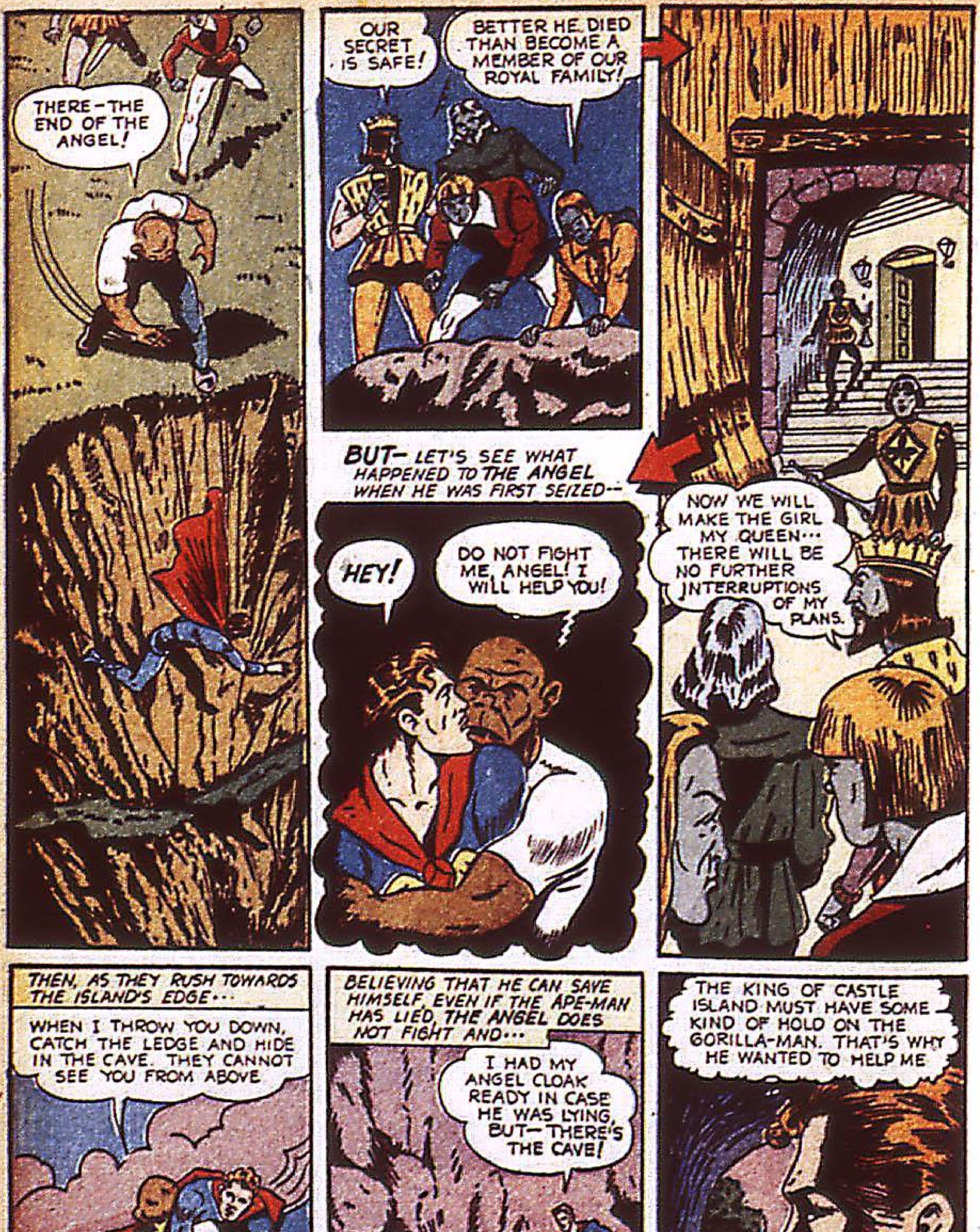

...WHERE A STRANGE SCENE IS TAKING PLACE.
SO, YOU TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM *ME*, KING OF CASTLE ISLAND!
SHE IS BLEEDING, YOUR MAJESTY!
MY SCEPTRE WILL STOP THE BLOOD— *THERE!* SHE WILL BE BETTER IN A MINUTE
I WANTED YOU TO BE MY QUEEN. I HAD ONLY STARTED TO TRANSFUSE MY BLOOD INTO YOU— BUT YOU GOT AWAY...
ORDER THE ROYAL FAMILY TO COME HERE! BRING THE PRINCES!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY.
SHORTLY, THE "ROYAL" FAMILY ENTERS.
NOW YOU SHALL SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE WHO DISOBEY ME. GIVE HER TWENTY LASHES!
NO— OH, NO!
4

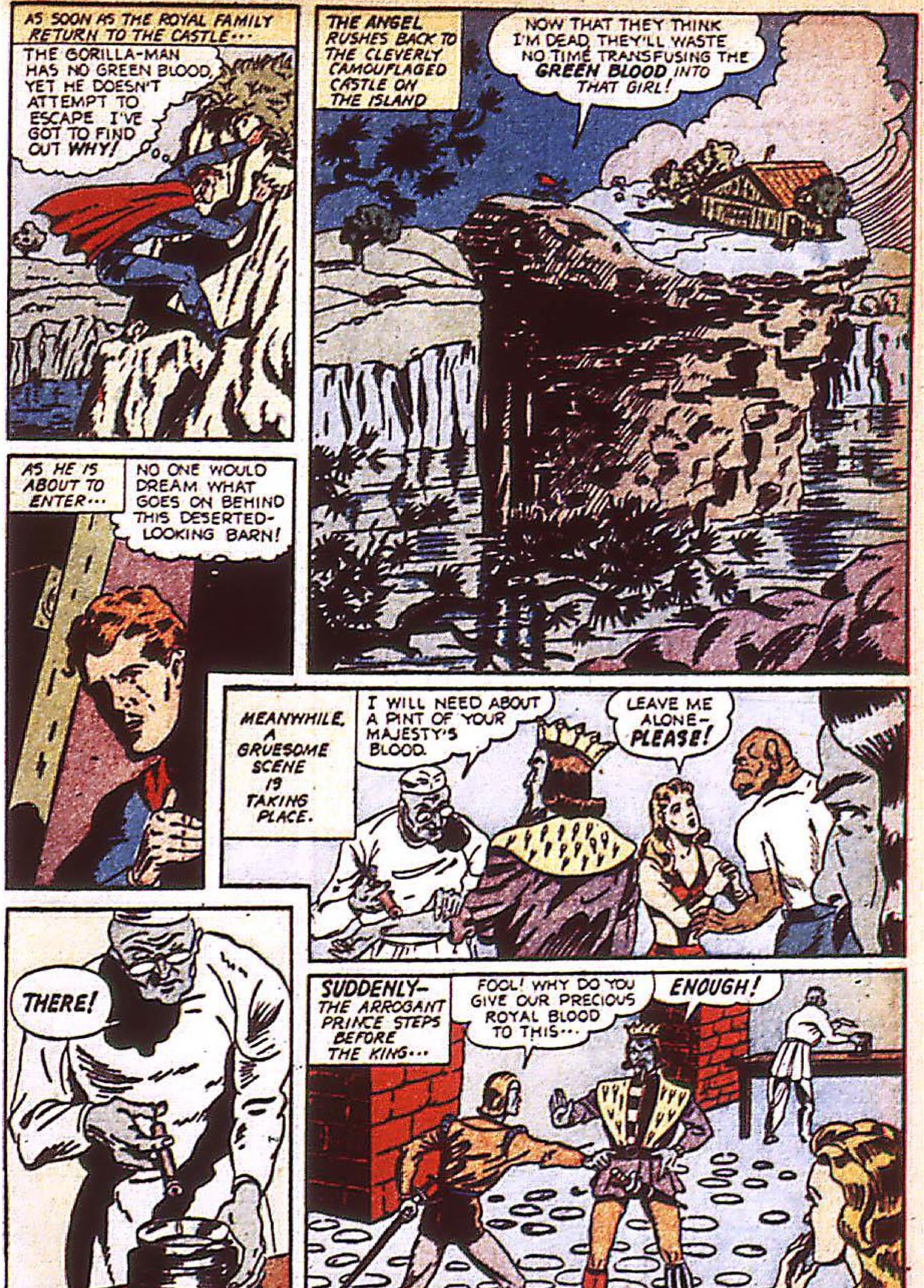

QUICKLY, THE ANGEL ACTS TO SAVE THE GIRL.
STOP!
THE ANGEL!
OOOF!
ANY WHIPPING TO BE DONE AROUND HERE...
I'M GOING TO DO!
YIII-I-I!
STOP HIM! STOP HIM!
I WANT YOU-
TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS!
UGH!
BUT-UNEXPECTEDLY-
WOW! A REAR ATTACK BY THE ROYAL GOONS!
GET HIM! GET HIM!
5

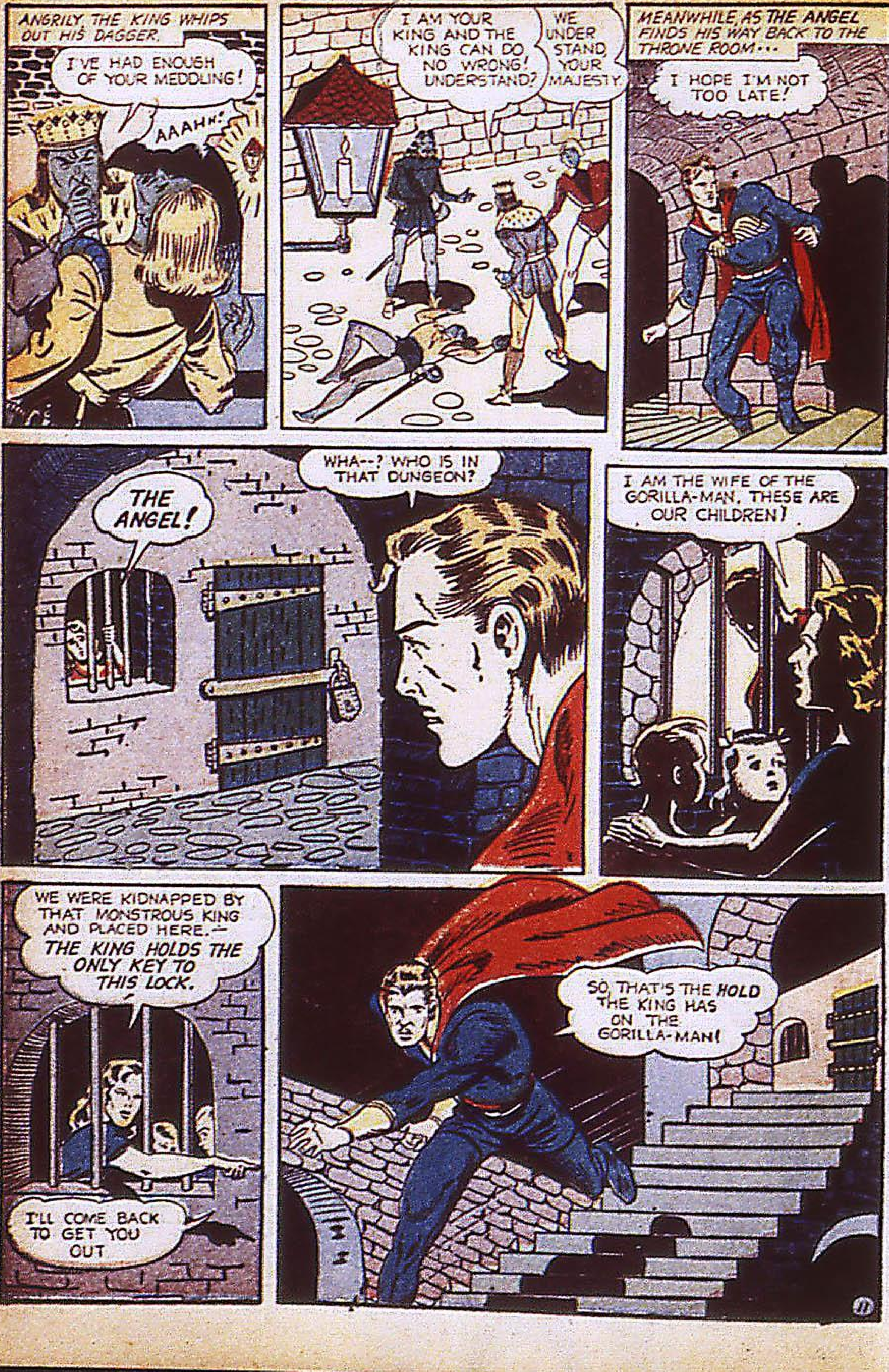

THE ANGEL FIGHTS DESPERATELY BUT IS FINALLY OVERCOME BY SUPERIOR NUMBERS.
TAKE HIM INTO THE OPERATING ROOM · BUT TIE HIM UP FIRST.
I WILL MAKE HIM ONE OF MY PRINCES!··· YES··· I WILL INJECT THE ROYAL GREEN BLOOD INTO THIS BRAVE FIGHTER!
AS ROYAL SURGEON, I WELCOME YOU.
MAYBE IF I LET THEM THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS, I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.
A MOMENT LATER, THE KING ENTERS AND EXPLAINS···
THROUGH AN ANCESTOR WHO CONTRACTED A RARE TROPICAL DISEASE, OUR ENTIRE FAMILY HAS GREEN BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS.
WE CANNOT LIVE AMONG NORMAL PEOPLE, SO WE SET UP THIS CASTLE. THIS MAN IS OUR ONLY CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
EACH OF US CARRIES A POISON WHICH WE HAVE VOWED TO TAKE IF OUR SECRET SHOULD EVER REACH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
I GET IT!··· AND EITHER I BECOME ONE OF YOU, OR YOU KILL ME! THAT'S SOME CHOICE!

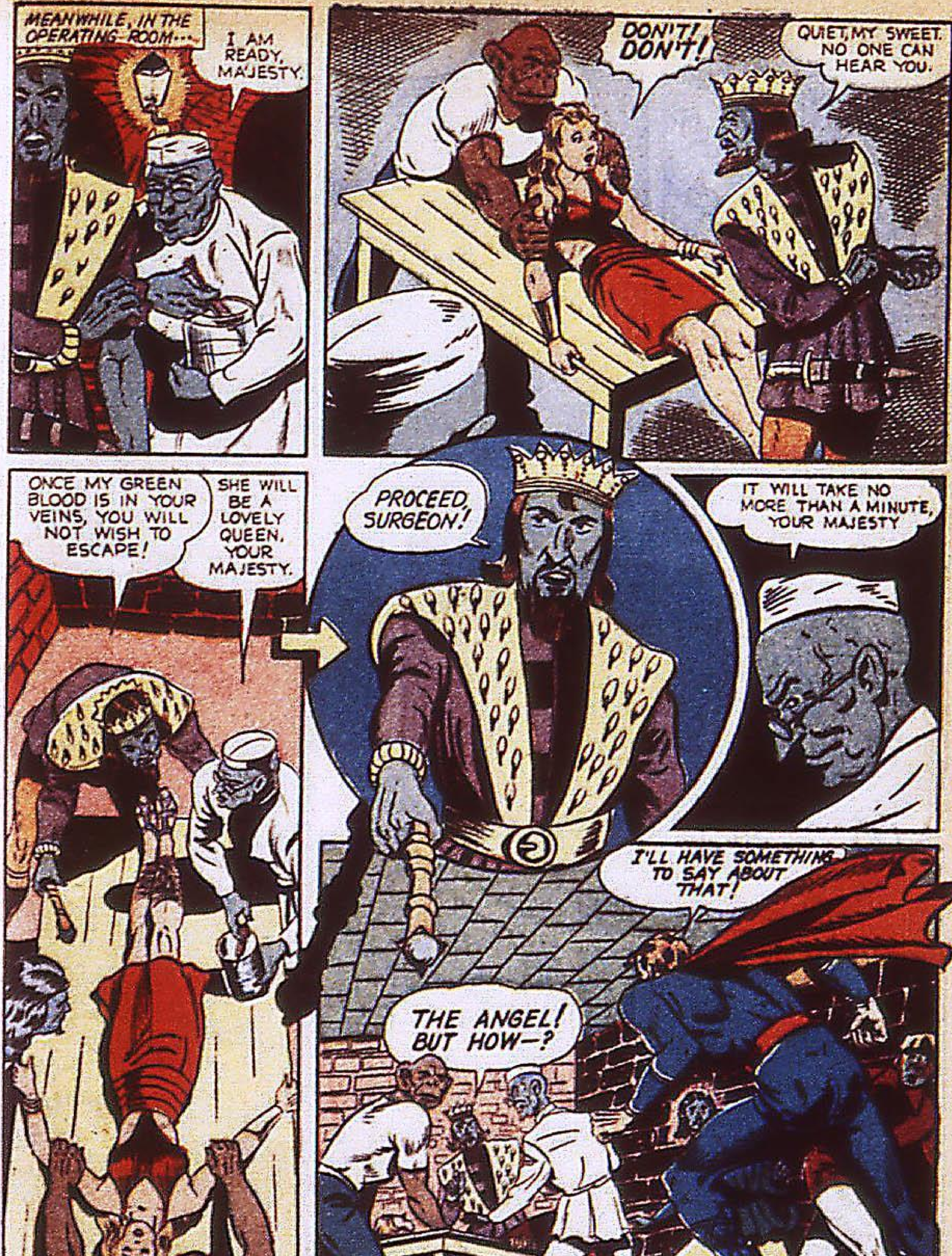

THE KING TURNS TO THE GIRL.
AND YOU, MY QUEEN, WILL HAVE YOUR TRANSFUSION JUST AS SOON AS I AM THROUGH WITH THE ANGEL
YOU'RE MAD!
THEN HE POINTS TO ONE OF HIS PRINCES
STEP FORWARD AND GIVE YOUR ROYAL BLOOD FOR TRANSFUSION INTO THE ANGEL!
NO!
THE ANGEL IS ONLY A COMMONER— HE HAS NO RIGHT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF CASTLE ISLAND!
YOU ARE AFRAID HE WILL BE TOO STRONG FOR YOU! DO AS I TELL YOU!
OW
?
AS THE PRINCE REELS BACK UNDER THE BLOW, THE ANGEL SEIZES HIS SWORD
I'D BETTER GO BACK INTO ACTION— THERE!
AND A TWIST OF THE WRIST FREES MY HANDS--- NOW, YOU FREAKS—
DRAW YOUR SWORDS! DON'T LET HIM GET OUT!

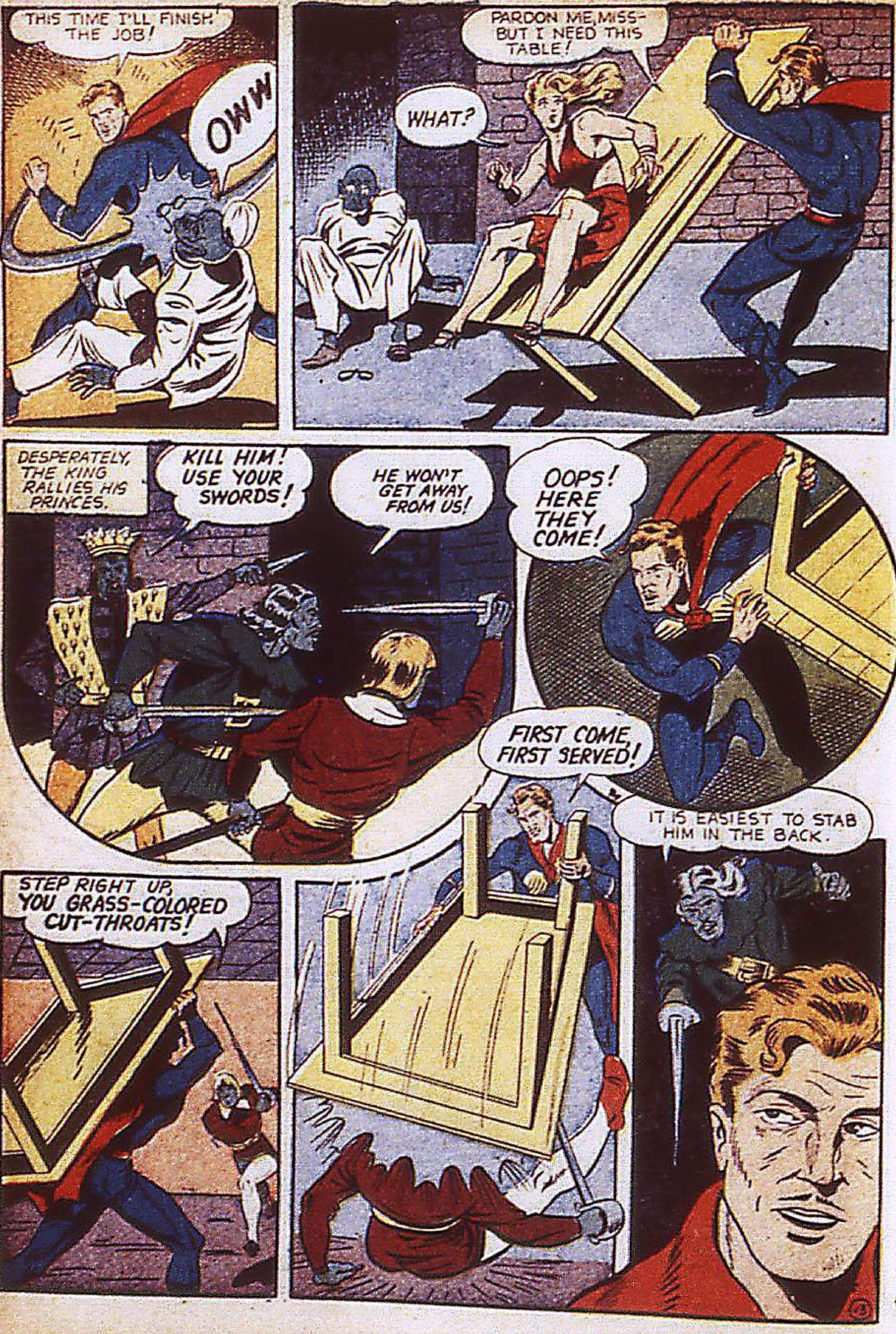

THE ANBEL STANDS READY TO STRIKE AS HIS STRANGE OPPONENTS CLOSE IN.
WOW! YOU CERTAINLY KNOW YOUR FENCING- BUT:...
I'VE STILL GOT MY FISTS LEFT, YOU GREEN GOBLINS!
I'LL KILL HIM!
WE MUSTN'T LET THE WORLD KNOW ABOUT US!
THERE! NOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT APE MAN THE KING
WHY DO YOU STAND BACK? GO! - STOP THAT FIEND!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY.
SUDDENLY, THE ANGEL IS SEIZED FROM BEHIND!
HEY!
DO NOT STRUGGLE!
...AND RUSHED OUT OF THE CASTLE.
I WILL THROW HIM OFF THE CLIFF!
8

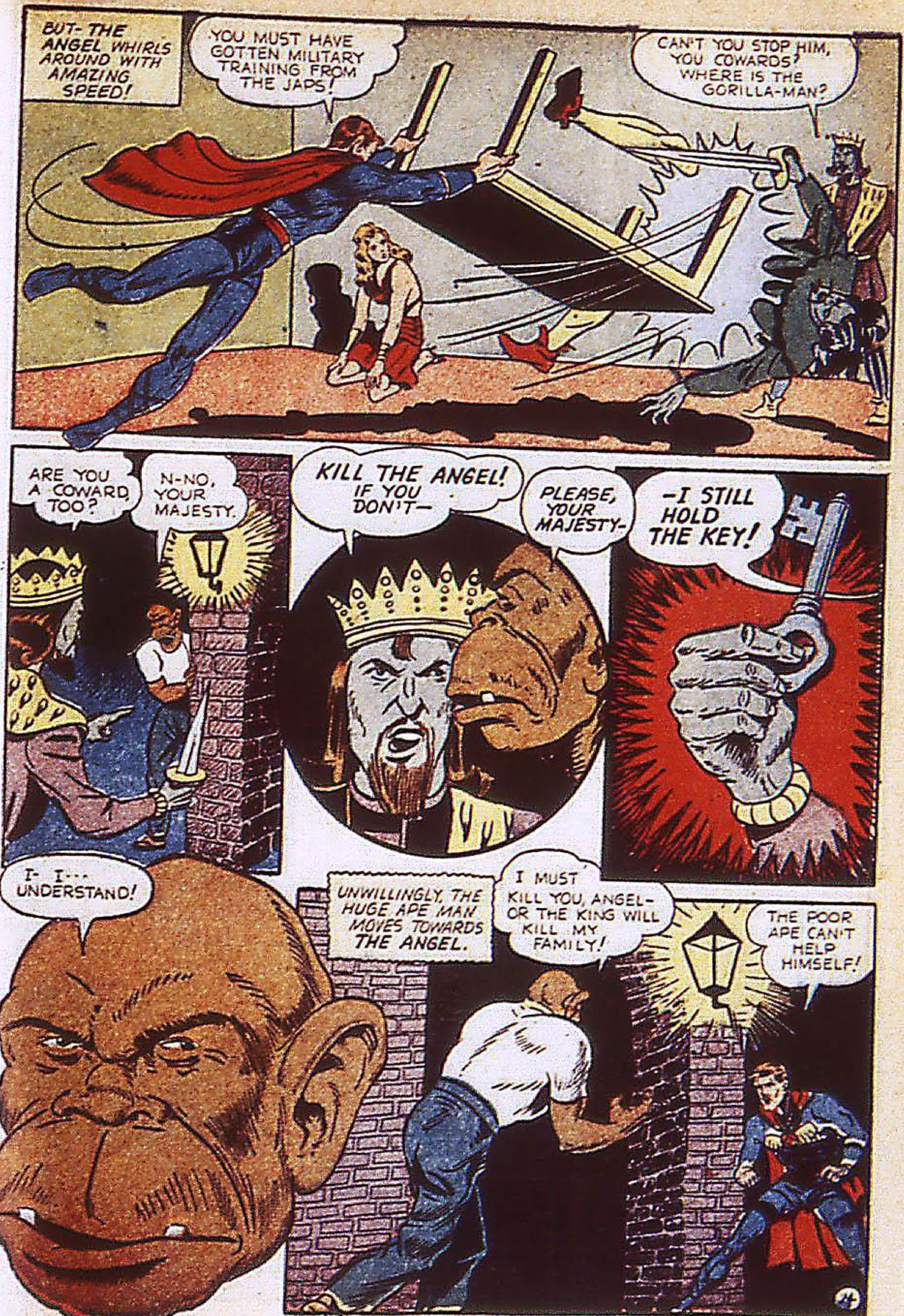

THERE–THE END OF THE ANGEL!
OUR SECRET IS SAFE!
BETTER HE DIED THAN BECOME A MEMBER OF OUR ROYAL FAMILY!
BUT– LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ANGEL WHEN HE WAS FIRST SEIZED--
HEY!
DO NOT FIGHT ME, ANGEL! I WILL HELP YOU!
NOW WE WILL MAKE THE GIRL MY QUEEN··· THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER INTERRUPTIONS OF MY PLANS.
THEN, AS THEY RUSH TOWARDS THE ISLAND'S EDGE···
WHEN I THROW YOU DOWN, CATCH THE LEDGE AND HIDE IN THE CAVE. THEY CANNOT SEE YOU FROM ABOVE
BELIEVING THAT HE CAN SAVE HIMSELF, EVEN IF THE APE-MAN HAS LIED, THE ANGEL DOES NOT FIGHT AND···
I HAD MY ANGEL CLOAK READY IN CASE HE WAS LYING, BUT– THERE'S THE CAVE!
THE KING OF CASTLE ISLAND MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF HOLD ON THE GORILLA-MAN. THAT'S WHY HE WANTED TO HELP ME
9

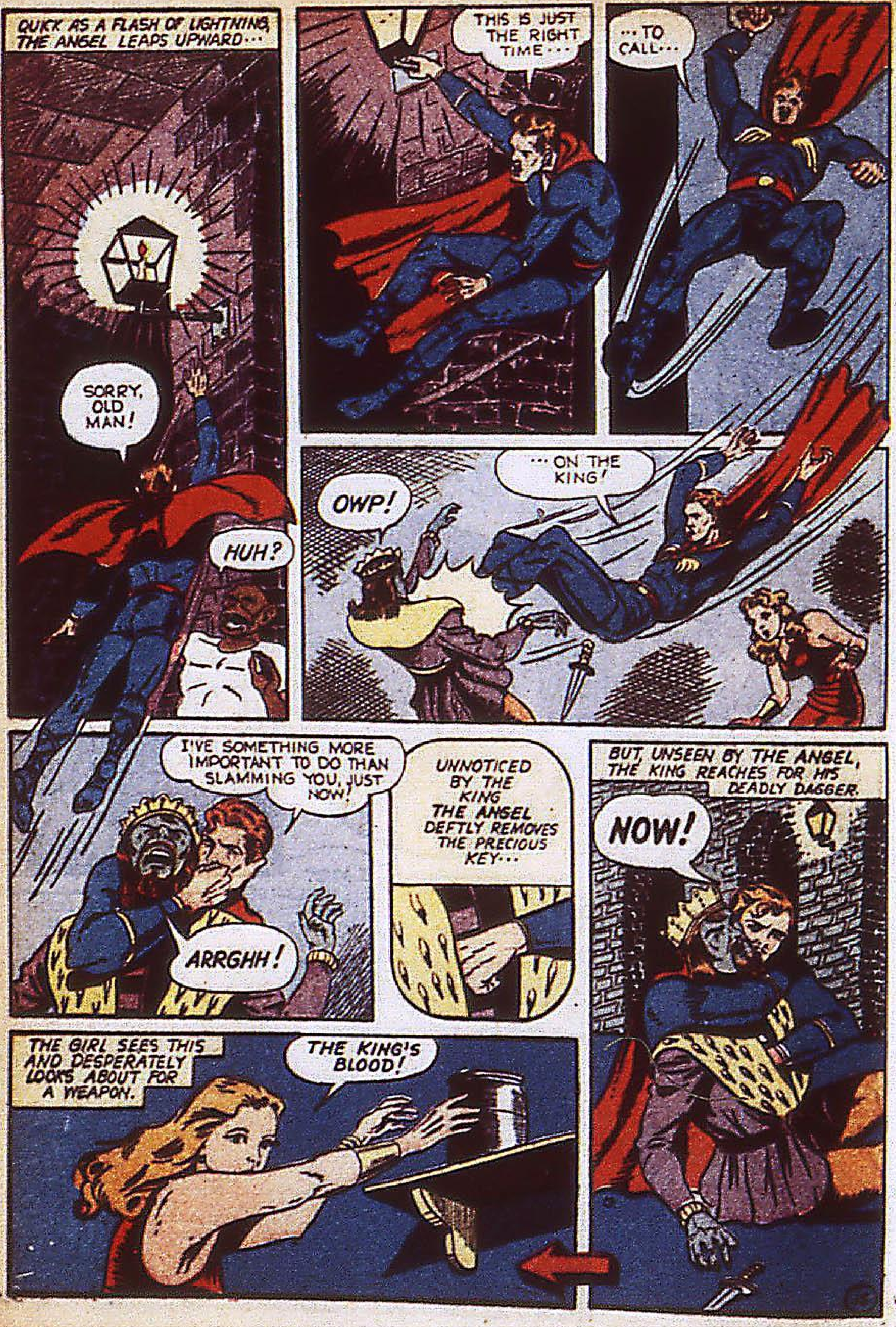

AS SOON AS THE ROYAL FAMILY RETURN TO THE CASTLE···
THE GORILLA-MAN HAS NO GREEN BLOOD, YET HE DOESN'T ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY!
THE ANGEL RUSHES BACK TO THE CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED CASTLE ON THE ISLAND
NOW THAT THEY THINK I'M DEAD THEY'LL WASTE NO TIME TRANSFUSING THE GREEN BLOOD INTO THAT GIRL!
AS HE IS ABOUT TO ENTER···
NO ONE WOULD DREAM WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THIS DESERTED-LOOKING BARN!
MEANWHILE, A GRUESOME SCENE IS TAKING PLACE.
I WILL NEED ABOUT A PINT OF YOUR MAJESTY'S BLOOD.
LEAVE ME ALONE- PLEASE!
THERE!
SUDDENLY- THE ARROGANT PRINCE STEPS BEFORE THE KING···
FOOL! WHY DO YOU GIVE OUR PRECIOUS ROYAL BLOOD TO THIS···
ENOUGH!

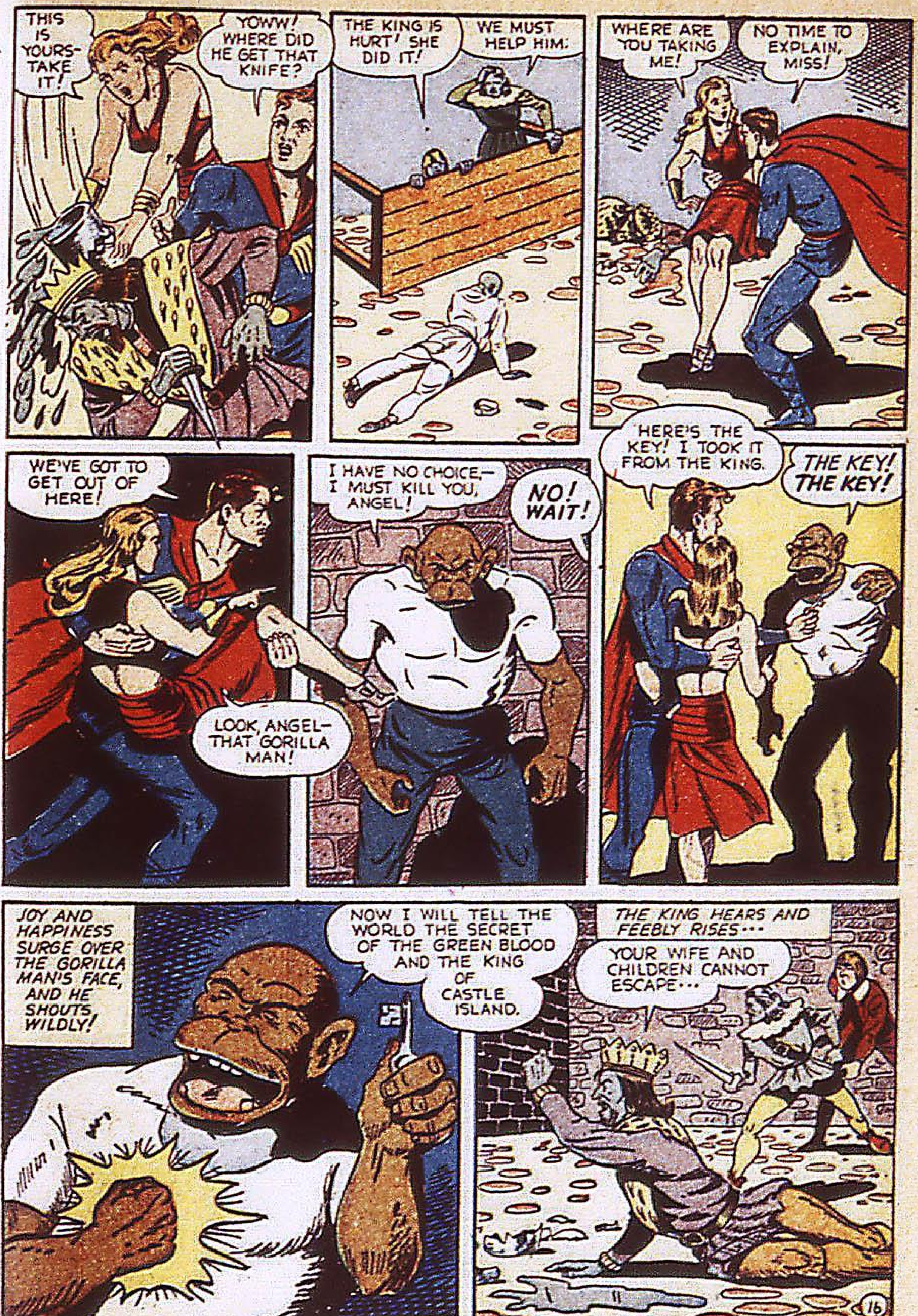

ANGRILY THE KING WHIPS OUT HIS DAGGER.
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR MEDDLING!
AAAHH!
I AM YOUR KING AND THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG! UNDERSTAND?
WE UNDERSTAND, YOUR MAJESTY.
MEANWHILE, AS THE ANGEL FINDS HIS WAY BACK TO THE THRONE ROOM...
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
WHA--? WHO IS IN THAT DUNGEON?
THE ANGEL!
I AM THE WIFE OF THE GORILLA-MAN. THESE ARE OUR CHILDREN!
WE WERE KIDNAPPED BY THAT MONSTROUS KING AND PLACED HERE.— THE KING HOLDS THE ONLY KEY TO THIS LOCK.
I'LL COME BACK TO GET YOU OUT
SO, THAT'S THE HOLD THE KING HAS ON THE GORILLA-MAN!
11

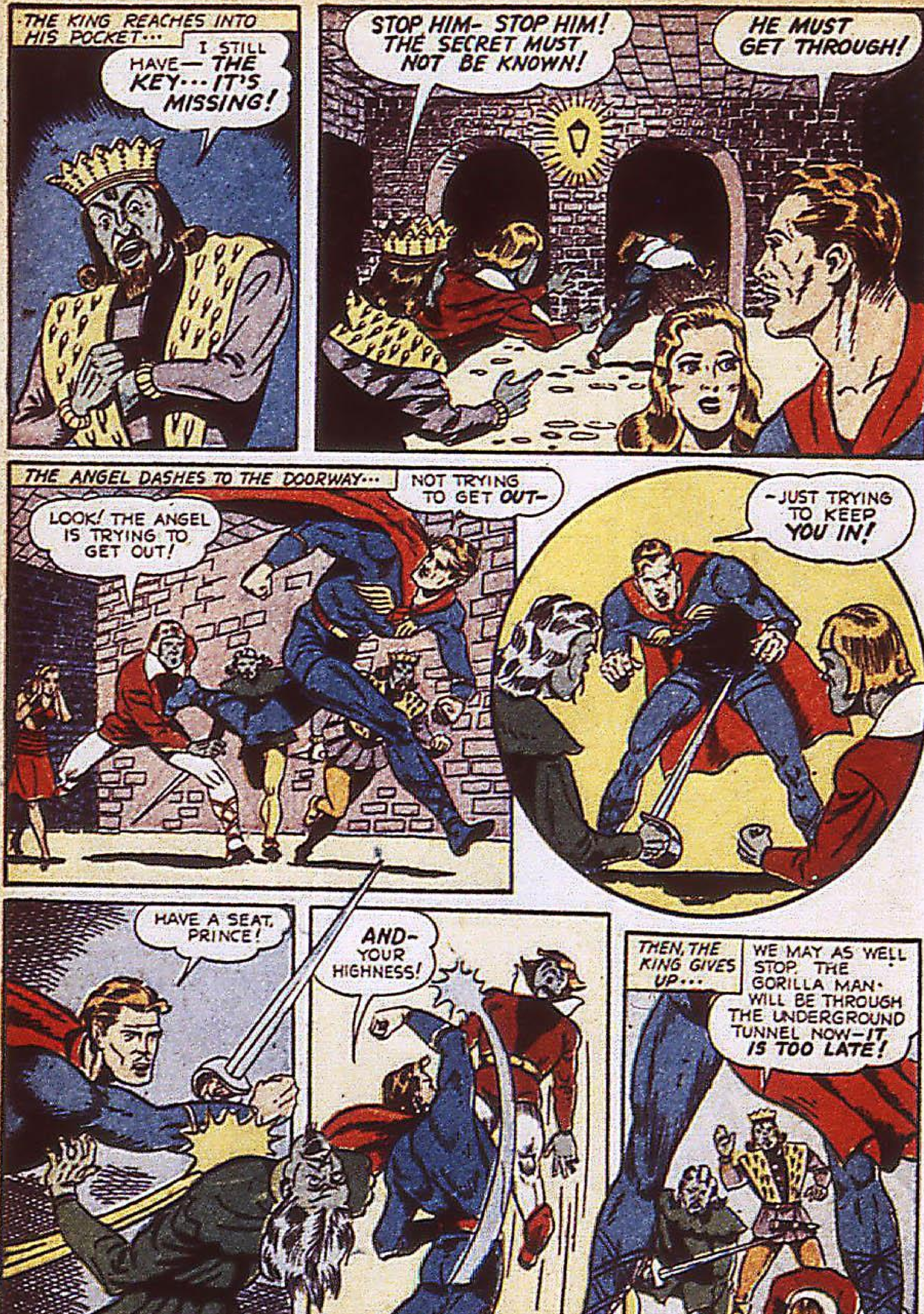

MEANWHILE, IN THE OPERATING ROOM...
I AM READY, MAJESTY.
DON'T! DON'T!
QUIET, MY SWEET. NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU.
ONCE MY GREEN BLOOD IS IN YOUR VEINS, YOU WILL NOT WISH TO ESCAPE!
SHE WILL BE A LOVELY QUEEN, YOUR MAJESTY.
PROCEED, SURGEON!
IT WILL TAKE NO MORE THAN A MINUTE, YOUR MAJESTY
I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!
THE ANGEL! BUT HOW—?

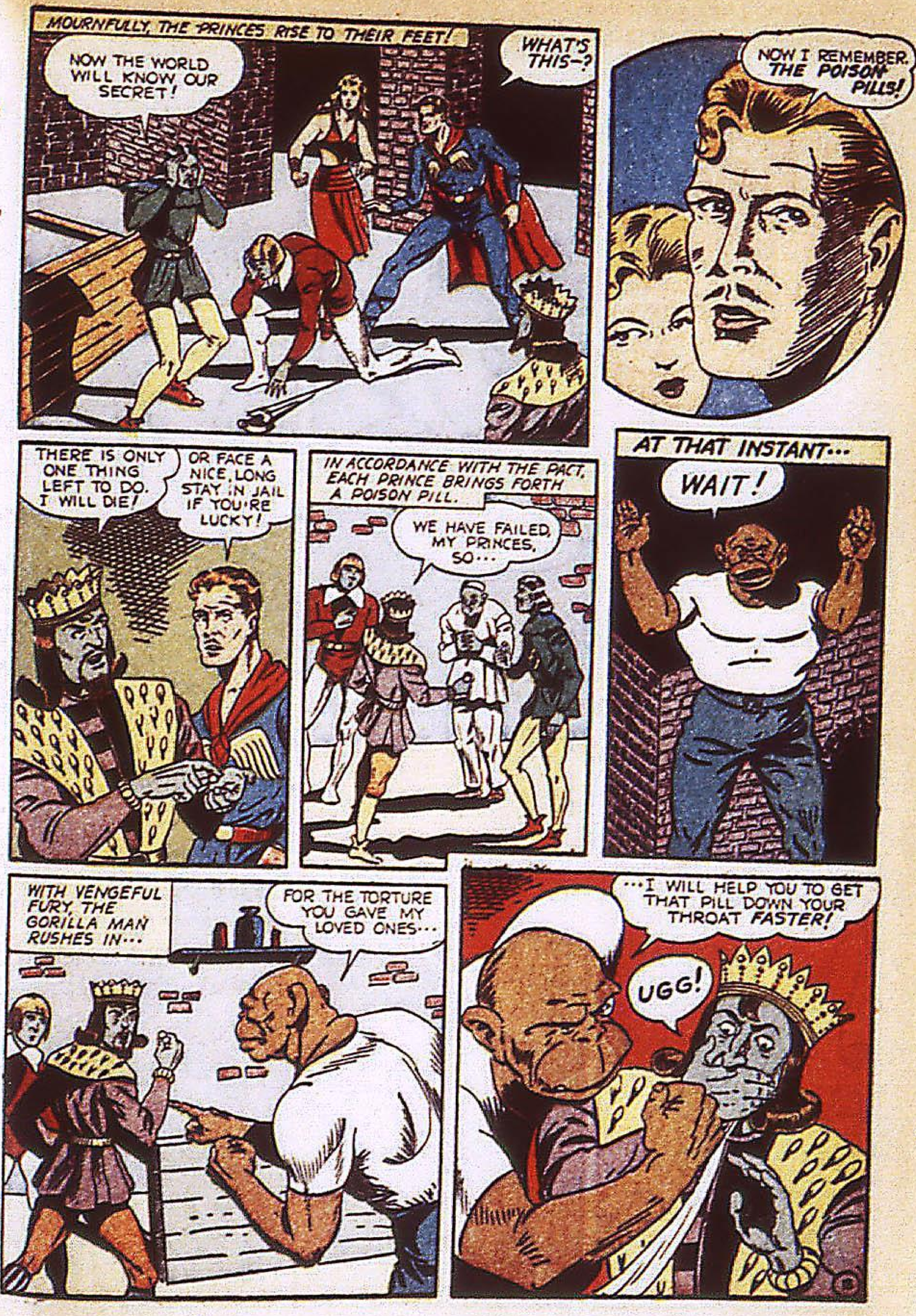

THIS TIME I'LL FINISH THE JOB!
OWW
PARDON ME, MISS—BUT I NEED THIS TABLE!
WHAT?
DESPERATELY, THE KING RALLIES HIS PRINCES.
KILL HIM! USE YOUR SWORDS!
HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM US!
OOPS! HERE THEY COME!
STEP RIGHT UP, YOU GRASS-COLORED CUT-THROATS!
FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!
IT IS EASIEST TO STAB HIM IN THE BACK.

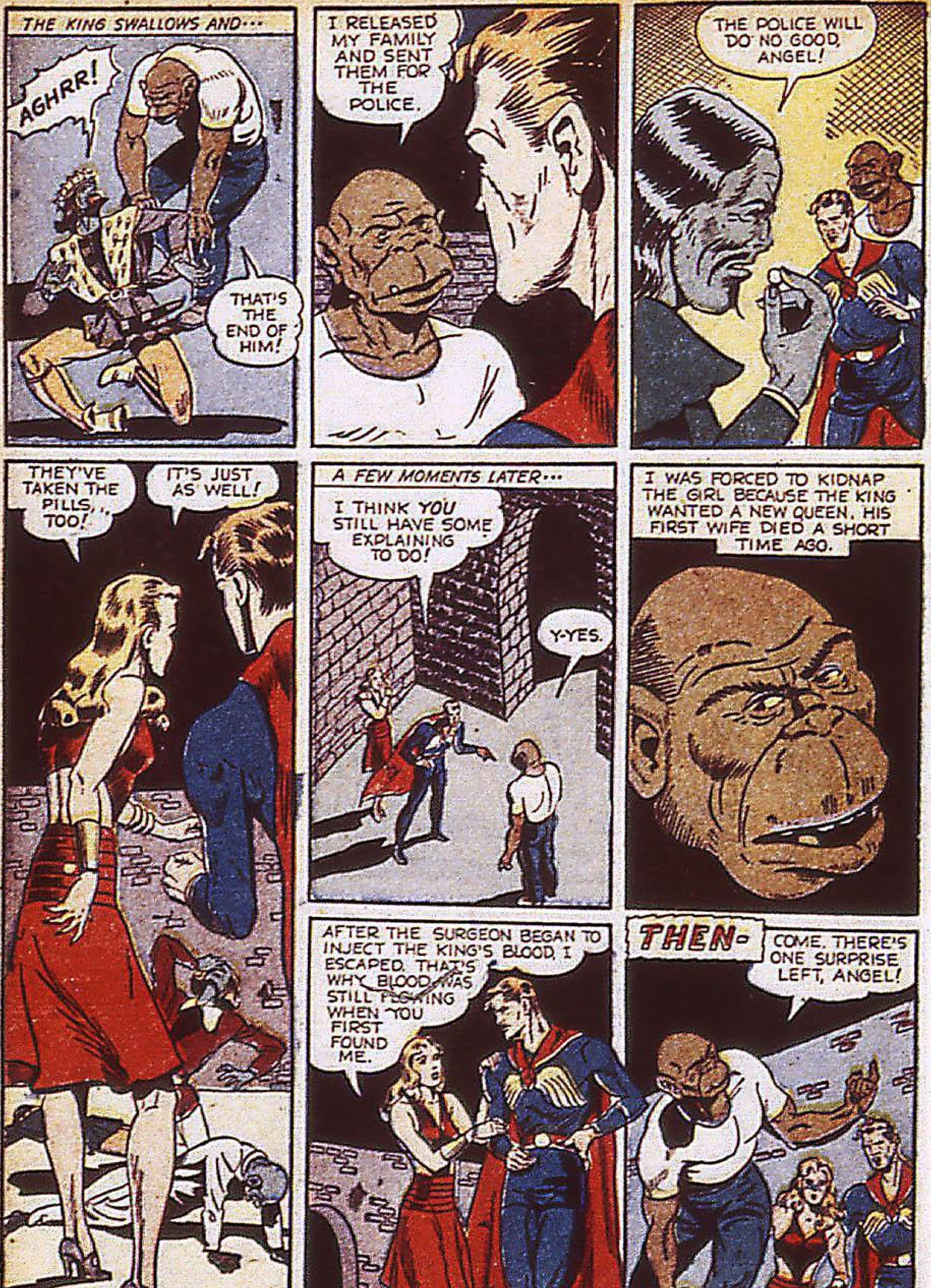

BUT- THE ANGEL WHIRLS AROUND WITH AMAZING SPEED!
YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN MILITARY TRAINING FROM THE JAPS!
CAN'T YOU STOP HIM, YOU COWARDS? WHERE IS THE GORILLA-MAN?
ARE YOU A COWARD, TOO?
N-NO, YOUR MAJESTY.
KILL THE ANGEL! IF YOU DON'T—
PLEASE, YOUR MAJESTY-
—I STILL HOLD THE KEY!
I- I--- UNDERSTAND!
UNWILLINGLY, THE HUGE APE MAN MOVES TOWARDS THE ANGEL.
I MUST KILL YOU, ANGEL- OR THE KING WILL KILL MY FAMILY!
THE POOR APE CAN'T HELP HIMSELF!
4

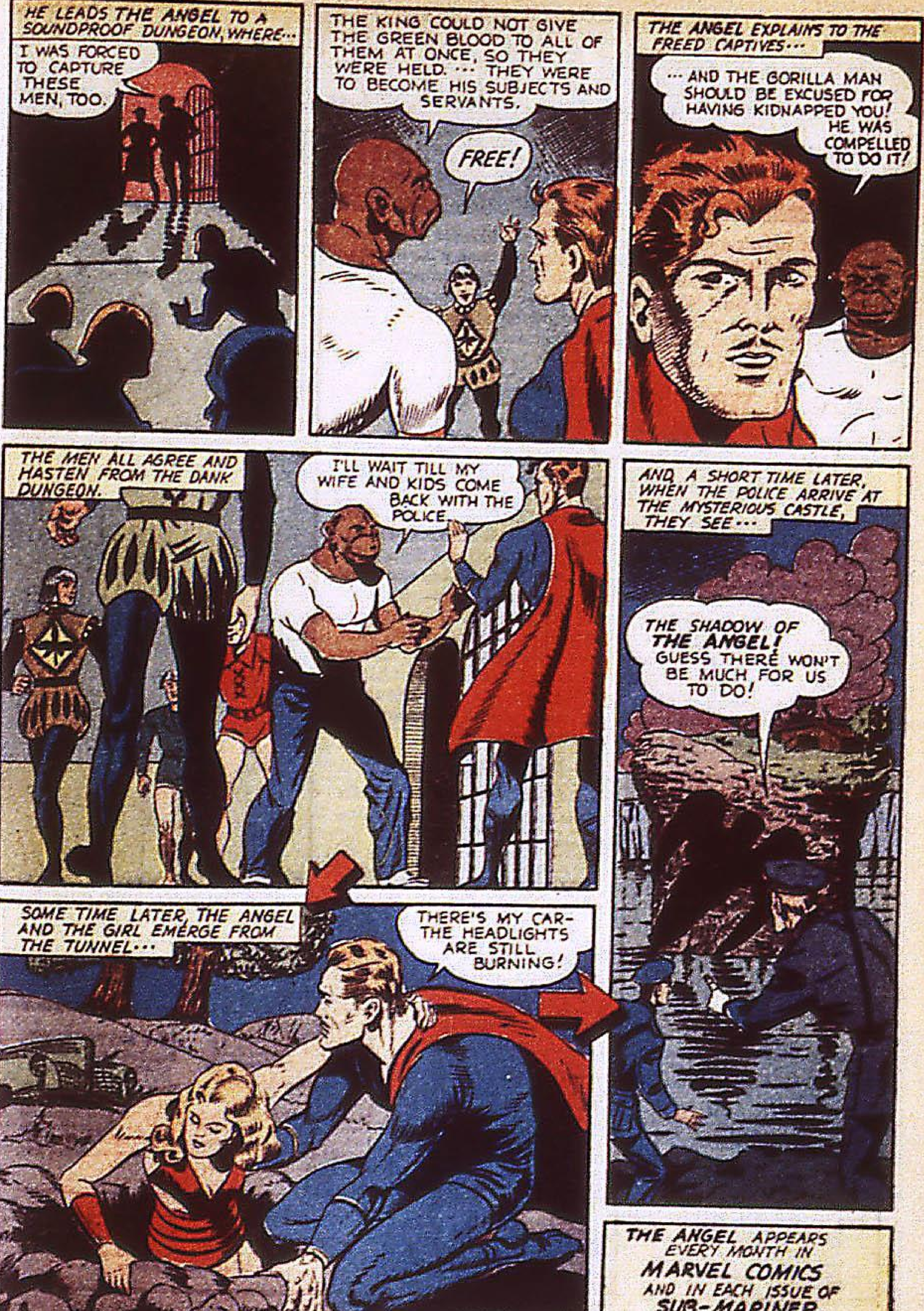

QUICK AS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING, THE ANGEL LEAPS UPWARD···
SORRY, OLD MAN!
HUH?
THIS IS JUST THE RIGHT TIME···
···TO CALL···
···ON THE KING!
OWP!
I'VE SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT TO DO THAN SLAMMING YOU, JUST NOW!
ARRGHH!
UNNOTICED BY THE KING THE ANGEL DEFTLY REMOVES THE PRECIOUS KEY···
BUT, UNSEEN BY THE ANGEL, THE KING REACHES FOR HIS DEADLY DAGGER.
NOW!
THE GIRL SEES THIS AND DESPERATELY LOOKS ABOUT FOR A WEAPON.
THE KING'S BLOOD!


THIS IS YOURS- TAKE IT!
YOWW! WHERE DID HE GET THAT KNIFE?
THE KING IS HURT! SHE DID IT!
WE MUST HELP HIM.
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME!
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, MISS!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
LOOK, ANGEL- THAT GORILLA MAN!
I HAVE NO CHOICE,- I MUST KILL YOU, ANGEL!
NO! WAIT!
HERE'S THE KEY! I TOOK IT FROM THE KING.
THE KEY! THE KEY!
JOY AND HAPPINESS SURGE OVER THE GORILLA MAN'S FACE, AND HE SHOUTS WILDLY!
NOW I WILL TELL THE WORLD THE SECRET OF THE GREEN BLOOD AND THE KING OF CASTLE ISLAND.
THE KING HEARS AND FEEBLY RISES…
YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN CANNOT ESCAPE…


THE KING REACHES INTO HIS POCKET...
I STILL HAVE—THE KEY...IT'S MISSING!
STOP HIM- STOP HIM! THE SECRET MUST NOT BE KNOWN!
HE MUST GET THROUGH!
THE ANGEL DASHES TO THE DOORWAY...
NOT TRYING TO GET OUT-
LOOK! THE ANGEL IS TRYING TO GET OUT!
-JUST TRYING TO KEEP YOU IN!
HAVE A SEAT, PRINCE!
AND- YOUR HIGHNESS!
THEN, THE KING GIVES UP...
WE MAY AS WELL STOP. THE GORILLA MAN WILL BE THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL NOW—IT IS TOO LATE!
17


MOURNFULLY, THE PRINCES RISE TO THEIR FEET!
NOW THE WORLD WILL KNOW OUR SECRET!
WHAT'S THIS–?
NOW I REMEMBER. *THE POISON PILLS!*
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO. I WILL DIE!
OR FACE A NICE, LONG STAY IN JAIL IF YOU'RE LUCKY!
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PACT, EACH PRINCE BRINGS FORTH A POISON PILL.
WE HAVE FAILED, MY PRINCES, SO...
AT THAT INSTANT...
WAIT!
WITH VENGEFUL FURY, THE GORILLA MAN RUSHES IN...
FOR THE TORTURE YOU GAVE MY LOVED ONES...
...I WILL HELP YOU TO GET THAT PILL DOWN YOUR THROAT *FASTER!*
UGG!


THE KING SWALLOWS AND...
AGHRR!
THAT'S THE END OF HIM!
I RELEASED MY FAMILY AND SENT THEM FOR THE POLICE.
THE POLICE WILL DO NO GOOD, ANGEL!
THEY'VE TAKEN THE PILLS, TOO!
IT'S JUST AS WELL!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
I THINK *YOU* STILL HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!
Y-YES.
I WAS FORCED TO KIDNAP THE GIRL BECAUSE THE KING WANTED A NEW QUEEN. HIS FIRST WIFE DIED A SHORT TIME AGO.
AFTER THE SURGEON BEGAN TO INJECT THE KING'S BLOOD, I ESCAPED. THAT'S WHY BLOOD WAS STILL FLOWING WHEN YOU FIRST FOUND ME.
THEN-
COME. THERE'S ONE SURPRISE LEFT, ANGEL!


HE LEADS THE ANGEL TO A SOUNDPROOF DUNGEON, WHERE...
I WAS FORCED TO CAPTURE THESE MEN, TOO.
THE KING COULD NOT GIVE THE GREEN BLOOD TO ALL OF THEM AT ONCE, SO THEY WERE HELD. ... THEY WERE TO BECOME HIS SUBJECTS AND SERVANTS.
FREE!
THE ANGEL EXPLAINS TO THE FREED CAPTIVES...
... AND THE GORILLA MAN SHOULD BE EXCUSED FOR HAVING KIDNAPPED YOU! HE WAS COMPELLED TO DO IT!
THE MEN ALL AGREE AND HASTEN FROM THE DANK DUNGEON.
I'LL WAIT TILL MY WIFE AND KIDS COME BACK WITH THE POLICE.
AND, A SHORT TIME LATER, WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE MYSTERIOUS CASTLE, THEY SEE...
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL! GUESS THERE WON'T BE MUCH FOR US TO DO!
SOME TIME LATER, THE ANGEL AND THE GIRL EMERGE FROM THE TUNNEL...
THERE'S MY CAR-THE HEADLIGHTS ARE STILL BURNING!
THE ANGEL APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN MARVEL COMICS AND IN EACH ISSUE OF SUB-MARINER.

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Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive FREE with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

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Junior Air Warden
JUNIOR Air Raid Warden Kit

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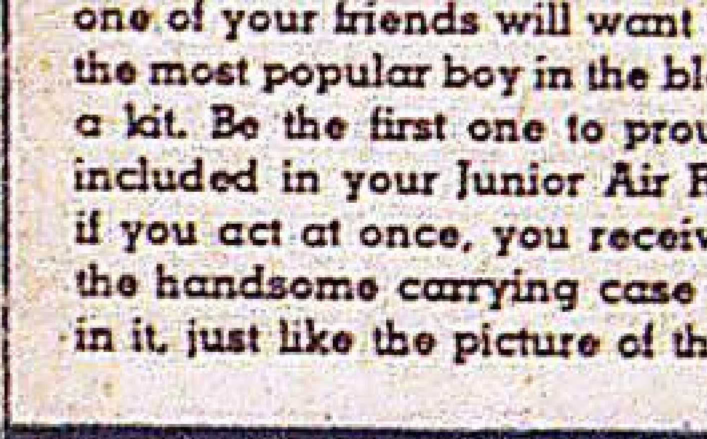
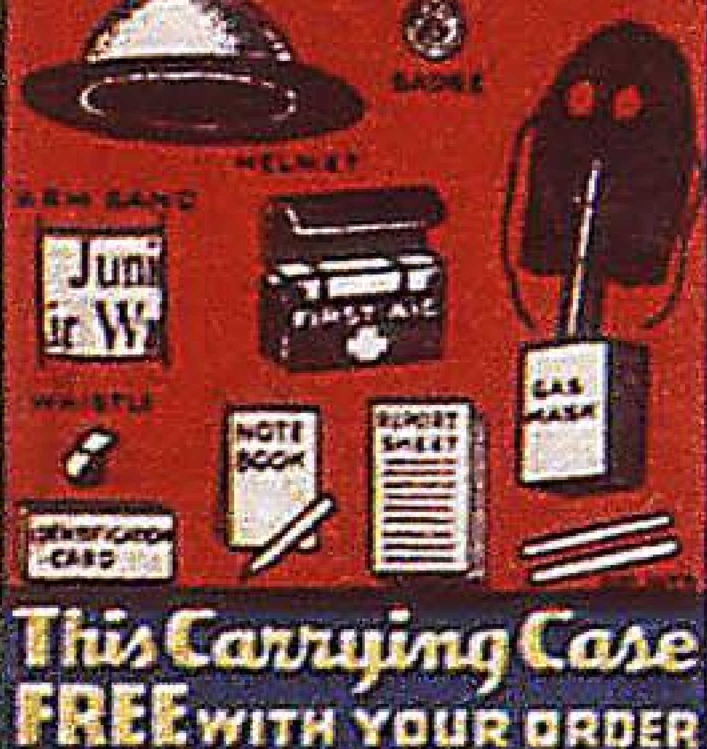


This Carrying Case FREE WITH YOUR ORDER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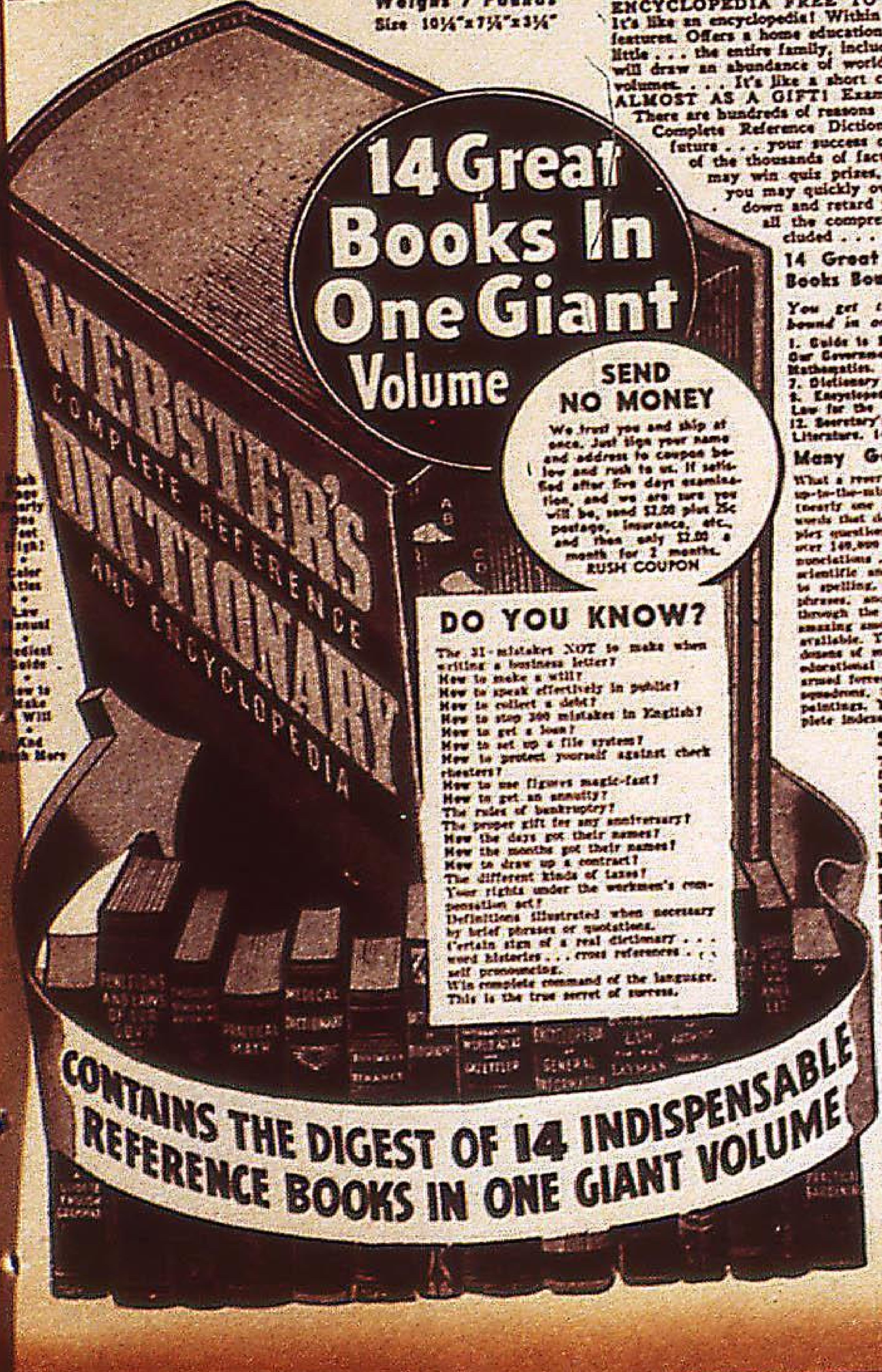

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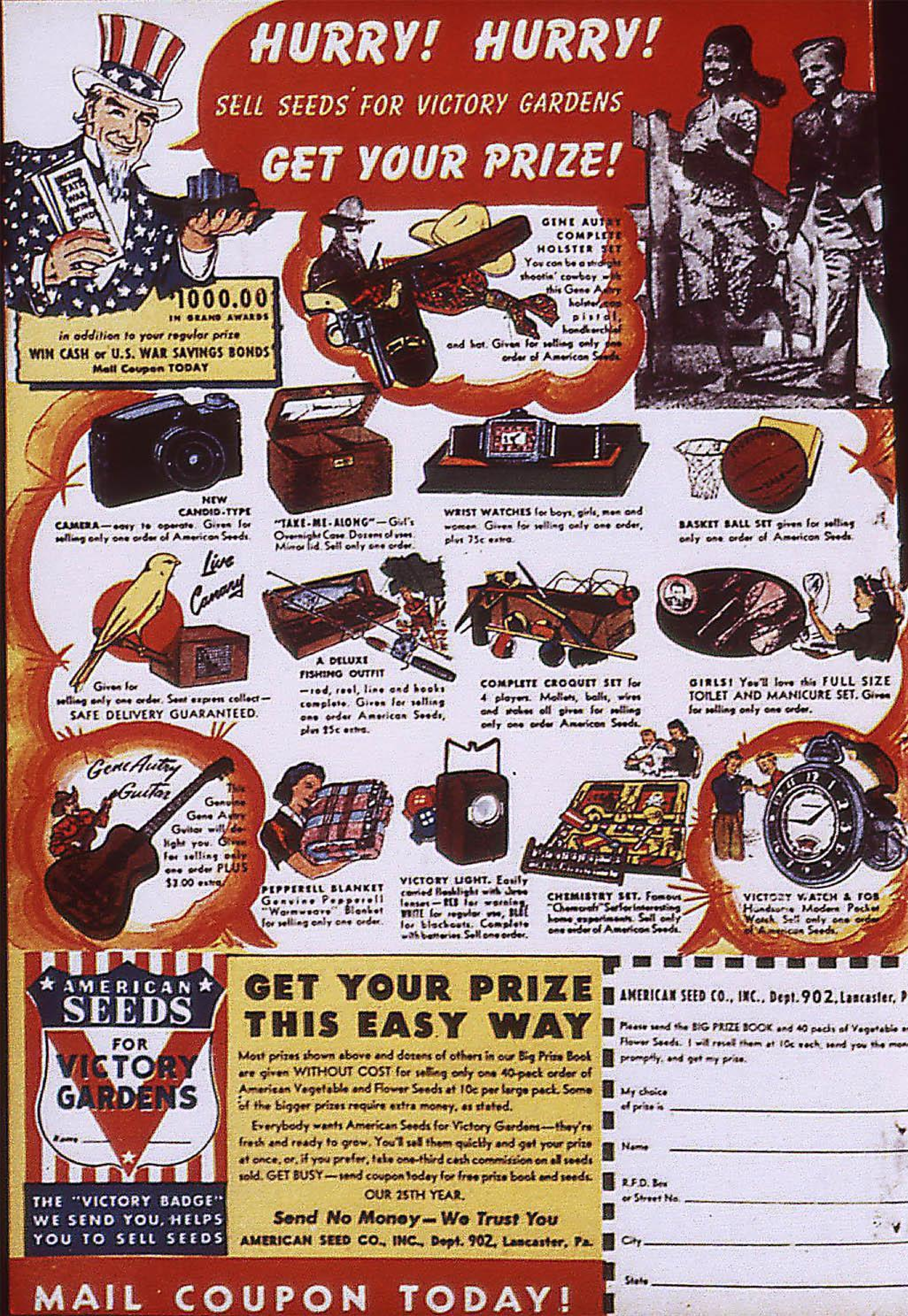

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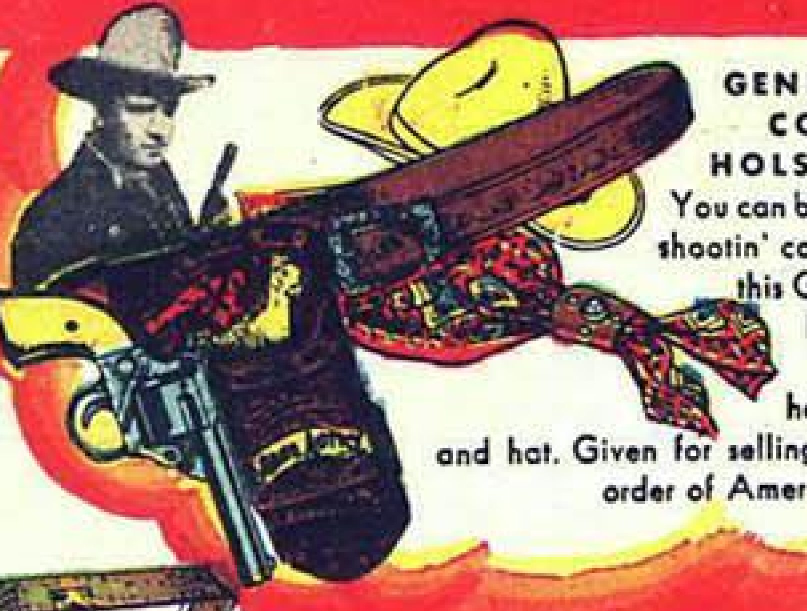

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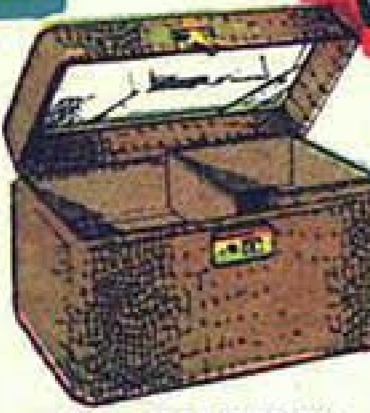

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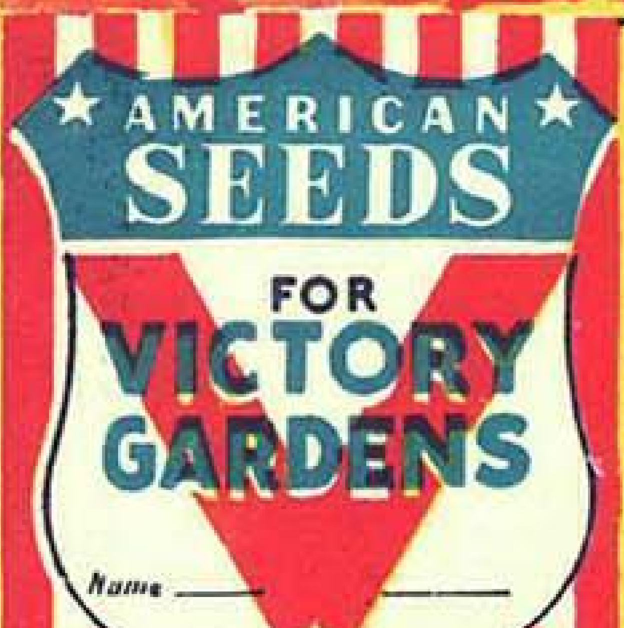
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